

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes

"World Tour Sessions"

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Behold the whole planet
Upside down I Put it down
Shuttin down disco clowns
I get around
This rap game's like a sport
Been through two passports
Ass stay up in airports
Black man still gettin no support
Compensation we ain't seein
Split by europeans
Damn treated less than human beings
No matter
Africa, Brazil, East St. Louis or the Caribbean
Traveled the seven seas
Rocked many races
Spread the cash cleaned trash
In a lotta low places

Seen the look of love on many mad faces
When I rhymed about the time
And not the paper chases
People all over the world given mad respect
When I identified who the Government wrecked
What's the soundscan
Ask the company rep
They don't care
They just about keepin their checks

(Chorus)
Round and round and round we go
Where the worlds headed nobody knows

Hear the crime rhyme created a lotta robots
Can the real lyric fix the shit that the time forgot
Loops gotcha brain gettin locked
Loaded up wit words that never meant alot
And you can't call the cops
And yall don't really know
And yall don't hear me through
Takes a nation of big brains
To break up that flow

And the game ain't changed
But the heads be rearranged
In danger
My language is rappin in anger
I be bangin so I point my finger
While we sleep
Racists set us up like sheep
Every time I go someplace
Slaves up in my face
Black people in a plantation state
No control of soul
Wouldn't know our fate
Now Am I wrong to hate hate
38 countries 51 states now you tell me
Who in the world gonna compensate
100 million lost make a nigga wait
Gotta beg the queen to get food on our plate

(Chorus)

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