

## **Brooks % Dunn F/ Sara Evans, Martina McBride, Kenn "Til the World Blows Up"**

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### [Verse 1]

If scars was tattoos with better stories  
So much trauma scribed on my melon mob you liable to  
find tribal design tumors  
That contain best selling novels, so much pain cursed  
my adolescence  
That I can count my outer blessings on one hand  
I was shook to the bone when informed of the three  
slugs you took to the dome  
Just slammed and broke the hook to the phone  
Teared up and let a couple trickle  
Before retaliation could start cops knocked him and  
slammed him with a double nickel  
Twelve years later stil not complacent tools  
I cock I'm pacing impatiently awaiting to snap off for  
obvious reasons  
Grew up with G's who's hobby is squeezing, hell  
probably is freezing  
Peep said it'd be a cold day before we part  
Yeah you prone to violence, just not to start provoking  
acts  
You was smarter folks than that, especially to lose your  
life  
Over a Starter coat and hat, I'm stil heated so what  
Your pain is my pain, until the world blows up

### [Chorus 2X]

(Til the world blow up) I remain the same no matter  
life's obstacles  
(Til the world blow up) I will shine for us all if it's quite  
possible  
Til God calls me home and the caskets closed  
And no longer can serenade my dogs with these  
classic flows

### [Verse 2]

We were both raised studying rhymes and scriptures  
and the street rules to the game  
And the game deeply embeds and tarnished jewels on  
your brain  
The ghetto reflects us, from doo-rags to school metal

detectors

To earning what you rightfully deserve is irrelevant  
Cause now we only settle for extras, if not then jumped  
up charging  
Got affiliates that shot at slumped up sergeants  
Just to avoid trumped up charges, kept my head stern  
Focused on these bars when you was knocked in arrest  
burned from ???  
Funerals became annual, we all studied from the same  
rule book  
And stil lost numerous to the game's manual  
Supreme has the power, any dirt when added up  
And multiplied by 7 equals the Grapes of Wrath is sour  
For all I know you might hate me, cause I ain't been  
able to write  
or send you a kite lately Just getting my mind right  
so I can walk through this life straightly  
And live see my little girl grow up  
But you stil my dog until the world blow up

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse 3]

Until I see if the price of the happiness your deserve is  
cheap  
As long as you embed these words deep  
And can cinematically see the world from a worm's eye  
view at a bird's peak  
Life occurs blurred, bleak sometimes but regardless of  
how sour the Kool-Aid is though  
It could stil be stirred sweet, there ain't no guarantees  
Except that them taxes in a world that attacks tactless  
But Imma get full access to its axis  
And take the weight of the world off your shoulders  
and put it on my back like atlas  
The incompatibleness of me and your moms  
Is something that we deny greatly, we ain't eye to eye  
lately  
The concept of not being there to guide you through  
life safely  
Is the reason me, myself, and I hate me irately  
We love each other but after mating the result is the  
pitas of a queen stinger  
And stil our dear relationship goes swing slinger  
Before death had a chance to do us part  
Fate had flipped us off with the ring finger  
And that's the reason deaths celebrated and birth's  
mourned  
But Imma always love you first born  
From diapers until you casket bound with black skirt on  
Til the world in your beautiful eyes stops spinning and

blows up and the earths gone

[Chorus 2X]

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