

## **Makaveli**

# **"Until The End Of Time"**

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Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, cmon

Perhaps I was addicted to tha dark side  
Some where inside my childhood  
I missed my heart die  
And even though we both came from the same places  
The money and the fame made us all change places  
How could it be?  
Through the misery that came and passed  
The hard times, make a true friend afraid to ask  
For currency, but you can run to me when we need me,  
I'll never leave  
Honestly, someone to believe, and as you can see  
This is our thang through and true  
What could I do?  
Real homies help you get through  
And comin knew, he'd do the same thang if he could  
Cuz in the hood true homies make you feel good  
And half the time we'd be actin up, call the cops  
Bringin the cease to the peace that was on my block  
It neva stops  
When my mama asked me will I change?  
I tell her yea, but its clear I'll always be tha same  
Until the end of time

Chorus  
Take  
These broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(until the end of time)  
So I can flyyyyyyyyy, till the end of time  
Till the end of time

Please Lord forgive me for my life of sin  
My hard stare seems to scare all my sisters kids  
So you know  
I don't hang around tha house much  
It's all like the money makin got me outta touch  
Shit  
Ain't flashed a smile in a long while  
And unexpected birth worst, of the ghetto childs

My attitude got me walkin solo

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Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, cmon

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Some where inside my childhood  
I missed my heart die  
And even though we both came from the same places  
The money and the fame made us all change places  
How could it be?  
Through the misery that came and passed  
The hard times, make a true friend afraid tone in my  
low low  
Watchin tha whole world move in slow mo, ha  
For quiet times, disappear listen to the ocean  
Smokin ports, thinkin thoughts, and its back to coastin  
Who can I trust in this cold world?  
My phony homie had a baby by my own girl  
But i aint trippin, I'ma playa, I aint sweatin him  
I sex his sista, had her mo good like a Mexican  
His next a kid  
No remorse it was meant to happen  
Besides rappin, the only thang I did good was scrap  
Until the end of time

Chorus

Take  
These broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(until the end of time)  
So I can flyyyyyyyyyyyyyy, flyyy  
Till the end of time  
Till the end of time  
Take  
These broken wings  
I need your hands to come and heal me once again  
(until the end of time)  
So I can flyyyyyyyyyy, flyyyyyyy  
Till the end of time  
Till the end of time

Now who's ta say if I was right or wrong?  
Ta live my life as an outlaw all along, remain strong  
In this planet full of playa hatas  
They conversate, but Death Row, full of demonstratas  
And in tha end drinkin henno ask  
For currency, but you can run to me when we need me,  
I'll never leave  
Honestly, someone to believe, and as you can see  
This is our thang through and true

What could I do?  
Real homies help you get through  
And comin knew, he'd do the same thang if he could  
Cuz in the hood true homies make you feel good  
And half the time we'd be actin up, call the cops  
Bringin the cease to the peace that was on my block  
It neva stops  
When my mama asked me will I change?  
I tell her yea, but its clear I'll always be tha darkside

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