

# 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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You wont grind man I never understood why  
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Gotta make a move right soon this is my time (X2)

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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