

Time Passing Us By

Bizzy Bone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

As time keep passin' us by in my community
Wathcin' the children die
Bitch made police and the brutality
Prozac and Ritalin, that ain't what we need
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weedAs time keep passin' us by in my community
Wathcin' the children die
Bitch made police and the brutality
Prozac and Ritalin, that ain't what we need
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weedTake a look into the gun, look at what we've become
Daddy don't love me, only come around the first of the month
Me and mommy still in the slump, why don't he love us?
I can't even blame him 'cause ever since I cameWe been stuck in the same ghetto
Now I'm carryin' heavy metal when times is tough
I don't know about ya neighborhood, but baby, mines is rough
Abandon buildings police searchin' all the childrenAin't no peace in the streets, at least not where I'm livin'
Kneeling to God 'cause Satan never gave us a chance
Evil never had no rhythm, man, the Devils can't dance
Got three pairs of pants but I keep em all creased
Whether chicken or ham, we gon' use the same greaseEach second is a struggle, beg, borrow or hustle
Yeah, scufflin' money just try to stay out of trouble
Hell, rebel of rap music, put it on my mama
And if it's gonna be gun play, rocket launchers, grenades and AKsAs time keep passin' us by in my community
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Prozac and Ritalin, that ain't what we need
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weedWhy is the broad on my back like that?
Don't ask me, I'm for passion, I'm smashin' on niggas, come blast me
All my people tellin' me I should sing more

Yes, roll up a dub, smoke bud in the club, free flesh
Creepin' on a come up, I'm from Cleveland, and Columbus,
Ohio

Don't hate myself for science, and the [unverified]
Yet all these niggas gang bang, somebody should tell 'em the truth
I'll sell em somethin' that'll get they heart to pumpin'
And help the youth Hangin' in the graveyard, everybody's playin' hard
Satan's on a mission to get us

I hope that nobody with us and given us slave ways
Ruthless got us on fifty dollars a day
One hundred and ninety thousand I guess platinum don't pay
Can I please get some mo' money?
Somebody could buy my way 'cause shit the rent's due
Glad I got ghetto credit

Don't let the industry pimp you, pimp you, pimp you
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And wonder why our children keep smokin' weed
Babies born with AIDS

And we pray for them boys they hoarding the vaccine
Black helicopter rain on 'em, I'm gainin' on 'em
Maintain the main thang on 'em, shame on 'em
But another victim died of vain for 'em, slain
Two hundred and fifty crashed in the plane

And the only thing that survived was the black box
They frame the black cops, slang crack rock
Wannabe Hot Boyz, so he gon' make the block hot, block hot
They wanna see me squashed

Pull out my glock, cocked, and pop pop
Go to jail don't nobody send you mail
Hell, I'm ridin' 'til these wheels fall off
Or they can take it to the chop shop
Shut up, I'm shinnin' on you bustas

What? Ready to hustle get your struggle on, no
When you wanna double up, you keep fuckin' up
Your mind's gone, time's gone, everybody's runnin' a muck
They say that lesbians is sick

But they just do wanna fuck
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