

## Da Backwudz "The World Could Be Yours"

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[Verse One:]

At the start of our journey together you couldn't tear us  
apart

We was like tinted and Ford, peas and carrots

Rings with karats, and it seem people starin

Hoes lovin my style, niggaz love jeans you was wearin

Carryin on, this love jones heatin my soul

Like a pot of auntie collard greens on top of the stove

You keep the business on the low like pullin Daytons  
and Vogues

You keep me puffin on some purple and you don't even  
smoke

But hold up! You flippin the script, say I fuck around

But you talkin nonsense like a gat with no clip

That's why a nigga jumped ship, I might as well do my  
thang

Them jealous hoes on your end sprinklin salt in my  
game

You think I'm a lame, but honestly you hatin my fame

You mad every time pretty dimes call out my name

You know it's a shame, you keep shit goin like plumbers

Get yo' belongings, get the fuck out and go live wit'cha  
momma

[Chorus:]

The world could be yours, but you fucked it all up

Cause you got me fed all up

It's to a point now where a nigga fists stay balled up

My patience been used all up

The world could be yours, but you fucked it all up

Sayin you' gon get me caught up

You know I wasn't cheatin girl, I just went to buy the  
mall up

Let me find a hoe to call up

[Verse Two:]

Shorty when we first kicked it off, I met her at the mall

Standin five feet tall, thick big booty broad

Finest chick I ever saw, remind me of Halle

But she love to roll reefer drop a Chevrolet with Rallys

Shorty used to live in Cali, now she in Atlanta

Say she love my country grammar while she peelin my

banana  
Hey! Now we spendin so much quality time  
The other women on my mind I left 'em stranded  
behind  
See we both were movin up, like George and Louise  
I never thought that you would be my only fish in the  
sea  
But take it from me, everything ain't peaches and  
cream  
She started screenin all my calls, never trusted in me  
And followin me, always wanna argue with me  
And cut on my clothes, faded all my Guess and  
Girbauds  
This shit gettin old, it's time for me to hop the fence  
The world coulda been yours if you had some sense

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

(What's the deal pimp?) You know how I feel pimp  
Look shorty be trippin when I be tryin to chill pimp  
(Nigga you f'real pimp?) Like she on the ill tip  
Threw away my ounce cause she think I'm on her friend  
hip  
(Let me tell you this though, I can't believe this hoe)  
What?  
(Had the nerve to come over my crib and show her  
asshole)  
Man what she do folk? (Cussin out my kinfolks)  
(Slashed up my Cutlass and she busted out my  
window)  
(Man I think I'm through though) Shit I know I'm through  
look  
Shorty got more problems than the pages in a math  
book  
Shoulda got her ass whooped (man folk don't even  
take it there)  
(Them hoes ain't good for nothin but showin what's in  
they underwear)  
Nigga ask me if I care, dude I gotta let her go  
I'm tired of the drama and the law knockin at my do'  
(Look, do what you gotta do, I'ma do the same too)  
(Push her to the curb like the way I do my 22's)

[Chorus]

[sped up: "You know the world, the world would be  
yours" to end]

