

Time For A 187

Master P

-Uhhh, niggas than fucked up
-Nigga, its time to roll
-Pass me them nigga chasers
-Time to do a 187
-Its time for a murder
-If you a G nigga, load your shit up
Some nigga got some bad ice cream
Came short on the gizzo
?? hit the window, gacks out your window
I'm goin crazy
Niggas can't faze me
If you come up short, niggas bout to read daisies
This your final call, I mean your final breath
And when I hit you with that tech i'm bout to put you to rest
I'm crazy, psycho and outie
Niggas can't fuck with me the set is fuckin cloudy
Lay your ass face down on your stomach
You know you dead for fuckin with my money
P don't take no shit
Everyday all day I'm breakin bread 24/7
Tryin to get paid
And lose these hoes in the dope game
Cause I be crazy, psycho call me the murder man
Hustler, baller put you in the ?? and call 911 in your pager
And haul you
And when you call back you dead bitch
You bust up my Chevy now Mr. who you playin with
Its time to face death
Last fall, last dash, your last jump
I'm a let you live, psyche
Chorus:
Its time for a 187
I think I see the enemy
A 187
I think I see the enemy
This will be your last drink
Lets make it a Bloody Mary
Just did a hoot ride

Meaning a homicide

Did a drive-by fuckin them from the southside
To Richmond, California niggas don't give a fuck
But if you come shizzort, you in that black truck
Get you nose swollen, I mean your neck broken

When we break you off that 44

Face down cause its danger

Niggas from the south keep one up in the chamber

I mean we Gs

Who you be, what set you with

Nigga do you know me

If you don't than you dead

Ain't no love for cockroaches, cause roaches get sprayed

And ain't no bitch in my hood cause I'm TRU

See my tattoo, TRU cross my stomach

Eyes ?? up all night countin drug money

But ready to roll with my homies

And after the party, once again its on G

Chorus:

I'm gone off that douja

I think I see a roader

That ain't gone stop me from takin your head off your shoulder

I'm from the projects, we live a eye for eye

When you fuck with mine's you gotta die

And your name get scratched off the wall bitch

There you go, just took a fall trick

If them No Limit tanks don't hit

Than them gacks start spittin

You better run like the running man

But if you ain't Schwarzenegger, bitch this your last game

That beam at your forehead

I don't give a fuck, you can't run from the infrared

I when I catch you, you murder

Lying on you back, stuck like a turtle

Got your head weaving and waddling

Crying, you scared to die you slobbin

You beggin for you life

I'm a give you somethin to make you feel alright

Chorus:

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