

# 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 him But 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 dimes I 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 with Tryin' 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 mayhem Yo, 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 fine Years 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 man That 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 myself Do 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 know Time 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 One 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 Malibu  
Bloodshot 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 everyday  
Lookin' 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' heat  
I 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 died  
James 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 way  
Do 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 know  
Time changed everything, between us  
And if I see you in the streets, I gotta bust  
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