

Time Passing Us By

Bizzy Bone

(2x)

As time keep passin' us by in my community
Wathcin' the children die
Bitch made police, and the brutality
Prozac and Ritalin, that aint what we need
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weed

Take a look into the gun, look at what we've become
Daddy don't love me, only come around the first of the month
Me and mommy still in the slump
Why don't he love us?
I can't even blame him
Cause ever since I came
We been stuck in the same ghetto
Now i'm carryin' heavy metal when times is tough
I don't know about ya neighborhood, but baby, mines is rough
Abandand buildings police searchin' all the children
Ain't no peace in the streets, at least not where i'm livin'
Kneeling to God cause Satan never gave us a chance
Evil never had no rythm, man, the Devils can't dance
Got three pairs of pants
But I keep em all creased
Whether chicken or ham, we gon' use the same grease
Each second is a struggle, beg, borrow or hustle
Yeah, scufflin' money just try to stay out of trouble
Hell, rebel of rap music, put it on my mama!
And if it's gonna be gunplay, rocket launchers, grenades, and AKs!

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Why is the broad on my back like that?
Don't ask me, i'm for passion, i'm smashin' on niggas, come blast me!
All my people tellin' me I should sing more
Yes!
Roll up a dub, smoke bud in the club
Free Flesh!
Creepin' on a come up, i'm from Cleveland, and Columbus, Ohio
Don't hate myself for science, and the ??
Yet all these niggas gangbang
Somebody should tell em the truth
I'll sell em somethin' that'll get they heart to pumpin',
and help the youth!
Hangin' in the graveyard, everybody's playin' hard
Satan's on a mission to get us
I hope that nobody with us, and given us slave ways
Ruthless got us on fifty dollars a day
One hundred and ninety thousand I guess platinum don't pay
Can I please get some mo' money?
Somebody could buy my way cause shit the rent's due
Glad I got ghetto credit
Don't let the industry pimp you, pimp you, pimp you

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Babies born with AIDS
and we pray for them boys they hoarding the vaccine
Black helicopter rain on em, I'm gainin' on em
Maintain the main thang on em, shame on em
But another victim died of vain for em, slain
Two hundred and fifty crashed in the plane
And the only thing that survived was the black box
They frame the black cops
Slang crack rock
Wannabe Hot Boyz, so he gon' make the block hot, block hot
They wanna see me sasquash
Pull out my glock, cocked, and pop pop!
Go to jail don't nobody send you mail
Hell, i'm ridin' til these wheels fall off
Or they can take it to the chop shop
Shut up, i'm shinnin' on you bustas!
What!?
Ready to hustle get your struggle on, no!
When you wanna double up, you keep fuckin' up!
Your mind's gone, time's gone, everybody's runnin' amuck
They say that lesbians is sick
But they just do wanna fuck

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