

## Merry Clayton

### "End of Tha World"

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Chorus: 1x

It's the end of tha world foo, some times is gettin hard  
Ridin in that black, earth falls to the graveyard  
We livin in hell and not knowin  
Still flowin  
The crime rate still growin  
It's the end of tha world foo, so times is gettin hard  
Ridin in that black, earth falls to the graveyard  
We livin in hell and not knowin  
Still flowin  
The crime rate still growin

Verse 1:

The world is a ghetto trapped in our minds  
But they can't stop crime  
Ya got ya life on the borderline  
When is your time?  
You never know when you gon' go  
Get it right when you can before you knockin on every  
do'  
They got crooked cops workin for the system  
Makin the less fortunate ones out of victims  
But it's a shame they drop drugs and slugs  
It's a whiteman's world and never sho' no luv  
The president movin ki's  
back and forth from overseas  
Distroyin this nation, bringin blacks to there knees  
It's hard time (?) killin their own kids  
New borns in trash cans, stuck with nowhere to live  
Back in the day smoke a lil herb was all cool  
Now they got dope fiends dreamin of blood pools  
(?) could fight, shit, off and go their way  
But these days  
They fight with choppers and AK's  
From sun up from sun down I'm here to stay  
We all must pray  
And thank the Lord for another day

Chorus:1x

Verse 2:

I'm beginnin to think this world is at it's full peak  
but believe I ain't considerate with my own conception  
I seek the light but still got wrong directions  
Reflections  
Of some of my childhood peers that be diseaced  
I'd love to see chances of livin long havin (?)  
No peace  
I wanna consult my psychic and peep through that  
crystal  
At my future (?) my life contains of drugs and pistols  
I wanna survive 8 years parole or will the system fade  
me  
Cuz though shit seems to come out right it's like I'm  
constipated  
Live ain't nothin but bitch shit but a fuckin wrist of ever  
I gots to get my shit together  
and do whatever  
It takes to make and clock a million in this ghetto  
My fear is won't invest in no  
Petty-hard death row  
I'm takin a major step at crime  
Even though da mind throw thangs behind  
(?) kaotic minds  
Pullin them cats of writin rhymes  
Religious and reliable too many hypocrits  
Put my truck to no man, ever since is way ole Texas shit  
Could nigga be trippin actin like they Jesus  
But then they wants to know reasons  
Of these unfamiliar (?) diseases  
Mislead you, never  
I'm here to proceed you with a ghetto prophet  
So by killin me still fulfill your empty pockets  
Could money bring you pain as well as money could  
bring you power  
They'll probably arrange some other religion that you  
may never gon' follow  
I'm talkin (?) for my niggas taken on by the trials  
Hopin to reach you and put out that everlastin fire  
Cuz in this world all I'm seein here is crimes and crooks  
So turn your mutha fuckin head this way and take a  
look

Chorus:1x

Verse 3:

I heard a blast and jumped in my bed  
With the quickness reach for the front door  
turn the nob looked out and said "What is it?"  
It's the end of the world and every soul has expired  
These streets are ripped apart and these buildings  
catchin on fire

So I dropped to my knees to begged the Lord fo  
forgiveness  
With one tear rollin down my face cuz my soul ain't  
forgiven this  
When the ground cracked open and the devil came up  
He said "Nigga, pack your shit because you're comin  
wit us!"  
Now I got realize that I'll be livin in hell  
Eternal rest in peace in fire ain't no way to beg bail  
But we got to except about the way that we livin  
And make decisions bout killin and feelin bout how I'll  
be feelin  
Is you hear what I'm hearin, is you sayin what I'm  
speakin  
These (?) bad, they be in the streets tweekin  
So leave them bustas alone and get your mind right  
bitch  
Cuz it's the end of the world and we gotta think quick

Chorus: 1x

Verse 4:

Ugh  
We got drug continuation  
AIDs infestation  
Blacks to 'nother blacks in a slave-free nation  
Ya betta get it right, ya betta pray for your soul  
So that fire and flame won't be in ya crossroad  
Open your eyes, and let this light shine through  
This world is comin to an end so what the fuck you gon'  
do  
Wit the murderers, killas, and 20-second car jackers  
Terrorists, dealers, and master computer hackers  
Back in the days you could trust your church pastor  
(amen)  
But not unless you wanna murder that bastard  
Hope your healthy, wit no disease you're pure  
Cuz the doctors can't help they claim they got no cure  
Scared to look at the news, another plague bein spread  
Or finding out my mother was found tradgically dead  
This whole world's gonna burn but I'm prepared to fry  
Like an electric chair victim gettin prepared to die  
Look out fo thugs wit a glock  
It's straight up shop or get chopped  
Dope fiends non-stop  
I smoked the whole damn block  
We livin in the murder capitol way down south  
Where if you start to get proved you get a gauge in  
your mouth  
Ya betta repeat you know the deal  
Car bombs and all steel

This world's comin to an end  
That's how it is that's on the real

Chorus:1x (fades to end)

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