

It's Time I See You

Jadakiss

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Fuck y'all niggas talkin' 'bout huh? It's time I see you Get it right
You faggot niggas heard Suge Knight
Double R's the only niggas he respect
And y'all niggas shook right? Y'all get on hot ninety seven and talk wit a baritone
Wit two niggas downstairs wit licensed guns to take y'all home
Scared ass niggas
You thin'k they gon take a life so they can get life Ask Puff they ain't tryin' to hear that nigga
For no cake, and y'all can get at us on Labor Day
We make stones that say
Pay your debt and get moms labor day I'm in the hood so we can link up, any place you think of
Handheld don't hold prints plus I burnt the tip of my fingers
I'm a Bronx gangsta nigga, double R's hoodrat
The nigga they come get quick bitch, on this hood shit Y'all bitches thin'k the ryders a joke, well I don't play
I blow you whole fuckin' shit up
Like Tim McVeigh
Gimme the needle, not tomorrow, but today Cross comin' y'all better get the fuck out the way
I ain't the shit that you see that's on the top of your church
I put a bomb in your baby carriage
Brick through your hearse Tell your CEO, don't call my CEO apologizin'
I'm at your wake in the choir
Standin' harmonizin'
It's in'fa red the shit that be on top of the heater The best thing in New York
Since Steinbrenner signed Jeter
Hold Camby sister the hostage, then send 'em a reef
So stop frontin' vegetarian just scared of beef Yo, ay suck my dick bitch, the way this chick spit ridicliss
Here we go again', only we on kiss shit
We keep comin' and you keep runnin'
You keep claimin' you the best that done it Pussy let me see somethin', fake niggas screamin' "Ryde or die"
Same niggas we run up on and make 'em cry
Outta all the camps in this game, nigga
We the champs in this game who kick the real shit before the fame Fuck you fat ass, fake bad ass niggas
Still play the hood while you ride past niggas
Coward trust me we keep it gutter, hope you stay mad a hater
'Cause you can't touch us, huh It's time I see you Ayo, I ain't got a care in the world
Kidnappin' your kid, maimin' your mom, and airin' your girl
And like, you ain't got a friend in the world
I'm hopeless and numb, I can't see but I can focus my gun And I'm down for smokin' blunts to the head
My nerves is shot, my paces is short, I dump in your head

I'm the hardest nigga out you outta know it by now
I'm the nigga that they talk about goin' to Chao And my name ring bells, my blade stay bloody
If you heard about me beefin' dog I leave the most shells
The nigga to salute, the quickest to shoot
Holiday Styles, motherfucker, givin' you pound What? Like I won't run up and break your jaw
Like they make a vest for your head to stop the four
I'm tired of rappin', let's get the Mack
And send niggas on vacation
Right in front of the radio station Motherfuckers ain't quiet 'til the tech go off
Arteries hitted, hawkin', they neck is shit
I'm the motherfuckin' hardest
I smack the shit out of any one
Of your artists whatever the label Y'all niggas don't want beef, y'all want meat at the table
And I don't give a fuck, Sheek'll do life in the box
Before any of y'all bitch niggas front on the lox
What? Motherfuckers, c'mon Yo, If I miss your head and your neck, I'll hurt your chest
If you from the streets betrayal is worse than death
And I'm known for gettin' money, not known for wildin'
But I'm real I could rock both phones in the island This is how we even the bets
I kill everything you love dog, right now, even the pets
Everything got dubs on it, even the vets
Fifty close, then fifty wide, even the sets 'Cause the bullets is like calisthenics when I'm squirtin'
When they start hurtin', that means they workin'
Only way we comin' is hard
Industry is like jail nigga, double R's runnin' the yard, uh

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>