

Krayzie Bone

"Wonderful World"

Visit "[Wonderful World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What a wonderful world, world, world, world
What a wonderful world, world, world, world
What a wonderful world, world, world, world
Is this really a wonderful world, world, world?

Out in the streets, streets when the thugs play out in
the streets, street
We blast that pistol, you's a damn fool if you don't
duck, duck, duck
We do what we gotta do to survive, gotta stay alive
Even if the nine millimeter has to whistle, we can
whistle while we work

Now I remember mama told me not to be up on the
block
Trying to push rocks, she said, "'Cause that's the
reason that your
Brother right now in trouble with the cops"
I said, "No way, not me, ma"

But when she turned her back I stuffed the llello in my
sock
Hopped on my BMX, and I'm out, yeah, I got what the
fiends need
If you need some weed, I got it, got the powder and
can rock it for ya
(Rock it for ya)

My first employer was my bigger brother
'Til his ass got knocked and locked the fuck up
Stuck up in that system and I miss him
But can't stop eating meals 'cause he in there

And he should be happy I'm out so I can send him
commissary
As I reach my territory, I jump off my low rider
Yeah, that's my bike but you don't tell nobody
Soon as I hit the corner the fiends was on a nigga

Had to them bustas quit hatin' just 'cause my boulder's
bigger
First I bust a ten, then I bust a twenty sale

Another fifty sale, shit today the fiends are spending
well
Couple hours past and I got two rocks left

And I need to get these off, walk up a few blocks where
Them niggas think they ballin', but they smokin' man
I tell 'em, I got them double up's and sell my dope to
them
If you don't tell nobody, I won't tell nobody

Paid them niggas two for twenty
I went home and I got pissy
(Pissy)
Drunk as a skunk, roll me a blunt
This is shit we do everyday, we can't front, can't front

Out in the streets, streets when the thugs play out in
the streets, street
We blast that pistol, you's a damn fool if you don't
duck, duck, duck
We do what we gotta do to survive, gotta stay alive
Even if the nine millimeter has to whistle, we can
whistle while we work

Well, well, well

It was just, one of them days on the ave of Lincoln
I'm just sittin' on the mail box watchin' and thinkin'
I just bought all my rocks and the fiends is rushin'
A little boy ran in the streets and his moms is fussin'
The neighborhood watch, they called the police twice

Visit [Krayzie Bone](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.