

Take My Time

Z-Ro

I'm gon' take my time
Already living too fast, I don't need to speed up
At the rate I'm traveling now, I'ma end up with Jesus
I think I'm losing my mind
It's an everyday struggle for me, to try to maintain
I just the want the money, motherfuck the fame Bitch what you mean, you ain't calling me no mo'
I thought I already got rid of your ass, a week ago
When you did what you did, from that moment I didn't care
That's why I was like, I don't want no company stay over there
You prolly think cause you got the pussy, you rule me
Up under that pussy you ain't nothing but another no good niggga bitch, you can't fool me
Too many years, I done paid the price
You must be smoking, if you think I'ma make you my wife
Even though I'm a rapper, feel like I'm still on the block
Everyday I damn near shoot somebody, everyday I damn near get shot
Dealing with fake ass bitches, and fake ass niggaz
You know the ones, that wanna make my cash they cash nigga
I'm not worried about you, I'm worried about me
Even though I know your life is meaningless, without me
You can choke on a meaty dick, with my cum coming from it
My love is for who I see in the mirror, bitch I promise
Look I'm six million sold, with ten million ring tones
You wanna live like me, well first we gotta switch homes
Cause I keep bread like Michael Vick, way before the dogs
Me and Ro, blowing purple haze clouds huh
I won't stop, until I get that Grammy on my shelf
Why should I pay you, when I can do it by myself
The block like the way I put it down for the streets
I been a fly boy, way before I had the piece
The F-N on my lap, as I breeze by
You can't compare Southwest, to a G-5
These rappers hate it, cause we made it out the hood right
I got some head, so that's what I call a good flight
DJ's, always playing that dance shit
But meanwhile, I be on some Paris France shit
So listen up, cause I'ma say this for the last time
This music shit, will make you lose your mind damn
I think I wanna pancake, but I'm not talking about a breakfast plate
I'm tal'n bout three wheel motion, one of my wheels just hanging in the air let's get that straight

Flipperacci got on a Johnny watch, Z-Ro got on a Johnny watch
You fellas broke, me and Flip don't see none of y'all at Johnny's spots
It's Screwed Up Click, until it's over with
I been here ever since the beginning, cause I'm a soldier bitch
You niggaz act funny when I'm not on my money, when I'm on my money y'all kiss my ass
Here's to the future, leaving y'all fucked niggaz in the past For every critic that hate it, god damn we made it
Cause when it come to the S.U.C., homeboy we the greatest
You can't divide us up, I got the Midas touch
That mean, everything I touch reach platinum plus
I smoked weed with Snoop, I drunk Cris' with Jay
My idols were UGK, we still chopping blades
And everytime somebody die, they wanna blame it on lean
But we'll probably lose our mind, if we went a day clean man
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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