

# Time Up

38 Spesh

Uh, y'all know me, Top of the Red, nigga  
That beef ain't 'bout money, what's the reason then (what's the reason then)?  
Well, I'm all over it like seasoning, yo' shawty let me still holla (uhuh)  
I'm feeling like a thief in it  
There's nothing like the feeling when the pieces hit  
I did it with my Cleveland bitch (that's a fact)  
Had a couple pieces taped through in calves  
Sent her travelling through Dallas like she playing for the Mav's (go get th  
at)  
Go get in the field, five days, I ain't taking a bath  
A hundred yams, me and Ham gon' break it in half (free Ham)  
That's what you call eating with fam  
You hearin' static call 'em up, never speak on the 'Gram (never do it)  
Niggas don't put in the work but steady reachin' they hand (fuck outta here)  
And when the feds raid 'em, same niggas speak on the stand, fuck (fuckin' ra  
ts)  
I ain't chattin' we knew the rules when we signed up  
A head shooter couple months before that time up (uhuh)  
Once I tighten my circle and step my grind up  
I'll be feeling like that chicken about to find us

Uh, nowhere to hide when your time up  
Tighten up your circle step your grind up  
Uh, die behind the family over commas  
Trippin' on they scam to get them dollars  
Look, you got a plan, let me know it  
Oh, you're for the fam? Nigga, show it  
I always been a man but I'm growin' (that's a fact)  
Uh, soon as it touch my hands I'mma throw it, nigga

Look, counting me out, some speak behind my back but (fuck outta here)  
They see me out and still reach to give me dap, look (sucka)  
Hit the nigga two times, he was wide open  
I get the fiends a hand-off, they run it back, bro (they run it back)  
They say my dope was their terror, no pun in that  
If you shoot first, I know that you know that we gunning back (just know tha  
t)  
This shit is fucked up, suckers be functioning with these raps (wow)  
He ain't tell on you so it's bool what the fuck is that, look (fuckin' rat)  
What happened to all the fucking integrity  
Niggas taking bags for celebrity (uhuh)  
I'm eating off a tree now, I'm living off a lamb like a Cherokee  
A nigga owe a dime, rock him, no Eric B  
I'm sending up a peace (peace) to the God, the beam heavenly  
You ain't even seen the garage (skrr)  
You want smoke? We on go, like leave it and drive  
It's to in y'all but I'm strapped, so let's even the odds, nigga

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