

# **P.O.D.**

## **"Y2K"**

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Y2K

Mausberg kickin' realism  
Spreadin' game to them coward ass niggas  
You scared to ball, nigga?  
You scared to ball, nigga?  
Yo, I'm 'bout to grind nigga  
Now it ain't nothin' but a party for the Y2K  
Fuck the shutdown, my peoples can't afford computers  
anyway  
And we gonna party like it's 1985  
Chronic smoke and Thai weed all up in the sky  
Whoever thought that I would come this far?  
Rich at twenty-one, Johnny Burns the black ghetto  
supertsar  
And I'ma reap the benefits of bein' strong  
My religion is knowin' my right from my wrong  
Dedicated to bein' the realest nigga that touched  
ground  
And Lord knows that I came to put it down  
Ain't no stoppin' me, ride wit' my dog wit' the key to the  
city  
Ain't conceited, just gettin' down to the nitty gritty  
Compton back on the map for the millenium  
Ya ain't heard shit until ya heard what I'm givin' em  
Me and my niggas gon' run a train on the world  
I'm newlyin' my damn self  
I make the world twirl

Chorus x2

Yo, the time don't stop homie, get your ride on  
While you worryin' about that and get your grind on  
Before you niggas commit suicide  
You better recognize this world got a long time

Aiyo the party don't stop (don't stop)  
And the glock don't stop tickin'  
Aiyo them people bullshittin' (bullshittin')  
Playin' wit' the mind of a grown man  
Tellin' us some nonsense, knowin' we gone take it to  
the fam-bam  
And I ain't trippin' til I see the horses trot down

Hey homie keep yo' predictions in yo' own town  
Cuz I'ma party til the year 3000  
Black Tecs on the rise my nigga, we straight clownin'  
Gettin' our grind on  
Blowin' up out our zone e'ryday  
And keepin' far away from the fakes  
I'm partyin' with the real-ionaire, talkin' to Quik on the  
NexTel  
Crap table, orderin' cocktails  
Backyard lookin' like nothin' but a car light  
Scared of a new year, but nigga look at what I got  
Down and dirty, like a natural disaster  
Only the strong survive nigga, call me master

Chorus

I'm a full-fledged street veteran, kickin' real shit  
So if you're fake homie, don't even try to feel this  
Communicatin' in the form of a soldier  
And if you fall short, don't say I didn't warn ya  
Mausberg's on the grind and partyin' the same time  
Momma told me the world is mine  
So I'ma cock back and blast off  
And head for the stars, I ain't takin' no losses  
I ain't no runner from no profit  
But I'ma let you know what I know  
The game is way more potent than a hoe and some  
dough  
I'm on a mission dog, cuz time waits for no man  
The superior strokin, a Lex Luger wit' a gun in his hand  
I puff a pimp and get to thinkin' bout some deep shit  
I ain't no hater dog, grab a chair and peep this  
Don't be scared of the future  
Take control of your destiny and be the ruler

Chorus x2

Realism, Y 2000  
Yeah nigga, hell to come homie  
Straight up, only the strong survive nigga  
So you fake ass niggas might as well  
put a pistol in yo mouth and do yo thang

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