

## **H.A.W.K. f/ Chris Ward, Godfather**

### **"World Come 2 an End"**

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[Godfather]

When the guns clack-clack, it ain't love Fat Pat  
Where them boys from the ghetto, put the South on the map  
'Fore my world come to an end, I go and cop me a Benz  
600, got around and get blunted  
All my past enemies, they gon get hunted  
Make love to my woman, she get it how she want it  
Take my kids to Disney World, like I won the Superbowl  
Plus I beat my court case, because a lupole  
Exotic labels, always keep the fruit roll  
My bulletproof block shots, like Manu Fold  
You can't hit me, be in Houston like I'm Whitney  
Say you like Brittany, put a knife in your kidney  
Godfather run game, like the Globetrotters  
I should run for President, like I'm Jimmy Carter  
Over the waters, coke smuggle through the harbors  
In the states we transport it, through somebody's daughter

[Hook - 2X]

Before my world comes to an end, I'm going out with my men  
Screwed Up Click, setting a trend  
In the Lex or the Benz, steady spending the ends  
Getting up with yellow bones, have 'em calling they friends

[Chris Ward]

Before my world ends, I wanna push a pearl Benz  
On 20 inch Lorenz, that spin like whirlwinds  
Hugging my girlfriend, that's black and plastic  
And she doesn't mind, putting these haters in caskets  
Put a cheddar to cheese, and velveeta I mash quick  
I came in this game, first round draft pick  
Taking your bitches, making my riches  
Bring snitch frostbit, so you can skate on my wrists  
Pretty hoes see me pull up, in 4.6's  
And that's when they get mad, wishing it was two Chris's  
On tracks I'm vicious, untamed and malicious

In they face, blowing up like air bags and bubble-licious  
Serving you flows, like Papa Deauxxx main dishes  
Getting bonds by the tons, while the dope game  
switches  
I make it senseless, to end up dead or in the FED  
When I can spit lyrical heroin, and make bread

[Hook - 2X]

[H.A.W.K.]

You bitches pathetic, you niggaz polished synthetic  
Cake mix and flour, make up your genetics  
Call the paramedics, shit's about to get hectic  
Fin to light up your spot, like General Electric  
Dead End Texas, the mess with pitch bird  
I done flooded the Suburb', with fifty featherless birds  
My game blast superb, Gucci shoes and Iceberg  
Since it's all about the End, I have the urge to splurge  
It's lunch time, you on the bench at crunch time  
And one rhyme, can hit you on the punch line  
My bullets defy gravity, bust through your chest cavity  
With pen point actually, I restructure your anamity  
More vultures than I bury, I can cause a catastrophe  
Arenas filled to capacity, and you have the adasody  
How can your next to kin, be hard to apprehend  
Turning corners in the Benz, my world has come to an  
end

[Hook - 4X]

(\*talking\*)

Yo, before we leave this world playboy  
We gon live it up you dig, me and Big H.A.W.K.  
Under Hawk's Wings, In God's Hands Records  
Godfather forever you dig, 2000 shit you know I mean  
H-Town put it down, Dirty South put it in ya mouth  
Y'all niggaz don't want no war, we them ill niggaz

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