

White Boy

"U Turn My Whole World Around"

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Intro:

Yea I know it's hard in life
But you gotta keep goin'
Keep your head up, be strong, stay focused
Through all my tears and pain, trials and tribulations
I can truly say, I've been blessed, real shit c'mon

Chorus:

U turn my whole world around (I dedicate this to you,
my music,
yeah, lets go)
U turn my whole world around (Without it I'll still be on
the block husslin,
and for real ya'll)

Verse:

First off I was always caught rappin' on the spot
me and the fellas laughin' on the block
hypes askin' for rocks (what you got?)
broke no dope baggin' up or not
20 moes braggin' on the block
tryna make it happen on the block (on the real)
label as the hottest one Tanya son
group of niggas deep and we all gotta gun
stalk to the streets and we all gotta son
some don't know a bitter lick
never knew what we were dealin with
gang bang killa shit
fillin clips
livin' through the realest shit
still stealin' pits
yeah some gotta give
young gotta kid
talk but it's none that I did
still frontin' for a gig what

Chorus:

U turn my whole world around (Lord knows I done came
a long way
in these cold streets don't play hear me when I say)
U turn my whole world around (Without you I ain't

nothin' naw I ain't
bluffin' nigga the some real ass shit ya'll don't hear
me)

Verse:

It starts off I meet this kat named Smacks
braided up hat banged back
he see that I happened to rap (A lil' man Inna put you
on)
Smacks put me in this concert
to see if I'm worth
will my rhymes
rapped one bombed verse
stole the whole concert (nigga what?)
since the moment rappin' I been on it
happy I ain't happy packin' in the mornin'
flipin good crack while im flowin'
picture nights in the mix
nights in the tip
dream of a life of a prince
now I'm writin' for my chips
high off of spliff
ride through th strip
eyes with a glimpse
9 on my hip
rhymes was a gift
young ang thuggin' life was a bitch but

Chorus:

(Repeat 1x)

Verse:

Listen it's different chris
different sys.
now I'm on some different shit
mention this
different crib
different whip
new 9 different clip
same grind different tip
stickin' with the sickes lyric fit
chris made it to his goal it's on I'm rollin' on
wait hold on
the road is long
young colly on
I'm 18 flowin' on the strongest song
nigga I can hold my own (shhh)
on the low
imma blow for show
when get this dough
ya know

no more husslin crack
bubblin' stacks
shovin me back
my son on my back
get my mother a flat
as long as gunnin' the track it's real

Chorus:
(Repeat til song over)

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