

## Median

### "How Big Is Your World"

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[Intro] Chop shop. Moody/Median. 9th Wonder. What?  
[Verse One] A tree died for me to scribe on this loose leaf  
Shallow niggas like, "Median is too deep" Cats stay frontin' like they runnin' who's streets? World Trade terror? Now that's true beef The innocent fear for they life now Runnin' out the White House Shut down airlines, they cuttin' lights out The temperature is risin' Meltin' ice down At the polars of the Earth and we gettin' high now Scriptures, Revelations, bout to reach their height now And we watchin' it on TV, like movies of the week Thin line between fiction, reality Who teach the violence, but where all the wildin' be To enterprise, just take God and y'all eat I should have saw it comin' I was tryin' to find a freak Streets raised me to find a grind tryin' to eat And keep a little stash until I find the hottest sneeks Turn big Willie Throw blinders on the Jeep And spend drug money as we drive economy And now we got killers livin' where my momma be And we stack paper for that by any means? They never said stayin' in school was playin' cool Cash Rules Everything but I'm not moved I never missed a syllable that them bigger niggas mentioned They respect the sports and the niggas in the prisons I'm a product of environment  
[Chorus] How big is your world? [x4] Can you see it? How big is your world? [x4] Can you see it? How big is your world? Can you see it? How big is your world? Can you feel it? How big is your world? [x2] Can you taste it? Embrace it? How big is your world  
[Verse Two] But who can I blame for the ways of my life? Do I wanna change or just waste all my life? Median is balanced but at times I'm Moody And all he wants; a brew and a dutch and a true freak I know that type of livin' only causes casualties But tell that to Moody, my split personality He really don't mean no harm He's kinda calm But kinda energetic With the ladies he's a charm Posses the gift of gab He's witty, you'll laugh He's the one you've seen if I've ever played the ass Apologizes Don't have problems sayin' that I got some issues Walk a mile in my big shoes Can say this though It may sound like I'm wildin' But Median is bout to handle my problems Tryin' to get my mom out the factory job

Arthritis in her hands be makin' her wrists throb But  
she's got a car note and a mortgage to pay So even if I  
get high I grind everyday Plus hustle to them classes  
tryin' to make good grades Is it time for work till it's  
time for play? [Chorus]

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