

Running Out of Time

Tech N9ne

[Chorus:]

Times Running Out (Running Out) Time Keeps On Tickin (We Got To Keep It Movin)
Times Running Out (Running Out) Time Keeps On Slippin (We Got To Keep It Movin)[Verse 1:]
Pain. (What Is It) Originally Penalty Physically Or Mentally Sensations U Feel When You Hirtin Distressed, A
Bit Of Anguish Can Bring You Closer To Your
Death, 'cause Of The Lack Of Success Now, Time, Aint On My Side 'cause Im Tryin To Find My Piece Of
Mind And Rhyme, But The Catch Is You Got To Have The Paper To
Shine, If We Dont Im Sorry We Might Have To Do Capers Do Crime, 'cause My Mom Is Sic Doc, Im
Gridlocked, Epilepsy And Lupus Alfred Hitchcock, Couldnt Write The
Suspense And Shit On This Block, Fist-Cocked When Im Walking My Lips Locked, Irs And The Child
Division They Wanna Shut A Nigga Down To The Ground Gotta
Make This Shit Pop[Chorus x2][Verse 2:]
Neva Like I Cheated For The Cheddar Whatever We Gotta Do To Make It Better 'cause Im (Running Out)
Mama Gotta Get A Better Livin I Got The Power To Bust (We Got To Do It Movin)
Tryin To Get A Milli And I Really Been Silly The Pill In Me Killin Me So The Devils (Comin Out) Lookin For
Love An The Demon Neva Lookin For Love'm (I
Guess Im Trully Ruined) No Matter What I Ever Do,Nina Always Gotta Deliver,Never Comin Out On Top As
The Winner,Might Have To Take It Back To November,71
When I Was The Heavenly Son,Now We Run With Killas Who Carry The Guns,Marry The Bum Now I Gotta
Marry The One,Sick Of Carrying The (I Have No Clue)
The Root Of The Problem,Is The Root Of All Evil,The Ones That Hiss At The Enemy,And The Ones That
Ruined My People,After All This Time,After All This
Rhyme,Still,Comin To See Me The Fans Takin In All This N9ne,And Thats Positive 'cause Everything Is
Negative I Need A Sedative U Get Her Preg-A-Nent They
Levy Shit Takin More Money Than Youll Ever Get,Im Ready As Ready Get,For The Capital Out For Your
Stack Ill Attack For Your Fetti Bitch But Thats Petty
Shit,And If I Grind I Wonder How Much Time They Gon Make Me Sit[Chorus x2][Verse 3:]
Its Like Its A Trap,Rap,When U Spend Ur Scratch,And U Get With A Partner On The Coast And Somehow U
Never Get It Back,And You Cant Go Get Him With A
Gat,'cause If U Do That The State Will Separate You From Your Brats,Chillin With The Killas And Rats,Im In
A Race For Time,They Wanna Replace My
Mind,Skinheads,Cops,Gangbangers,And Its All In The Devils Design,Just To Get Me,Gotta Get The Money
Quickly,Before My Mother Is A Wonderful History,If I
Cant Make It Before That I Will Neva Eva Forgive Me,Racin For Happiness For That Sunshine Euphoria,But
Its Melancholy And Its Dim-Foggy And Dark Like
Van-Goriabut Im Tryin To Pick Up The Pieces That Are Broken Beast Is My Species,So I Hope My Mothers
Alive And Me Too When This Album Releases,But The
Time Is Tickin And My Kids Are Growin Up I Aint Blowin Up, I Guess The Bass In My Music Aint Hittin
Low Enough,Fuck That Shit Nigga 'cause My Tone Is

Tough,Shit That Im Doins Rough,Meetings With Atlantic Jive And Tvt Cant Come Soon Enough[Chorus
x2]We Do Too Much Will We Make It?
We Make Money And They Take It
Time Time Time Time (Runnin Out)
For Me An You What Is We Gonna Do?

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