Time for a Change

Incite

What up
Dizzy Wright nigga
I had to turn my mothafuckin swag on
(Verse 1)
East side Vegas where I'm at ho,
Took a long time but we comin' through the back door.
21 young doing anything I want, turned a rap concert to a tat show.
That cold better believe that we gas flows, likable assholes
Man I'm wilin' in this bitch, I'm stylin' need a couple 100 thousand
I don't see no haters smiling when I bring funk volume in this bitch
(Hold up)
Vegas on the map, made it on the map, when you think of west coast think of Dizzy wright nigga
Put my whole life in this rap shit, here 'em talk shit that's the reason I don't like niggas
I was putting in my ground work, down to earth, sound surfaced to the sound (?)
Found the sound now I'm traveling around earth,
Smoked a whole pound just to show 'em what the town worth
(Like)
(Chorus)x2
Climbed up in the game, you a lame, I can tell you signed up for the fame(for the fame)
Now you might have a name, it's a shame cause we can see through everything that you ain't(who you ain't)
I think it's time for a change so they left it to a nigga like me
So it's only wright that I give it to 'em real shit I'm tryna make you think so it's easier to live (so I tell em like)
(Verse 2)

If it's hot then it's probably this, marijuana where the party is
I'm so out of the loop, I talk shit when I walk in the booth, and hit a hater with a hockey stick
I got a problem with the hoes, low key hoes proud of being hoes,
Hide behind your Prada that's what bothers me the most.
Say she ain't easy, money make her come so she try to see me and I don't be acknowledging the hoes
Poppin' up for shows, gettin' dough, signed a couple autographs and hit the door nigga what(nigga what)
You be on that sucka shit, hit the club, hump a bitch, take a bitch home and you can't get it up (get it up)
Young nigga, I'm one nigga, I don't like thirsty ass bitches that want niggas
Me I'm on some shit as hot as the sun nigga, dumb figures is gettin me through to the dumb niggas (like)
(Chorus)x2
(Verse 3)
Tatted, they don't really wanna hear my voice,
No choice I'm the hottest nigga doing it
Only being confident cause I ain't politic my progress
Do it big I don't give a fuck who it is. 1990 hooligan, finna shoot again

I'ma get it in till they do me in
I told my niggas that I want the whole bank, put the gas in the tank
And tell all the homies scoot it in
Bitch we headed to the top ho, top floor we could lock doors, lowkey cuz the cops close
We down, we got smoke, never with the drama, do a show then we outro(letem know)
Told Vegas I was down for it, constant sessions didn't lounge on it,
Heard em hating but I'm too busy to be around for it
Now I'm certain that these niggas certain, cause me I am perfectly perfect with all of my verses
I tell em like

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