

If the World Was Mine

T.Q.

Seven, eleven, six and four
They all score Yea mutha fuckin' Jazze Pha
Got me in line at one, twelve
All high and shit huh
Thinkin' about what if the world was mine?
It'd be on in this mutha fucka
Check it out I'd been thinkin' since the capital
Luck saw a baby kinda feel natural
Triple lights on the crap table
Seven, eleven, six and four
They all score
And every woman is a stripper
So you can tip her don't let it get'cha
Feel free to take her home wi'cha
I'd be in all the motion pictures
And every rip I'm messin' with
Be a ten on the real shit And real niggas wouldn't have to try to be
Do I would never never action' violently
And even if you didn't ride wit me
You could still get high wit me If the world was mine
You would never have to leave the sunshine
And everybody'd be free to smoke weed with us
Shouldn't even have to deal with one time
Too many whips so we ain't got time
If the world was mine
I'd roll a baby blue sixty-four
Wit all my niggas down front
With the dubs up all night
Call all the thugs and 'round 'em up
And tell 'em all to come to my show
If the world was mine I take a puff so I can meditate
Bump down the street and niggas wouldn't play hate
This are tickets for the na nas
My own recliner what's the matter wit ya eyes?
Ain't ya high enough? Cali weed make 'em both swell
So quit talkin' and blaze one up
You in the middle of a world wide
Mission to get paid enough
Is the last nigga brave enough? His ass got ate up his whip got laid up
She had to pay up my mind was made up
And stayed up one took seventeen beats and laced 'em up
Wit a plot to blow the place up

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If I ruled the world
Block parties wit the Mexicans
Dominoes wit the best of idem
Black lex, purple pearl
In the city wit my next of kin
Doin' lots shoppin', It's poppin'
We won't stoppin' to the loot runs out
But it's my shit so that won't happen
Guaranteed to have ya all screamin' and clappin'
On a high that lasts ya all night
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