

# It's My Time

John Weaver

It's my time, Rick Ross  
It's my time  
(Finna' lay back on this \*\*\* man)  
(Dade County dope boy)  
I'm not a slim thug, I'm a fat mack  
I don't give a f\*\*\*, I'll push ya hat back  
Still sellin' dubs, n\*\*\*, that's fact  
You can hit me on the cell pimp, that's that  
I had to pawn my chain to grab a half ounce  
Ten years later, time for me to cash out  
You dealin' wit a \*\*\* dealin' dictator  
Traffickin' \*\*\*, I get this s\*\*\* catered  
See the clip tailored, only the Coogi s\*\*\*  
I f\*\*\* wit Damon, I'm in the movies, kid  
My mom reminisce on the late nights  
When I used to reel 'em in with the straight white  
'96, seventeen with a lil' Beamer  
First foreign car, far from a lil' dreamer  
Daddy severed his relationships  
I think momma quit him 'cause he wasn't makin' s\*\*\*  
Who ever thought that I'd make it rich?  
The bottom of the barrel with a bucket of Crys'  
I'm tellin' you, man, life a funny thing  
You ain't a dope boy 'til yo \*\*\* got a \*\*\* and chain  
It's my time  
(It's my time, yeah, oh)  
It's my time  
(I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)  
It's my time  
Ain't rappin', I'm talkin', ain't talkin', I'm scrappin'  
Ain't scrappin', I'm shootin', they just askin' what happened  
Ain't shoot, then I'm shot, ain't shot, then I'm shootin'  
I ain't caught by the cops, \*\*\* the cops, I'm eludin'  
Ain't hearin' the sirens, but I'm seein' the sirens  
Ain't seein' the sirens, why am I bein' so violent?  
That's in the nature of being a n\*\*\*  
Bein' beat down, then able to get up  
Bein' let down, then able to sit up  
Be the false charge, a n\*\*\* acquit it

I ain't hatin' on ya, dog, I pray for ya  
Be safe, I heard they got a case for ya

Be straight, stay away from them fake lawyers  
You'll be workin' for the State like you they lawyer

Stay loyal, your time will come  
For you to be free and shine like the sun  
I'm so blessed to be in this position  
Holdin' on my 45 listenin' to every whisper  
I'm so blessed to be in this position  
Holdin' on my 45 listenin' to every whisper

It's my time  
(It's my time, yeah)

It's my time  
(I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)

It's my time  
Other n\*\*\* sleep, I'm on my job  
Soon as cats get 'laxed, I'm goin' hard  
That's the rules of the game for the underdog  
Every wonder dog, long as I been going off  
I left it in God's hands

Block told me once, "Ross, this is God's plan"  
I'm like "Aaw, man"

A man run a label like 'Amen'  
Sign a Ray Charles, I could see it all  
A lot of undercover agents wanna see me fall  
See me fell in the hell of shells  
Expired, no liar, I live the tale

I look forward to workin' with all the real n\*\*\*  
I look forward to lookin' back on drug dealin'  
I look forward to makin' my momma smile once  
Look forward, just know I'm smokin' them loud  
Eight hundred an ounce while you runnin' ya mouth  
I'm loadin' the guns, who runnin' the South?  
I'm on your porch, knockin' at your front door  
I got my money right and I want war

It's my time  
(It's my time, yeah)

It's my time  
(I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)

It's my time  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

It's my time, ain't be no stoppin' me  
There'll be no stoppin' me now

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