

# Time

## Eightball

3 kids started off being friends to the end

Growing up in a time that turned boys to men

Carlo was the slick one, the little girls liked him

And all the little niggaz in the hood, wanted to fight himBut Carlo, main nigga James wasn't having that  
James had boxing game and left niggaz laying flat

All of us 12 or 13 at the time

Drinking cheap wine and smokin' brown bag dimesI was into writing rhyme in class at school

Waitin' for the bell to ring so we can go and shoot pool

One day, some up the block niggaz came talking shit

Bragin' on they clique and how many crews they click withTryin' to start some extra clip shit, them niggaz so  
for real

James so cool to get with fucked his whole grill

Carlo, that slick nigga pulled a 22

They got some heat too, what the fuck we gonna do?Bust and hit the back door, now we in the alleyway  
Running, heart pumpin' fast tryin' to see another day

Blessed to escape the mayhem

Time and time again, we escaped the mayhemYo, what's been goin' on dogg?

Man, that shit goin' down dogg

What's goin' down with you?

I done heard you got rich, uh?

You don't fuck around with us

In the hood no more, uh?You know it's funny how shit changes, right?

How life can loosen up a friendship that's so tight

Years after all the horseplay and misdemeanor crimes

Us being homeboys, didn't seem so fineYears of just fuckin' around, rappin' in the neighborhood  
Found me with a gold album, tryin' to live my life good

Carlo got popped with 8 keys in a minivan

Somewhere in Tex, Arcan, doin' about a hundred manThat nigga James, straight cutthroat on them snouts

Robbin' dope boys, gettin' what the fuck he want

The game changed, now you gotta play with death

Now I have to ask myselfDo you remember your childhood, back when

You didn't have to have loot, to have friends

Now it's all about your Benjamin's, your cash flow

And if a nigga fuck with that, he better knowTime changed everything, between us

And if I see you in the streets, I gotta bust

You used to be a friend to me, one I could trust

Now if you see me in the streets, you better bustOne day, I'm on my way to the studio, ya dig?

Pick up a zip of hay, after I drop off my kids

Flippin' through the hood, seen James with his little crew

Blue rags up, in a drop top MalibuBloodshot eyes, I could smell the dip burnin'  
Bumpin' DJ Squeaky, flashin' what the earnin'  
He asked about Carlo, well what can I say?

I write him when I get a chance but I pray for him everydayLookin' at my ride, tellin' me nigga you comin' up  
Fuckin' with that rappin' stuff, I guess you just forgot about us  
Na cat, it ain't like that, I gotta eat

That's when James clicked and pulled out his fuckin' heatI hit the gas, he kept bustin' till the clip was empty  
17 shots and didn't nothin' hot nip me  
Quickly, grabbed my shit and opened it up wide

The nigga on the passenger side instantly diedJames bailed, I gave chase, fuck the consequence  
If I let him live, he'll start another incident  
12 years ago, I never thought I'd see the day  
Shit would ever be this wayDo you remember your childhood, back when  
You didn't have to have loot, to have friends  
Now it's all about your Benjamin's, your cash flow

And if a nigga fuck with that, he better knowTime changed everything, between us  
And if I see you in the streets, I gotta bust  
You used to be a friend to me, one I could trust  
Now if you see me in the streets, you better bust

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>