

Dre Dr**"As The World Keeps Turning featuring Where"**

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Intro/Chorus:

As the world keeps turning, chronic keeps burning

(This ain't no) street sermon, these niggas are
determined

Repeat

Verse 1:Where

I flow like CD's in the deck

Moosh fools in the face that lack respect

Protect ya arm, pitch from the funk

I deodorise the musty, ya rhymes are crusty, you can't
bust G

So leave me alone I'm in the zone

Walkin the streets on my own, nigga get blown

Some niggas say that nigga Where is gone

But I'm low in the cut and gotta microphone

Are you gone bust or play bones?

You motherfuckin clone, get off that nigga's style and
get'cha own

It's Miscellane and it's on again

For the niggas that slept, they shoulda stayed in step

And kept ya big fuckin mouth shut

Chorus

Verse 2:Where

I woke up with a stomach ache, headache, back ache

Advil, Tylenol, Peptol, slept so long realised my world is wrong

My world is gone like disco

Blowin up Cisco and in my Cammo

Standin in back of me was my soul

Thinking of the easiest way to get a bank roll

Knowledge is urban-able, exhaust manifold

A tar can of hos to lubricate my system quick

Shaky bitches off the dick

Cos she got a vice grip on the flow from my lips

I'm slow but equipped with the proper tools

Show me the one talkin shit so I can drop a fool

I'm out to glow a nigga roll if he think he Mr CREAM

Come back on the scene and smoke a phillie, G

I really dream of gettin mine now let me tell you what's silly

Me, buckin with my team is murder one

I heard a gun bustin shots (SHOTS!), down the block (BLOCK!)

I guess a nigga gettin what he got (GOT!)

Shit is heavy like a medicine ball and broke niggas to smoke niggas

I'll fuck one for y'all, they made ya last phone call

To a trick that didn't even care

Cos she was gettin fucked somewhere, you're stuck in there

Now you wanna bust, nigga, now you wanna kill, nigga
(Nigga)

Nigga how ya feel? (Nigga)

You can't try to be real (You can't try to be real)

Shit is for real

Chorus

Verse 3:Where

I'm cooler than most, but I got the shorter temper

And I'm cooler than foes that don't know how it goes

Let's take it back to the first side

When you was a new jack and jockin my new track

But you was wrong, didn't know about the big long

Head-strong, nicknamed Dav from off the school yard

Witta teenage group I'm turnin loots to tracks

Me and my niggas like (These tracks are laced with
bomb weed and tight

lyrics)

You wanna know what the hos used to do

When me and my crew came bustin through

All sorts of blushins brew

(A neighbourhood find, a gift too swift, Miscellane is
the crew)

Underground till my brown eyed balls turned blue

This is for the bitches and niggas that wanna front

I smoke on, I broke on till I spoke on

Miscellane packin shows like Farrakhan

Where is on another level with two niggas that's on the
same plateau

Now that's three times your tightest flow

And three times ya tightest track, three times your
fattest sack

Three times is clever (BUCK!)

Chorus x 2

Outro:

Thou shalt rest in grief who lay buried in the belt

Barely included work, leaves bodies scarred and hurt

To art in hell, where the next man dwells

The place with stankin pussy and crack rock dwells

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