

# 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 fase 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 Schwarzenetger, 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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