

## Puff Daddy

### "As The World Keeps Turning"

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Intro/Chorus:

As the world keeps turning, chronic keeps burning  
(This ain't no) street sermon, these niggas are  
determined  
\*Repeat\*

Verse 1:Where

I flow like CD's in the deck  
Moosh fools in the face that lack respect  
Protect ya arm, pitch from the funk  
I deodorise the musty, ya rhymes are crusty, you can't  
bust G  
So leave me alone I'm in the zone  
Walkin the streets on my own, nigga get blown  
Some niggas say that nigga Where is gone  
But I'm low in the cut and gotta microphone  
Are you gone bust or play bones?  
You motherfuckin clone, get off that nigga's style and  
get'cha own  
It's Miscellane and it's on again  
For the niggas that slept, they shoulda stayed in step  
And kept ya big fuckin mouth shut

Chorus

Verse 2:Where

I woke up with a stomach ache, headache, back ache  
Advil, Tylenol, Peptol, slept so long realised my world is  
wrong  
My world is gone like disco  
Blowin up Cisco and in my Cammo  
Standin in back of me was my soul  
Thinking of the easiest way to get a bank roll  
Knowledge is urban-able, exhaust manifold  
A tar can of hos to lubricate my system quick  
Shaky bitches off the dick  
Cos she got a vice grip on the flow from my lips  
I'm slow but equipped with the proper tools

Show me the one talkin shit so I can drop a fool  
I'm out to glow a nigga roll if he think he Mr CREAM  
Come back on the scene and smoke a phillie, G  
I really dream of gettin mine now let me tell you what's  
silly  
Me, buckin with my team is murder one  
I heard a gun bustin shots (SHOTS!), down the block  
(BLOCK!)  
I guess a nigga gettin what he got (GOT!)  
Shit is heavy like a medicine ball and broke niggas to  
smoke niggas  
I'll fuck one for y'all, they made ya last phone call  
To a trick that didn't even care  
Cos she was gettin fucked somewhere, you're stuck in  
there  
Now you wanna bust, nigga, now you wanna kill, nigga  
(Nigga)  
Nigga how ya feel? (Nigga)  
You can't try to be real (You can't try to be real)  
Shit is for real

Chorus

Verse 3:Where

I'm cooler than most, but I got the shorter temper  
And I'm cooler than foes that don't know how it goes  
Let's take it back to the first side  
When you was a new jack and jockin my new track  
But you was wrong, didn't know about the big long  
Head-strong, nicknamed Dav from off the school yard  
Witta teenage group I'm turnin loots to tracks  
Me and my niggas like (These tracks are laced with  
bomb weed and tight  
lyrics)  
You wanna know what the hos used to do  
When me and my crew came bustin through  
All sorts of blushins brew  
(A neighbourhood find, a gift too swift, Miscellane is  
the crew)  
Underground till my brown eyed balls turned blue  
This is for the bitches and niggas that wanna front  
I smoke on, I broke on till I spoke on  
Miscellane packin shows like Farrakhan  
Where is on another level with two niggas that's on the  
same plateau  
Now that's three times your tightest flow  
And three times ya tightest track, three times your  
fattest sack  
Three times is clever (BUCK!)

Chorus x 2

Outro:

Thou shalt rest in grief who lay buried in the belt  
Barely included work, leaves bodies scarred and hurt  
To art in hell, where the next man dwells  
The place with stankin pussy and crack rock dwells

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