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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/