

## John Scatman

### "My World"

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Uhh.. yes y'all baby  
Yeah, yeah, work it out  
Work it out dawg, work it out now  
Uhh.. y'all motherfuckers, big dawgs in the house  
what?  
Terror Squad what? Terror Squad what?  
I ain't a rapper.. I just bust a lot, off the top  
What, yo, yo

[Big Pun]

The penalty is death, especially when I'm mentally  
stressed  
My enemies hang with me 'til I eventually flip  
I never reject an offer to battle  
Slap a coffin on the saddle  
and rattle like a wooden horse to el barrio  
Niggaz talk but they babble cause they ain't sayin  
nuttin  
If ain't blazin somethin with the mac I'm in the shack  
bakin muffins  
Fake the funk and get your rump roast  
One dose of the toast'll make you jump if you come  
close  
Pun spoke, ain't no more debatin; my Squad been  
waitin  
for the perfect time to give you what you all been waitin  
An orgi-nation of veterans built  
with genuine skills to pay the heat, gas, and the rest of  
the bills  
Invest in the real, don't get left in the hills  
My tech and my steel turn your whole crew into vega-ta-  
bills  
We blessed with the will to never surrender  
cause my every agenda's in and out, unseen like I  
entered the ninja

[Chorus]

It's my world girl, either love it or leave  
If you was my girl, you'd be thuggin the weave  
Suckin the blow pop, with a ring in your tongue  
Baby don't stop, that's how you bring it to Pun

If this is my world, I'd be Tony the man  
Call me The Godfather, controllin the fam'  
Runnin the whole coast, I'd be a mafia king  
Nothin but the finest diamonds in my watch and my  
rings

[Big Pun]

Stupid.. gimme yours  
You be lookin bunny rabbit  
Give your pants bunny rabbits, what you know about  
that?  
I ain't about to pop you stupid

Fuck the small talk, niggaz know Pun keep the fo'  
cocked  
Don't walk too fast, might pass through the wrong block  
Don't stop, keep it movin, the streets'll ruin  
the average man, faster than, the motherfuckin  
teamsters union  
We doin dirt cause we gotta, five dolla a hour  
Three kids and my motherfuckin big mamma  
My sig sauer got different plans God knows I'm just a  
man  
So hide your wrist if it's glistenin  
Listen man, we just niggaz tryin to work it out  
Listen friend, strictly biz it's nothin perso-nal  
We thirsty now and I ain't drinkin out of plastic cups  
Platinum plus (thorough) crystal glasses with the fancy  
cuts  
Fancy us, livin life lavish  
Drippin ice cabbage, livin in the six, with some white  
bad bitch  
Tight package I gotta pass  
I'm from the ghetto nigga, I like a lot of ass

[Chorus]

[Big Pun]

Word life T. Squad holdin it down, y'knahmean?  
Gettin this money.. by any means baby  
Let me get the fuck up outta here, 'fore I break  
somethin

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