

## Alyssa Bernal

### "World Full Of Sin"

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[Mr. Lil One]

\*Talkin\*

This Lil One, puttin down  
For this Underground City  
Ha ha, 6 to the 1-9  
Comin at you  
Ha Ha  
With the Viscious  
Ha Ha, fools

[Mr. Lil One]

I come across you the raw way  
I kick my shit all day  
I bust like a pistol, even though I listo  
Bad memories, but now I'm makin G's  
I feel like a prince, everybody wants a glimps  
Cause I came across, your thoughts double crossed  
you  
Still I see your stressin the lesson that I taught you  
One to be learned not the one you wanna burn  
I'm knowin all the truths see me shootin from the roof  
Pow, how you like me now, got so many styles  
I let my mind travel and let my rhymes grow  
Deep insto your zipcode even though my bloods' cold  
Still I bring the heat, let the Lil One speak  
Deep into your brain cells cause I know the game well  
Ain't no need to lie, when you die you got to hell  
And never make it back, you gotta burn for your sins  
No matter what the game, the grim reeper wins

[Chorus]

Throw your palms in the wind in this world full of sin  
Everybody get drunk while the Lil One bumps  
Nothin but the funky sip the brass monkey  
Time to get blitz while the Lil One spits  
[2x]

[Mr. Lil One]

Now all the drama that I hear about  
Fools yappin out they mouth  
Best to be ready when I come in rock steady

Send you to a place where the drama's in your face  
Ain't no time for me to waste  
Ain't no need to get a case  
But I gotta warn you, best believe I bring it on you  
Known like a Capone cause I'm sick up in the doom  
A second's all it takes me  
I'm knownin how you fakes be  
And that's what motivates me  
To maybe wanna brake thee  
Like you love a foe, mothafuckas better know  
It's Lil One, puttin all that fear up in your soul  
And never could it change, always gotta stay the same  
Cause sick up in the brain will always remain by my  
name

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One]

Lil One be the nickname, listen while I spit game  
All remain calm while I drop you the bomb  
Ain't nobody here that'll fear me the lok  
Man the words that I spoke mothafuckas now croak  
I heard it through the grape vine, you wanna take mine  
Well that's funny, I put that on my beer money  
You can fuck wit these criminal phrases  
Blows to your faces, high speed chases  
Through the back streets, tears in the back seats  
Down to the death is all I got left  
We mobbed and we robbed  
Thank God for my dawg and  
Bitch mothafucka who the fuck you mad doggin  
See you want me runnin when you spot me  
Heard about the bids and you pigs never caught me  
Misbehave get caught up in the grave and  
Thoughts be so evil, mothafuck Wes Craven

[Chorus]

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