

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel "World Goes Round"

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Intro:

Check it out. I heard this track right here and I kind of
felt a lil'
somethin'. You know. It took my mind some place it
ain't been. Search deep
into another world. So I'm trying to figure out what
make this world go
round. For real. People are stressin'.

Treach:

Oh how oh how come everytime we have problems they
nix none
Sending people to other plants when they still ain't fix
this one
Victims from a distance prections of affliction
Some faction cause frictions fractions need fixinng
Mixing making music man to make it work
Some sticking shakin' bruising' damn just ta brake a
purse
It's worse misguided some guttered locked on the
block
Cause the cops can't be trusted
Busted trusted frustrated frustrations of no more
patience
Insides are cold and vacant check how we lay it
Why when we speak they try to stifle our breath
Cock a rifle to chest
Then ya have the party of your life at your death
Oh I wanna know I wanna know
Oh why, oh why is it the good that have to go
And they tell us that's just how this life goes
So I look at the kids and wonder where their life might
go
Get high to tell ya low that's how its done on the bricks
We all mad at the world when the world ain't done shit
Just the people in it and the scavengers who function
Who destroy the earth then blame the earth for its
malfunctions
And getting maybe a tad bit too deep to follow
But the black form is strong and far from being hollow
Why do we get so much into this Freeing Willy

When Willy is already free
He and them ain't doing shit to free my city
And it's a pity for those who can't get the nitty gritty
That's when the gritty gets grimy and the wicked gets
witty
So much pain on the brain can't restrain
Place the comma too much drama but I'll bleed to
please my momma
So I'm a strive to perfection leave pride in slum
sections
Keep wit my crew and make all due connections

Hook:
But but but but but that's what makes the world go
round
The axis like a carouse

Treach:
Oh how the ways?
Nowadays baby's coming from spitting out momma's
nipple
From the cradel to the killa leaving corspe and cripples
A Brooklyn boy dies shot by a cop for a play gun
Our kids days are up even if they ain't stray ones
You lay one or two on the more now the merrier the
day's dumb
When crews war and now streets get scarier cops hit
blocks saying we'll
beat 'em
Into freedom then we feel robbed like there's no God
When we need him
So we act accordingly cause we dont' see enjoyment
The only line ofbusiness I'm offered is unemployment
So we gots to get ours and ours gotta get it
And it is what it be so see that I'm with this
Media haas us believin' they hype
Don't pull out ya new shoes cause only the bad news is
good news
Farrakahn wants us to take the streets back time to
take it
Before our whole race is stripped naked

Hook

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