

## **Lenny Kravitz % Jeff Healey**

### **"Shittin' on the World"**

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Intro:

Yes yes y'all, ooh funk....  
Yes yes y'all, to the beat y'all  
From the ol schizzy with the yes yizzy y'all  
Ooh in come funk  
Yes yes y'all, to the beat y'all  
From the ol schizzy it's the yes yizzy y'all  
Ooh notes come wrong

Verse 1:

Dre is chillin, Ruff is chillin  
What more can I say? (Let's make a million)  
M-E-L-Man, niggas call me Most  
I be rockin on the East and the West Coast  
Your mail go back like Emmitt Smith's hairline  
With Jordache devils and Calvin Kleins  
This shit be on my mind like O'Donnells interceptions  
How would I look with Mike's complexion  
Eat me, freak me, take your hand and leave me  
All I wanna say is "I don't really give a fuck"  
cos Most he be mega  
Copped the Play Station but still play the Sega  
and in the PJ's I DJ and blow amps  
Bad as \*?shrimp stampy?\* with the food stamps  
Huh, I'm not a stranger to danger  
On the streets I be known as the jaw rearranger  
Heavy with the metal, Mel-Man rule  
White boys say it now "Cool, cool, cool!!!"  
I bring the fizzy that's the obvious  
I got a grip but the only clip I load be the floppy disk  
In the SP or the MV, see three G  
Ho's see me comin in 3-D  
I spread Lizzy with ten mates  
Hit the skins and I break out like an inmate  
Hey yo, that's how it is and that's how I want it  
This is my world and I'm shittin on it

Chorus:

(On the world) Shittin on it  
(On the world) Shittin on the world  
(Here me, yeah, shittin on the world)  
\*repeat\*

Verse 2:

I warm it up like humidity  
Mel, okay I'm here til infinity  
My shit be outta...space with the Ewok  
This is my planet but I never wear the Reebok  
When we rock to the beat of accapella  
Most reigns supreme, niggas grab your umbrellas  
It's time to bounce so where the player, mate?  
Jealous MC's still drinkin on that "Hator"rade  
Bitches flirtin with the giggles and chuckles  
You'll never get the jizzy bare, knuckle  
cos I get a tingle in the jimmy after three days in it  
Hold up! Back to the clinic  
Uhh, aah, poked your bitch in the eye  
then I step like Omega's hifi (AWROOF!)  
I walk the earth like Moses  
Any mackadocious, I grew up with no chips  
Shows I turn out  
I got dough but still call my hos on my burnout  
But can't phone long distance  
I'm a rich nigga still gettin public assistance  
Rockin shit on a task cam  
Got MC's talkin 'bout "I love you, man"  
But you can't get my last bud  
or my last dove outta beats we be makin  
Dre and M-E-L got the whole Earth quakin  
That's how it is and that's how I want it  
This is my world and I'm shittin on it

Chorus x3

Outro: (over chorus)

Yes yes y'all, ooh funk...  
Yes yes y'all, to the beat y'all  
From the ol schizzy with the yes yizzy y'all  
Ooh in come funk  
Yes yes y'all, to the beat y'all  
Every three days and the El change ???  
Ooh, Most come funk

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