

Young Jeezy

I don't think they know the time I don't think they know the time I don't think they know the time I don't think
they know the time I don't think they know the time Heard the streets fucked up, I can see the sign

Heard they going for the thirty straight
I can't lie, man that shit got me thirty-eight
Red hot, on fire
Glass pot, on fire
Red dot, on fire

Five shots, on fire Ooh oh, your boy's back
And he way to flashy, got my toys back
Nigga I just left the lot, I ain't come to play
He pull me from my dealer tag, fuck you trying to say
Know some niggas doing ten, blame it on the yay
Clip hold half a hundred, blame it on the K
Still the realest nigga in it, these niggas CB4
This is fuck a nigga records, and I'm the CEO
Got them stack long and wide, like some Lego blocks
This ain't even my real home, this my Lego spot
You ever seen so much money in a duffel bag?

Soon as you open up the zipper, the bitch will double brag I don't think they know the time

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Red dot, on fire

Five shots, on fire I'm in that purple Lam', looking like some dirty Sprite
Catchin' passes with them birds, yeah that rowdy white
Where I'm from them things hot, and that talk is cheap
And ain't nobody hearing shit, cause they trying to eat

All they can eat, buffet style
Nigga selling anything, buffet wild
DB9 stupid grill, yeah that overbite
Need me nine stupid deals, this shit is overpriced
Got it vacuum sealed up, that's the hide the scent
So much that if they pull you over, smell it through the vent
If them people hit them lights, I be a nervous wreck

When you don't fear nothing but the lights, now that's a nervous check I don't think they know the time

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Heard they going for the thirty straight

I can't lie, man that shit got me thirty-eight
Red hot, on fire
Glass pot, on fire
Red dot, on fire
Five shots, on fire That black tee with them nice hoodies
The ski mask is my uniform
You know I heard your homies don't like them
If they the right price I might go shootin' 'em for you
Take ya hickies out and you ok
Niggas took a stand on that dope case
Got murked out chillin' at a bird house
Shoulda seen the look on that ho face
When we kicked the doors off the hinge
Niggas that don't know walled out to win
Six feet deep when you catch a nigga 'sleep in the streets
Man I bet he won't doze off again
Niggas took a Chevy and blowed off the lid
Show a hundred pounds and balled off the bitch
A couple hundred shots will hold off the picks
'Til my homeboy Will get home off his bid
I'mma still do stickups
Two Mossberg pumps in the pickup
Everybody keep your cool cause if anybody move
The bust shots will tear your whole clique up
Niggas get rushed out the ambulance lift up, lift off
Face in his ribcage, ripped off
Niggas tax 30 badges for the 36
I'd rather rob and steal than flip soft I'mma stay on, fire I don't think they know the time
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