

Mausberg

"Y2K"

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Artist: Mausberg

Album: Non-Fiction

Song: Y2K

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Y2K

Mausberg kickin' realism

Spreadin' game to them coward ass niggas

You scared to ball, nigga?

You scared to ball, nigga?

Yo, I'm 'bout to grind nigga

Now it ain't nothin' but a party for the Y2K

Fuck the shutdown, my peoples can't afford computers
anyway

And we gonna party like it's 1985

Chronic smoke and Thai weed all up in the sky

Whoever thought that I would come this far?

Rich at twenty-one, Johnny Burns the black ghetto
supertsar

And I'ma reap the benefits of bein' strong

My religion is knowin' my right from my wrong

Dedicated to bein' the realest nigga that touched
ground

And Lord knows that I came to put it down

Ain't no stoppin' me, ride wit' my dog wit' the key to the city

Ain't conceited, just gettin' down to the nitty gritty

Compton back on the map for the millenium

Ya ain't heard shit until ya heard what I'm givin' em

Me and my niggas gon' run a train on the world

I'm newlyin' my damn self

I make the world twirl

Chorus x2

Yo, the time don't stop homie, get your ride on

While you worryin' about that and get your grind on

Before you niggas commit suicide

You better recognize this world got a long time

Aiyo the party don't stop (don't stop)

And the glock don't stop tickin'

Aiyo them people bullshittin'(bullshittin')

Playin' wit' the mind of a grown man

Tellin' us some nonsense, knowin' we gone take it to the fam-bam

And I ain't trippin' til I see the horses trot down

Hey homie keep yo' predictions in yo' own town

Cuz I'ma party til the year 3000

Black Tecs on the rise my nigga, we straight clownin'

Gettin' our grind on

Blowin' up out our zone e'ryday

And keepin' far away from the fakes

I'm partyin' with the real-ionaire, talkin' to Quik on the
NexTel

Crap table, orderin' cocktails

Backyard lookin' like nothin' but a car light

Scared of a new year, but nigga look at what I got

Down and dirty, like a natural disaster

Only the strong survive nigga, call me master

Chorus

I'm a full-fledged street veteran, kickin' real shit

So if you're fake homie, don't even try to feel this

Communicatin' in the form of a soldier

And if you fall short, don't say I didn't warn ya

Mausberg's on the grind and partyin' the same time

Momma told me the world is mine

So I'ma cock back and blast off

And head for the stars, I ain't takin' no losses

I ain't no runner from no profit

But I'ma let you know what I know

The game is way more potent than a hoe and some
dough

I'm on a mission dog, cuz time waits for no man

The superior strokin, a Lex Luger wit' a gun in his hand

I puff a pimp and get to thinkin' bout some deep shit

I ain't no hater dog, grab a chair and peep this

Don't be scared of the future

Take control of your destiny and be the ruler

Chorus x2

Realism, Y 2000

Yeah nigga, hell to come homie

Straight up, only the strong survive nigga

So you fake ass niggas might as well

put a pistol in yo mouth and do yo thang

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