

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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