My Time (Prod. By Chazz Beatz)

Feeki

Hook:

(Ya, ya, ya)

I got a shot cant say never took mine
You wont grind man I never understood why
Good times rolling in like a high tide
Gotta make a move right soon this is my time (X2)

Verse 1:
(Ya, Ya)
I'm grilling rhymes like some mother fucking braces
Back into the basics, stumbling on greatness
Now I'm raising the pace to cut the fake shit
Relating my fate up to my stage name basis
Now I'm spitting some shit up on how they know my name
But in my brain, I'm choosing music over fame
I just wanted to great times and make rhymes
But this fates mine when I numb your brain like Novocain
Intellectual, singular dimensional, one D directional, aiming for exceptional
I'm professionally straight never flexible always keep skeptical
They ball like a testical, For the listener, I never spit it similar
I'm praising a minister preaching bars I administer
Got the signature fire up in the cylinder, vision on a parallel
You fuckers perpendicular, bumpy ride smooth sailings how it goes putting payments on the floor while you rail it up your nose
You otta know I gotta blow like a lot of dro and the zones pedal to the floor ya that's how I roll
Right now my tires on the cold ground, mobbing up the trail checking out the home town
I zone out from my head cause its so loud trying to get the Pillsbury and the shows sold out

Hook:

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Verse 2:

If I try to get it twice like a Siamese, then I straight fail like at 19 on try 3

My team getting bigger than a wide screen you aint talking high dreams then you speaking Chinese
I'll I think about is getting the bread, while I'm disregarding women trying to get in my bed
I'm teaching outta lessons the lesson all through my message when they question using weapons that go split up there head
Cause I'm in the same boat man its a crew ship, but I focus on the new shit and use it
Fuck the passed in the ass gotta lose it you gotta stay cool and get through this confusion
Foundation and dedication shooting for the space ship from the grave when I lay this
Translation I need a hearse better yet a nurse for the verse staying patient I hate this
I'm getting mad cause I want I bad, giving everything I have like the plan to be a grab, But I been about it
Feeling grounding and bounded but it will all be valid when my shows crowded with a couple thousand
How I do it, I keep it moving I'm already on the job while your interviewing
Or your snoozing, that's what you choosing to keep it losing
Music aint a drug but that doesn't mean I cant abuse it

Outro:

I gotta shot cant say I never took mine
You wont grind man I never understood why
Good times rolling in like a high tide
Gotta make a move right soon this it my time (X2)

Lyrics Submitted by J_Rich

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