Graveworm "Your Life"

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[O.C.] Uhh, uhh Yeah, yeah Hah, hah U NAST and O.C. O.C. and U NAST Yeah, yeah Medina style, y'know?

Commitin crimes with the rhymes, always on time Lampin on the Island with a honey that's a dime Sippin on wine, escapin New York life Fleein the inner city streets for a little paradise I rent a villa on the beach on the lam like a killer chillin, but I'm not a villain Feelin effects of the Mai-Tai and the weed U NAST copped from the rastas, gettin, high as the climate Designer drug dosage, raps I spit be ferocious, quote it like Confucious Thick like mucus in the membrane, penetrate like Ben-Gay

On the mic motherfuckers call me Sensei Cluster, illustrious like a carat that I got from the District, bust rhymes like a biscuit Mister, Oh pronunciated with the Cee Mesmerizing chicks from New York to gay Paris

Chorus: O.C.

I never knew that my life it could be so hard Whatsamatter with your life? Gotta get yourself together, and make things right y'know Whatsamatter with your world?

[U NAST]

General Monk mong style U NAST I get wild Chase you two thousand two hundred miles outside of town Yo Oh hold it down (no doubt) at the rate that sound travel

My team'll have you caught from a smokin barrel Dead or paralyzed, my mack parallel lines is my rhymes, the shit I design You and I burst, I verse, draw last die first Time to realize you're fuckin with the worst and it gets no better than the twenty-first letter Can't a man on the planet stop the God from gettin cheddar

[O.C.]

Yeah, uhh
Yeah, yeah
Whatsamatter with your world?

We in the mix like this, drink Henn (pop Crist) Warmin up another verse (yo Son I got this)

[U NAST]

Watch this how I rock shit, lock shit Six hundred Coupe chop shop shit, ?be gafe rop chop shit?

[O.C.]

Hey I like spike mics like football punts Man I do this on the real yo this shit ain't no front

[U NAST]

No illusions, I want the absence of confusion

[both]

And if I can't get it I'ma start a revolution

[U NAST]

Yeah, know what I'm sayin?
Everything that glitters ain't gold
And when I seem I'm at my tightest that's when I lose
control
But right now, me and Oh, we gonna show you how it is

[?Nevaha?]

back at home

So what's the deal people, how y'all, it's ?Nevaha? Caught a little drama back in South Carolina Caught up in some bullshit a half a brick thick Me and these three cats and this one sneaky bitch Called up wifey, "Mama, I need bail Don't tell Mama Dukes tell I get out jail" Airplane ticket, get the loot, move your tail Now it's back to the drawin boards, my plans fail Couple weeks later, here comes wifey's birthday You're turnin twenty-four, it's a glorious day

Showed you all my plans down to X on the map Ten days after that you lied dead on my lap I seen my whole world diminish in just, two minutes Where I thought our life was startin off, yours just finished

Now I'm home at night, holdin down our seed Tears rollin down my face while I steam these trees It's a must that I bust cause I must succeed I'm the strongest out my breed so I provide what Mia needs

[O.C.]

Whatsamatter with your world?

Chorus

[O.C.]

Yeah... co-signing on my nigga trial, shit got wild He caught a case for a body and a pist-al, shit's foul Cats run they mouth a mile a minute like bitches Instead of holdin it down, niggaz turn snitches Stressed like FUCK and you could see it in my face I was, goin through problems with my shorty plus thinkin

bout my man ?Nevaha?, politickin with his Ma Dukes Strugglin to scrape up cake, for his court date I felt like shit, I didn't come through Blue skies turned gray so I proceed to pray It ain't workin, the whole situation's uncertain Rent's overdue, bills pilin like curtains Bitches on my back, this chick named Cat was on my side til I got wise and opened up my eyes Bad luck for this life I hail, I say Whatsamatter with my world?

Chorus: repeat to fade

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