

# Showtime

Blade Brown

Okay, okay  
Okay, okay  
Okay, okay

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 clothes line  
My last block was a goldmine

Reminiscing to them broke times  
I swear I was on a slow grind  
Till' 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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Moncler jacket got me so fly  
At the top its just us so why I'm so high  
Big mac 10 will make your soul fly  
And if I press on the button then your souls mine  
Done a little dirt up in 09'  
Now the feds are tryna' nick me for some old crimes  
Undercovers, tryna' scope I  
That's why I never talk on the phone line  
Standing on the strip likes there's no sometime  
Graveyard shift, it's been a cold night  
Intent to supply and I promote mines  
With that dirty dark and that coke white  
You say that girl is yours but that ho's mine  
She knows I'm on job and she blows mine  
And I'ma keep talking shit through the whole rhymes  
Through the whole night

The screw buss my door, said it's hometime (bail)

Feds tryna' lock me down for my whole life (it's bait)  
Give me that black four fizzy or that chrome nine  
I'll put that target on your jacket like its Stone Is (Stone Island)  
They say I move hot for a cold guy  
I got zombies on my line and they won't die  
It's a full time struggle, not part time  
You can't move soft with your hard line  
I was rocking that mickey back in 09'  
Now they sniffing my gs, I got a dope line  
Like RnB, they got a slow grind  
No cell site trace on my phone line  
These bitches like 'oh my'?  
They be patting on their pussy when I roll by  
You can see Hitler when I slow drive  
German coupe, I look so fly

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