

Manhattan Transfer F/ Phil Collins

"The Day the World Ended"

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[VERSE 1: Ray Luv]

Where was you at the day the world ended, was you
free?
Out feelin good and livin splendid, or on your knees?
Or was you with the realest of your homies, just smokin
weed
Or in a gutter drunk, cold and hungry, a broken dream?
I knew a preacher and a school teacher, they both was
fiends
All that glisten ain't really gold, although it seems
At times I know fo' sho' that I ought, just for the dream
If I fail to succeed, then it's all up to me
So let us ball like the 1st and 15th
Call shots out of drop tops, chasin the cream
Not for the greed, just to fulfill the prophecy for the
seed
And know that we ain't stoppin till we stronger with g's,
no longer in need
Come on

[CHORUS]

Where will I be when the Lord callin for me
When the game come callin for me
Where do we go when this whole world's over, over
What will I see when we finally meet our destiny
When the game comes callin for me
Where do we go when this whole world is over, over

[VERSE 1: Ray Luv]

Who did you love the day the world ended, family and
friends?
With your final days, how did you spend em, jealous of
men
So many people disillusioned in this world that we in
No solutions, just mass confusion, the line is thin
Between eternal salvation and sin, when I die
Do dreams and deeds die with men? I can't lie
At times I wanna cry and repent for my soul
When I'm alone and all the money is spent, what do I
do?
When the missiles 'bout to blow up the Earth

And all I know is how to smoke big and throw up the turf
With your time left you better give the world what
you're worth
And spend every new day, brother, like it was your first
It was your first

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 1: Ray Luv]

What's my destiny, fuck it, let me chase it and face it
And even if I don't make it, I'd rather fall off than fake it
Nothin can hold us back, when will we take it
Even though I know the slippery surface out there layin
and waitin
And player-hatin, I know it must be frustratin just tryin
to live
Raisin four and five kids with no time to give
Fuck the world, for me life just ain't a joy to live
It's like a rollercoaster ride with two busted ribs
That's probably why we all lust for chips, rush for shit
Get it quick, before the world and the millenium flip
May these words that I wrote give a young brother hope
Lord knows it's hard to cope through the hate and the
dope

[CHORUS]

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