

# Time's Up

## Jadakiss

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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, what[Chorus]  
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 I 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, whatever[Chorus]Hey 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[Chorus]

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