

Time

St. Lunatics

And the game's on the line we don't want to be behind
With 2 minutes 40 seconds to go
And it's startin' to decline, I'm steady losin' my mind
So I take a look around at the coach I'm saying, "Put me in coach, I'm ready to go
And I don't care if the game on the line
Put changing numbers on the sign, get me up off this pine
When I fumble do this every time and it's time, it's time, it's time" Now when the game is on the line, I'm ready
for competition
It don't take no coach permission, I'll always play my position
I'm a leader but I listen they tell me the time is ticking
But I still ain't gonna let them see me sweat, no And when your palms all sweaty, hear your stomach butterflyish
If you miss it, you're a loser, if you make it, you're the fliest
Pedals to be the highest but always remain humble
As long as you walking up you can stumble If you want to be a doctor or a lawyer, long as you not on the corner
Long as them grades is good, you can do what the fuck you want ta
I ain't trying to be a bitch nor your mother or father
If you don't give a fuck then why the fuck would I even bother, man And the game's on the line we don't want
to be behind
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When I fumble do this every time and it's time, it's time, it's time" I can dribble pass your team, I drive through
traffic
And when the dunk now your school, need to buy new basket
You foul me, you know it's on so why you asking
I'll bounce in the stands like you buy new classic On the court focus still sneak a peak at your ho
And the crowd to the beat sneak a squeak on the floor
To get me at your college, you'd best pay me
Give me a car and help me cheat on my SAT Steal class in the bathroom and roll up a blunt
Shoot dice at lunch and won't show up for practice
Me and Jordan got the same kind of hang time
I'm gonna get drunk and fucked up but still ready come game-time And the game's on the line we don't want to
be behind
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When I fumble do this every time and it's time, it's time, 'cuz it's time'"Cuz I'm a coach, not a playa, they tell
y'all no, they tell me yeah
The rhyme say I make 3 point shots look like layups
I pick and roll wit whoever, you see these letters on my jersey
So you know who's bettaI started 5 as cobra, take a look at it
Murph throw the ball through his legs
And back wit it like hot sauce did it
Big Lee's our center bro', he throw the ball as hell-hard
I'm a point like a guard and my range is hell-farSlo's mascot never playing hard, him and J.B. to a betta car
Betta car, who betta car? Him and J.B. to a betta car
So put me in coach, so put me in coach
I am so fly that you gotta put me in coachAnd the game's on the line we don't want to be behind
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