

Man Method

"Perfect World"

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Dialogue]

First they dropped the bomb

Then came the disease

Then death

This our world

Your world my world

I like this world!

Yo on foreign land keep your toast up hot rocks

Catch a close up your snot box broke up

Land shark tryin to post up reptiles

Trying to throw cub with crooked smiles

Take your kindness for weakness yhey foul

New York niggas be lovin how the gun talk POW!

Another underboss pull a doublecross

Niggas ain't ready for the holocaust here and now

Want them games people play, catch these bullets over
Broadway

Twenty-five to life up in Rahway get caught

Look deep into the black thought, a holy war is being
fought

on Allah's court, my perfect world (if you will)

Mr. Sandman, bring 'em a dream, infa-red light beams

Homicide scene, perfect world
By any means get cream
Just don't let it come between you and I, seen
Everything is everything in this three ringed, circus
Peoples is swift, tryin to work us, lord
with devil worship and satanic verses
It takes place in the world, perfect, mine and yours
Heard when it rains, it pours
I came to bring the pain once more (once more)
Pedal to the floor, peep the Jim Crow law
The Big Apple, rotten to the core
These niggaz want war? (GIVE EM WAR)
They schemin and I-Beam'n
Hitmen like cryin freeman, they need cleanin
Keep it comin til they all runnin, screamin, bloody murder
At war with them inner demons, it's goin down
Invasion, U.S.A., spittin rounds
If these shells hit the battleground, pave the way
for birth of a Generation, X
Spoken with a project dialect, bomb threat
to the air waves, hit the deck
Pressed for time in a world lacking sunshine
Got love for my family, cause they mine
See niggaz dying in the streets over petty crimes
We gonna eat, or die tryin, got my mind made up

Young buck, just don't give a fuck, pressin they luck
When they best, best to give it up, perfect world
Baby what? Nigga head or gut, them or us
Welcome to the dark ages, dirty pages
Of filth, fine filth flavors
Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, life flashes
Right before his eyes, then he passes
While the 666 got more tricks
Than the PD's got bricks
From bloods and crips
To pips with mints
We still lickin the scars from whips on slave ships
Mr. Sandman, bring 'em a dream, infa-red light beams
Homicide scene, perfect world
By any means get cream
Just don't let it come between you and I, seen
Everything is everything in this three ringed, circus
Peoples is swift, tryin to work us, lord
with devil worship and satanic verses
It takes place in the world, perfect, mine and yours
Uhh.. the children are the future
And Wu-Tang is for the babies

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