

# Wontime (Clean Radio Version)

## Smif-N-Wessun

[Steele]

Before I lay my head down ta rest  
I roll up a nickel sack of ccess 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 fucked 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

Songwriters

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