

Time And Time Again

Hughes Turner Project

(*talking*)

Yeah, let me count that up right there

Real shit, know I mean, you know I mean, what's up Z-Ro

Yeah, this a real one, inhale that shit nigga[Hook]

Time and time again

I get caught up, trying to make those ends

In my liiiiife, cause everything I do

Is a criiiiime, what else could I do

I would like, to make a change

But being broke, will make a nigga stay the same

In my liiiiife, tell me what to do

At least I grind, what else could I do

[Daz]

I never ever ever ever, did nobody ever wrong

Will I live, with a nigga be bumping my song

Will my soul live, forever or will it be gone

Will I journey on, will I journey on

My journey was swift and thick

Came up in the game, slanging these rhymes to get rich

Fifty thousand, to a hundred thousand

I perfected my housing, now me and my niggas is cold cold lounging

Roll a Five Hundred Wagon, we blasting the morgue

Cause body bagging, back to the hood cause we sagging

I ain't asking for no handout, see my demands bout

That's when I planned out, see I just cash out

Make sure it's all there, Dat Nigga Daz out

Now I'm swerving and swerving nigga, without a doubt

It's just another day, just for the D-A-Z

Or it just another day, got me just being a G

Be so easily spoken, my minds are open

My eyes are open, I keep smoking

And spilling that mud leaning, me and my niggas we super thugs

Bitch, who the fuck that you thought it was

[Hook][Z-Ro]

I'ma pledge allegiance, to this crooked ass game

Walking backwards through this rhythm this nation, without a name

I don't need to be known, I just to be living like it

Cause I come from Holiday, there's no other prison like it

I fuck with niggas like Chill, and the Don Keke

Cause not only are they killas, they be about they currency
Somebody told me Z-Ro, get your ass up and go
Get a job but my job, got to be filling out applications it's hard
For a young black male, to stack male
But do it legal, without the help of a crack sale
That's asking too much, cause my people having it rough
That's just your ghetto, everyday average stuff
From California to Texas, people are restless and they starving
Like predators after the prey, they gon come barging
Just like the police, you might as well call us the Fed
Because we running shit undercover, but making our bread[Hook][Thug Dirt]
I'm trying to make it, but the world want me to take it
Sticky sticky I'm getting stuck, in a crazy situation
Should I get a job a car and a wife, or chrome with cookies
On the corner, this is my life
I often wish it was easy, but the road so cold
I make one and pay three, I gots to make two mo'
And coming short don't add up, niggas wanna agg' up
Uncock the gun lil' nigga, put the mask up
I ain't killing no mo', I gots to find another way
I got people locked down, ain't seen the light of day
I'm struggling right now, I still gots to get paid
God please help me, men my wicked ways
I'm trudging through the mud, trying to make it to the concrete
But I'm sinking, can't see my feet
Thug Dirt guilty or acquitted, I'ma push it to the limit
In the dark, hit the lights so I could finish, yeah[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>