

Junior Senior "World Full of Sin"

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[Mr. Lil One]

Talkin

This Lil One, puttin down
For this Underground City
Ha ha, 6 to the 1-9
Comin at you
Ha Ha
With the Viscious
Ha Ha, fools

[Mr. Lil One]

I come across you the raw way
I kick my shit all day
I bust like a pistol, even though I listo
Bad memories, but now I'm makin G's
I feel like a prince, everybody wants a glimps
Cause I came across, your thoughts double crossed
you
Still I see your stressin the lesson that I taught you
One to be learned not the one you wanna burn
I'm knowin all the truths see me shootin from the roof
Pow, how you like me now, got so many styles
I let my mind travel and let my rhymes grow
Deep insto your zipcode even though my bloods' cold
Still I bring the heat, let the Lil One speak
Deep into your brain cells cause I know the game well
Ain't no need to lie, when you die you got to hell
And never make it back, you gotta burn for your sins
No matter what the game, the grim reeper wins

[Chorus]

Throw your palms in the wind in this world full of sin
Everybody get drunk while the Lil One bumps
Nothin but the funky sip the brass monkey
Time to get blitz while the Lil One spits
[2x]

[Mr. Lil One]

Now all the drama that I hear about
Fools yappin out they mouth
Best to be ready when I come in rock steady

Send you to a place where the drama's in your face
Ain't no time for me to waste
Ain't no need to get a case
But I gotta warn you, best believe I bring it on you
Known like a Capone cause I'm sick up in the doom
A second's all it takes me
I'm knownin how you fakes be
And that's what motivates me
To maybe wanna brake thee
Like you love a foe, mothafuckas better know
It's Lil One, puttin all that fear up in your soul
And never could it change, always gotta stay the same
Cause sick up in the brain will always remain by my
name

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One]

Lil One be the nickname, listen while I spit game
All remain calm while I drop you the bomb
Ain't nobody here that'll fear me the lok
Man the words that I spoke mothafuckas now croak
I heard it through the grape vine, you wanna take mine
Well that's funny, I put that on my beer money
You can fuck wit these criminal phrases
Blows to your faces, high speed chases
Through the back streets, tears in the back seats
Down to the death is all I got left
We mobbed and we robbed
Thank God for my dawg and
Bitch mothafucka who the fuck you mad doggin
See you want me runnin when you spot me
Heard about the bids and you pigs never caught me
Misbehave get caught up in the grave and
Thoughts be so evil, mothafuck Wes Craven

[Chorus]

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