

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

"As The World Keeps Turning"

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Intro/Chorus:

As the world keeps turning, chronic keeps burning
(This ain't no) street sermon, these niggas are
determined
Repeat

Verse 1:Where

I flow like CD's in the deck
Moosh fools in the face that lack respect
Protect ya arm, pitch from the funk
I deodorise the musty, ya rhymes are crusty, you can't
bust G
So leave me alone I'm in the zone
Walkin the streets on my own, nigga get blown
Some niggas say that nigga Where is gone
But I'm low in the cut and gotta microphone
Are you gone bust or play bones?
You motherfuckin clone, get off that nigga's style and
get'cha own
It's Miscellane and it's on again
For the niggas that slept, they shoulda stayed in step
And kept ya big fuckin mouth shut

Chorus

Verse 2:Where

I woke up with a stomach ache, headache, back ache
Advil, Tylenol, Peptol, slept so long realised my world is
wrong
My world is gone like disco
Blowin up Cisco and in my Cammo
Standin in back of me was my soul
Thinking of the easiest way to get a bank roll
Knowledge is urban-able, exhaust manifold
A tar can of hos to lubricate my system quick
Shaky bitches off the dick
Cos she got a vice grip on the flow from my lips
I'm slow but equipped with the proper tools

Show me the one talkin shit so I can drop a fool
I'm out to glow a nigga roll if he think he Mr CREAM
Come back on the scene and smoke a phillie, G
I really dream of gettin mine now let me tell you what's
silly
Me, buckin with my team is murder one
I heard a gun bustin shots (SHOTS!), down the block
(BLOCK!)
I guess a nigga gettin what he got (GOT!)
Shit is heavy like a medicine ball and broke niggas to
smoke niggas
I'll fuck one for y'all, they made ya last phone call
To a trick that didn't even care
Cos she was gettin fucked somewhere, you're stuck in
there
Now you wanna bust, nigga, now you wanna kill, nigga
(Nigga)
Nigga how ya feel? (Nigga)
You can't try to be real (You can't try to be real)
Shit is for real

Chorus

Verse 3:Where

I'm cooler than most, but I got the shorter temper
And I'm cooler than foes that don't know how it goes
Let's take it back to the first side
When you was a new jack and jockin my new track
But you was wrong, didn't know about the big long
Head-strong, nicknamed Dav from off the school yard
Witta teenage group I'm turnin loots to tracks
Me and my niggas like (These tracks are laced with
bomb weed and tight
Lyrics)
You wanna know what the hos used to do
When me and my crew came bustin through
All sorts of blushins brew
(A neighbourhood find, a gift too swift, Miscellane is
the crew)
Underground till my brown eyed balls turned blue
This is for the bitches and niggas that wanna front
I smoke on, I broke on till I spoke on
Miscellane packin shows like Farrakhan
Where is on another level with two niggas that's on the
same plateau
Now that's three times your tightest flow
And three times ya tightest track, three times your
fattest sack
Three times is clever (BUCK!)

Chorus x 2

Outro:

Thou shalt rest in grief who lay buried in the belt
Barely included work, leaves bodies scarred and hurt
To art in hell, where the next man dwells
The place with stankin pussy and crack rock dwells

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