

Showtime Remix

Blade Brown

Don't shot for nobody, got my own line
And when the packs done, you know it's hometime
And when the beef's on, you know I load mine
And I don't borrow mashes, got my own nine
Lights, Camera, Action. Showtime
These niggas talk racks but I show mine
And I'm a Trapstar like the clothesline
My last block was a goldmine

(Was like this)
Lights, Camera, Action. Showtime
Run my own label, I don't need a co-sign
So my next CD 'gon be a goldmine
Are niggas dissin' me?
When their flows mine?
Ask Jeezy and dem man about the slow grind
Early morning kitties ringing off the phone-line
Shut the streets down in music and the clothesline
A nigga like you, then nobody won't cry
'Cause you ain't done nuttin' with your own life
A nigga sold buj, and I sold lines
Well now I'm doing music, left the roadside
In the booth, I tell 'em truth, blud I won't lie
You bruddas ain't makin' money off of your grind
You might as well wear a suit and a cold tie
You might as well leave this world, 'cause you know it's mine
'Cause you ain't ready for the action when it's showtime

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My don brown hit me up up on my phone-line
Said they're cattin' for a verse tef that's no lie
But I was with this rapper's bitch just tryna bone twice
Fam the sex was shit, but that dome fine
Brr, brr, brr, that was my old line
Now promoters email me and say it's showtime
I beat BMs, I don't stone wives
But I don't rush for no hoe
I take my own time
Bought a new pair of gloves for that chrome nine
New shape handting, it's not the old nine
If you ain't our brodie then you 'gon see my cold side
'Cause you ain't never spent a day up on this roadside
Dolce and Gabbana shoes, with them gold sides
I don't ghostwrite, I'm from a place where goats rise
Yeah I told you hustlers don't die
Just keep a big ting, you got a hoe from both sides

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Reminiscing to them broke times
I swear I was on a slow grind
Til my nigga told me hold nine
I told him I'll get it gone in no time
Chillin' with this bitch and she so fine
She sniffing coke lines looking like a goal-line
I hit it twice then its hometime
I don't shot for nobody, got my own line
Whipping up, you know it's stove time
Nittys love my food so they smoke mine
Made 50 thousand off the dope line
And my blocks no entry like the road sign
Got a 100 niggas that I'll co-sign
Got 1000 grams but I won't consign
Not your average joe, I'm on my Joe Grind
Hit studio in my own time

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