

## Cowboy Mouth

### "World Keep Turnin'"

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[T.A.Z.]

I'm under suspicion, so I'm forced to move around a lot  
Using criminal plots, to bleed blocks  
And decieved cops, keeping my heat cocked  
Cause hard knocks, keep a nigga on watch  
Thinking every new face that I meet's, just another pair  
of  
Scandalous eyes on the rise, some niggaz to anxious  
to say hi  
Some hoes too quick, to come off the thighs  
It ain't hard for these hatas to hide, so I'm on the grind  
Wondering with a one track mind  
Whether we win or we lose, through the thick and the  
thin  
I'm one the rise, so I'ma die for mine  
Trying to make it to the top, no more ducking the cops  
Cause I'm scared to show my I.D  
Nervous when I see them bright lights, blinding me  
Already noid, since they got behind me  
Rolling dirty, so I know I'm going to jail  
Cause I smell like a pound, sipping straight crown  
Roll the top down, showing off surround by sound  
Gauge from the backseat, letting it down  
But ain't no need to clown, cause we gon hold the final  
We gon ball, till the day we die  
Witness the world's, most deadliest niggaz  
Trying to gain control, cause it's our time to shine

[Hook - 2x]

Look at all the money we earning mayn  
As the world keep turning mayn  
Try to do it on the low, but everywhere I go  
Somebody got a law man, learning names  
Nothing but the finest doja, be burning mayn  
As the world keep turning mayn  
Top of the line, Mary Jane for strain  
And I'm never caught, slipping in the turning lane

[Dougie D]

Peep this, look at all the change  
Top of line, Mary Jane for strain

But a nigga feel wherever I go, somebody got a law  
man  
Learning names, but it's all in the game  
I need to realize, what the deal is  
Where you at, can a nigga come chill  
Parlay, and smoke some weed at your crib  
And motherfuckers I don't even know, be running up on  
me  
Talking bout, nigga I ain't seen you in years  
What type of bullshit that is, they got they hands out  
No doubt, Guerilla Maab steady jamming stacking the  
clout  
You keep my name out your mouth  
And ain't no tricking with that, cause they ain't down  
Cause I be ready to clown, and making em move round  
Whoa now, and in the turning lane  
Where a nigga be wanting to get me  
But like a banana, my army peeling at em be tripping  
But on the cool, I act a damn fool  
Look at all the money we gain, and hell if I gotta jack  
fools

[Trae]

Everybody wanna see a nigga dead for real  
Other niggaz really wanna go, and play my skills  
So I gotta be quick, to knock drama out of place  
Taking a pitch out a plate, ready to face  
Any nigga, any broad, anybody that'll wanna  
Take me out of the game, ain't a damn thang changed  
I'ma maintain, and keep my composure  
So if you take a wrong step, you better keep on coming  
And I know, that it ain't gotta be that way  
But it's too many people, that's steady fucking with  
Trae  
Keeping us stressed with a vest, you better pray to get  
blessed  
Cause this negativity, making me the man that I be  
Ain't nobody, gonna be taking me out of the game  
Cause I was blessed, with the mind to maintain  
And gotta think fast, when I'm on my toes  
Guerilla Maab, haven't you heard we number one

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Since I got too many diamonds glissing  
They wanna tap my phones, so they can listen in  
For differd justification, from conversation  
About divid-ends, living in a world that's fucked up  
White folks, be making these drugs  
We killing eachother fo', spilling blood over territory

We don't own, dumb shit we killing eachother fo'  
Steady telling out Northside, and yelling Southside  
Every motherfucker, got they mouth wide  
Open, infrared beams be scoping  
And monitoring, everybody outside  
My congregation, with a bird's eye view  
Everybody wanna rap, cause they heard I do  
Never be another nigga, that'll write a 16 bar  
Using the nouns and verbs, I use  
I choose, to be the nigga that'll be ready for war  
Motherfuckers be bumping they gums  
Bout anything, they can get they mind on  
I pimp on and grind on, mad cause I got my shine on  
A Maab type nigga like myself, that'd never think  
Or give a damn about, what a bitch wanna lie about  
Give a nigga a reason, to dress up in black  
And give a grandmother, something to cry about  
Because I'm a G in the game, bringing a tired side of  
me  
Is something, that a motherfucker never gon see in the  
game  
T.A.Z. he in the game, Trae he in the game, Dougie D in  
the game  
But certain motherfuckers, shouldn't even be in the  
game  
Maintain, everybody want attention but I stay blaze Jane  
Top of the line, Mary Jane for strain  
Never caught, slipping in the turning lane

[Hook - 3x]

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