

Slow V & Retrospect

"People Make the World Go Round"

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Uh
People, yeah
Make the world go round

[Chorus]
Ayo, people make the world go round
A top doctor's time, and even blocks where they rock
with rhymes
And what would this earth be without cops and crime
Over seas working hard to climb, hard times
Pilots in the sky, hustlers on the grind
Rich people getting' robbed for shine, all kinds
Every human in this world keeps it all in twined
Ayo, these are just thoughts for the mind

[Verse 1: Slow V]
See there has to be a loser, so there can be a winner
There has to be a God, in order to be a sinner
Something got to fall, in order to be winter
Got to break-fast, before you can have dinner
Everything falls in line, like it's military confined
Constructed and well designed, in every shape of its
prime
A picture perfect painted picture, pressed to fit and
aligned
We all pieces of a puzzle made to fit in wit time
If everybody plays they part then we'll be doing just
fine
Cause the director would hate it if everybody switched
lines
See every job feeds its purpose
The same blue-collar job you think is worthless
Is operated by a merchant
The same trash you throw is another nigga's paycheck
While some people spend thousands, other people pay
less
See cops count on crimes, while villains count on dimes
Good and bad served together since the beginning of
time, yea

[Verse 2: Retrospect]

You see
There has to be a loser, so there can be a winner
There has to be a God in order to be a sinner
For every breakfast there's a dinner
In every tree trunk there's a splinter
Earth runs like a river
A gun makes you shiver
Sends a rush through your inner
While a young UPS man runs to deliver
Next month you are in a, bus with a killer
Explosives to his body makes lunch to a thriller
See every single person serves a purpose
Even construction workers
Building stores for a merchant, that's on the surface
Now think about the underground city dwellers
The "fixing our pipes for a nice penny" fellas
Young thugs with Berettas
Shooting slugs out a Jetta
And just for fun they'll kill us
And in the slums there are dealers
Selling drugs to your children
And this is done by the billions
It keeps spinning

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Retrospect & Slow V]

[Retrospect] Yo, yo

A young hustler getting money selling drugs to a teen
And that teen turns into a crack fiend
He spends all his money now he's living in an alley
Sleeping in rat pee, wearing the same damn khakis
He's Homeless, he thinks about life
Dirty and trife, it's hurting at night
Now he's thirty searching for light
Turns into a rape-er
And now he's hurting your wife
It's just another street cycle call it circle of life
[Slow V] But shit turns back, that wife turns her wrongs
to a right
The same rapper/drug-fiend turns missing at night
Body found in an allay, tortured, absent from sight
Forensic traces that he was probably hit from a height
Fell in the streets, collapsed, got dragged to a trap
Where he was beaten and bleeding, 'till his lungs
collapsed
And later attacked by some ruthless local cats, who
served him crack
From way back he was owing them stacks

SR

[Chorus]

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