

Go Time

AZ

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Fuck all y'all niggas, man
Straight up, word up

Dripped out, draped in Persian, white turban
It's certain I'm from the life of no polite persons
Slight diversions, revert and enlight my curban
Hyper version, nothing nice, I'm a psych surgeon
Believe it, don't just breathe it, I O.D it
No halves, I whole key it, if we class then so be it
Hoes see it, the haters know it, they favorite poet
Paid it for it, for me and mines, a major moment
The making, no mistaken, this is vibration
High-ranking, could sanction any citation
Solo, do or dolo, pro Bono
The homie Tono could go-go, no promo
Plain tee on, Polo sweats say Deion
Baguette, cuban S on my neck, that's what I be on
Been for eons, hold mine, no cold signs
Slow grind, let's get it, this is go time

Like the bullets that could switch from the clip to the chamber
Keep your finger on the trigger and you're in it to danger
Anger, anybody can get it when that thing bust
Be ready to clap when it's show time
See the light at the end of the tunnel, it's go time
Put the spotlight on these rappers with no rhymes
There's no turning back now, it's go time
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Street addict kid with this rap shit, along with
Known predicates I'm more relaxed with
Never know reiterate, could none of that cap shit
Captive bust school keen and I adapt quick
Show your love, if you 'bout it then you know the buzz
Homie up any on his Pub, this is my only drug
The jeweler, been official since my Frank Mueller
Fuck your favorite if he ain't cooler
On the coast to Cuba, blowing [?] like I'm smoking cheba
The overseas, this is mostly leisure
Either that and neither, gotta have it
This is black magic, my mathematics is raps, my rap status
Cash-matic, cash addict, half-savage, hashtag it
I'm back at it, facts, bastard, jag it
Ain't no ass with that different doe
Sippin' slow, this that seven-figure flow
Niggas know the essence, schweppervescence
Half-moon crescent, destined since a savvy adolescent
Question, the one differ 'cause they quote scripture
Close crisper, roll the spliff to this motion picture
You hear the whisper's head start, Nas'll still getcha

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