Wontime (Clean Radio Version)

Smif-N-Wessun

[Steele]
Before I lay my head down ta rest
I roll up a nickel sack of cess ta relieve the stress
The herb and the Calisthenics do a nigga justice
They fake cause Im a snake and cant be trusted
I put up with none of them punks who front shit
Even though some I used ta run wit and smoke blunts wit
Fuck the foreplay lets do shit the raw way
Kill the he say she say check what we say[Tek]
I'm dwellin in the cellar wit my niggas Heltah Skeltah
Loadin up the clips wit lyrics punks run for shelter
Smif-N-Wessun's on the loose with a noose for yo neck
You let info slip out so its dead ya get
Here's the Black Moon we creepin up in ya room
Death fills the air along with the scent of boom
Open ya eyes motherfuckers and greet ya fears
Off with the head of a snitch then we outta hereChorus: repeat 2X[Rock] Won rhyme for the snitch droppin dime
[Steele] Wontime
[Rock] Won rhyme for the heads doin time
[Steele] Wontime
[Rock] Won rhyme for the crooks commitin crime
[Steele] Wontime
[Rock] Wontime for ya muthafuckin mind[Steele]
Sittin in the pens with my back against the gate
Hot as a fuck cant wait ta get that bus headin upstate
New plates same faces from the last joint
Got my banger so when danger come Ill be on point
In the parallel cell mad niggas flip
Cause some think theyre doin dip just got his ass ripped
Juveniles buck wild in this vicinity
keep an open eye cause now I sleep with the enemy
(Watch ya back shorty!)
Ready ta thump wit any chump without theirs
Nobody move nobody gets blown from here ta rear[Tek]
Thinkin of a way ta get even wit my P.O.
Cause I knew the bitch dicked a nigga on the D-Lo
Now behind bars where scars come in pairs
Troopin wit my blowers in case these niggas wanna bring it here
Flippin on the bitch ass, got cash and commissary

Cause I ain't goin home ta never worry
Another straight up "No" comin from the board
Keep my anger hidden til I'm back up in the ward
Niggas know whats the word cause the grill is blank
Once again its on sucka-type grab yo shankChorus[Steele]
Well I was taught two wrongs dont make a right
but me and Ripper been real tight for awhile an everythings aight
I got one in store for hardcore fanatics
Bangin from basement ta attic put static if ya got dramatics
Who's the next up for heads, when my leads used up
I'll use my baseball bats and youll get bruised up[Tek]
Word Life my semi-automatic
and static smokin lyes more than a habit
and our victims die tragic
We stalk around like the beast out for prey
Back in the island pullin more jooks by the day
Takin loot wit my crimeys on the run from the coppers
Boot Camp's on the map and aint no way that you can stop us[Steele]
Get out my way nigga, I'm comin through deep
And my fleet packs heat
Ain't nuttin sweet we play for keeps
I got money on my mind and my hand on my nine
Got ta get mine cause my lifes on the line
I roll with the Ripper and the Ripper rolls with me
And my Brethren D to the O-G[Tek]
See we be hittin up Boom spots a lot
In the cypher gettin high with the hoods on the block
If you dont know me dont even come in my circle
Fuck around and get me vexed then I'ma hurt you
Bumba claat rude bwoy lick off ya nine
As I hit you one time for ya fuckin mindChorus

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