

# Wait On It (feat. Ces Cru)

Stevie Stone

Yeah, uh-huh

Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up Imma make 'em wait, make 'em wait

Migrate, make they eyes dilate

Strangeulators [?] they never mind me

We the illest, we come around and size up your Padre

Me and Ubi, Godi in the building we burnin' some Bombay Okay I know they wanna slay us, play homage and celebrate

But you must make it happen, get at us and set a date

Rolling up on your set, with the scent of a featherweight

And if'n they tryna bomb us I promise to levitate Why does it take dying for race to make a giant wake?

Stay colossal, a revolution born on fire escapes

Invade your private estate with the nine and this wire tape

Truth comes, many size, shapes and a high-rate

Why wait? fly away too high, but they buy brake

Pour gas on you niggas in motion to penetrate I circumvent security, hop in the side-gate I am dying for live-bait why are they eyeing me sideways? Wait! Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up

Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up

Imma make 'em wait on it

Imma make 'em wait I'm crooked as a crook and I'm mobbin to set it straight

Look at what we got in common, be honest we dominate

Oh they smellin' like prey? I say they should be on a plate

Tweaking, I should be eating, but Imma be on a - wait We did it our way, puffin' the piff in the broad day

Fuck what y'all say, gettin' the script while the song play

Your clique is an entrÃ©e, your bitch is a side-dish

If the style sick lickety split they divide quick

Cause my clique be slanging that iron, this iron fist is iron mitten

Ain't hard to define this

I'll you in the details and look at the fine print

You fuckin' up with niggas, who fuck what your kind is

I dibble dab a little, I'm doing my lil' bit Punish them with the patterns, living to kill shit Strange was the label that push and pay me and still is Let us settle in ya mind, give 'em something to deal with Wait! Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up

Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up

Imma make 'em wait on it

Imma make 'em wait Hold up. Let 'em take a second and soak up, the flow so over ocean I'm floating for sho' and know what?

I know what the fuck I am doing, I'm doing donuts

I appear courtesy on myself and my own personas

Stonie yo' up I'm 'bout to po' up

I have been winging for more than a Pepsi Cola  
I know some beautiful bitches in South Dakota  
Can you relate? they bobbin' and doing great  
Now gimme the ten - Wait I'm high as a fuck and I stay in the fly cape  
They dirty in the booth and I bathe in the fire lake  
You better get your duckets I'm grindin' for grind dates  
My De La Soul is burnin' for bitches in high states  
So Lynch me with the cleaver, I need to defy [?] Follow my vibe way back in the day from the 9-8-Sex a bitch  
up in the Bentley and fuck up her mind-state Staying patient for time's sake and you tryna rewind  
tape Wait! Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up  
Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up  
Imma make 'em wait on it  
Imma make 'em wait Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up  
Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up  
Imma make 'em wait on it  
Imma make 'em wait Wait up  
Hold up  
Imma make 'em wait on it  
Imma make 'em wait on it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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