

# Time's Up (feat. Nate Dogg)

## Jadakiss

Yeah, yo, I'm the nigga with the perpetual oyster bars

Mother of pearl delivery, voice of God

And, it's hard just being the boss

Being I can't go to jail cause them years'll cost me

Don't get me wrong, lay a nigga down if he force me

Rather just sit back and roll a dutch

Think how I'ma put the game in the cobra clutch

Think about how I'ma get the 'caine over Customs

Never underestimate niggas, or over trust them

yeah them M's is right in my face

I just gotta throw my Timbs on and tighten my lace

If it don't jam, the Tech will spray

When I spit everybody gotta split like pepper spray

Cause I'm a nigga that hate to settle

I'm a man of the Lord but I still can't escape the devil

Moved away and still can't escape the ghetto, whatThe time to talk is up

So bring the heat, that time is over

While you running your mouth I'm creeping up over your shoulder

A gun, a knife, a bat, a brick, anything I can get my hands on

Call my bluff, start acting up, and I'll leave you undergroundI know how to get my pairs off me

They can cry and die from high blood pressure cause tears are salty

It's a symptom if you bobbin your head

Know that he's sick, know the flow is ridic', now throw him a grip

When I get it, you already know I'm throwing them bricks

Putting purple everywhere, daddy, I'm throwing them nicks

That's right, homey, you can't move me

I ain't going nowhere, I'm in the hood like bootleg movies

All you shooting is the breeze, a bootleg uzi

I'm just waiting on a que like Suzie, don't lose me

These penitentiary chances that I take

Should be able to get the mansion by the lake

But I invest my bread into something else

Into something else that'll make something melt

You just gotta feel the kid

if not rap for the fact of how real he is, whateverThe time to talk is up

So bring the heat, that time is over

While you running your mouth I'm creeping up over your shoulder

A gun, a knife, a bat, a brick, anything I can get my hands on

Call my bluff, start acting up, and I'll leave you undergroundHey yo, niggas know the champ is in here

He took it from crack to rap, now he put out two anthems a year  
And I just want to rock for a century  
Then chase the book with the documentary  
If you, can't do nothing other than flow  
Life's a bitch like the mother from "Blow", let's go  
Don't make me put your heart in your lap  
Fuck riding the beat, nigga, I parallel park on the track  
Hop out looking crispy, fresh and new  
In the six, but it's a BM, and it's Pepsi blue  
And, I don't know you.  
But I know a man becomes a man from all the shit that he go through  
Y'all ain't fucking with Jason  
After I cash in, there's really no justification  
Of how I'm gonna change the game, so don't get outta line  
Cause this little nine will change your frame, what up  
The time to talk is up  
So bring the heat, that time is over  
While you running your mouth I'm creeping up over your shoulder  
A gun, a knife, a bat, a brick, anything I can get my hands on  
Call my bluff, start acting up, and I'll leave you underground

Songwriters

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