

4 P.M. "Perfect World"

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[Dialogue]

First, they dropped the bomb
Then came the disease
Then death
This our world
Your world, my world
I like this world!

Yo, on foreign land keep your toast up, hot rocks
Catch a close up your snot box, broke up
Land shark, tryin to post up, reptiles
Trying to throw cub with crooked smiles
Take your kindness for weakness, yhey foul
New York niggas be lovin how the gun talk, POW!
Another underboss pull a doublecross
Niggas ain't ready for the holocaust here and now
Want them games people play, catch these bullets over
Broadway
Twenty-five to life up in Rahway get caught
Look deep into the black thought, a holy war is being
fought
on Allah's court, my perfect world (if you will)
Mr. Sandman, bring 'em a dream, infa-red light beams
Homicide scene, perfect world
By any means get cream
Just don't let it come between you and I, seen
Everything is everything in this three ringed, circus
Peoples is swift, tryin to work us, lord
with devil worship and satanic verses
It takes place in the world, perfect, mine and yours
Heard when it rains, it pours
I came to bring the pain once more (once more)
Pedal to the floor, peep the Jim Crow law
The Big Apple, rotten to the core
These niggaz want war? (GIVE EM WAR)
They schemin and I-Beam'n
Hitmen like cryin freeman, they need cleanin
Keep it comin til they all runnin, screamin, bloody
murder
At war with them inner demons, it's goin down
Invasion, U.S.A., spittin rounds

If these shells hit the battleground, pave the way
for birth of a Generation, X
Spoken with a project dialect, bomb threat
to the air waves, hit the deck
Pressed for time in a world lacking sunshine
Got love for my family, cause they mine
See niggaz dying in the streets over petty crimes
We gonna eat, or die tryin, got my mind made up
Young buck, just don't give a fuck, pressin they luck
When they best, best to give it up, perfect world
Baby what? Nigga head or gut, them or us
Welcome to the dark ages, dirty pages
Of filth, fine filth flavors
Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, life flashes
Right before his eyes, then he passes

While the 666 got more tricks
Than the PD's got bricks
From bloods and crips
To pips with mints
We still lickin the scars from whips on slave ships

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Homicide scene, perfect world
By any means get cream
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Uhh.. the children are the future
And Wu-Tang is for the babies!

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