

Type Of Time

Dave East

I did a lot but I never hated
Never hated
Did a lot but I never hated
We throw the money up
We throw the money up
I did a lot but I never hated
We throw the money up
We throw the money up

Strapped with my driver
You know there's no running up
You go against the family you dumb or what?
I'm bout to f*ck four or five summers up
She got that waist trainer on her waist
Told that bitch go get a tummy tuck
Wake up, I'm smoking dope everyday
I hit the bank that's a money run
Baby girl chew me like bubble gum
I do not wanna smoke blunts with them
On them late nights pray the sun will come
Double dutching bitches jumping us
Polo on me, lot of horse power
Past women I am done with them
Baggin up in front my little brother
I ain't wanna do that shit in front of him
Niggas tell me that I'm going nuts
Ask your bitch, she just was holdin those
You put Gucci all up on her clothes
When it come to this she probably overdose
Waited long enough we on it now
No more hoopin' but I'm balling now
Got em in they feelings, I don't call 'em now
I'm just tryna get it foreign tryna whip it
Neiman Marcus went like 20 on 'em
Shout to Trigga, had the Bentley for me
Remember I ain't have a penny on me
If it's never see me classic penny's on me
Walking like I got a milli on me

I did a lot but I never hated
My man home so we celebrating
I'm in a condo with a elevator
My mind blowed, I'm just elevating
I've been on a different type of time
I've been on a different type of time
I did a lot but I ain't never hated
My man home so we celebrating
I'm laying up countin hella paper
Got her goin down, I'm just levitating
I've been on a different type of time
I've been on a different type of time

I'm tearing Louis down
I'm tearing Fendi down

I'm hot, that's a Fendi now
Jacket say Fendi now

Won't pay for no verses
I smoke in the back of that Bentley now
I did not have a lot
We did not have a lot
Like how was they up stairs with Biggie?
How was they mad at Pac?
I ain't have a crib but I had a Glock
I had the plug and Black had the pot
I want the world, you can have the block
Jump out a Porsche with the baddest thot
Remember I was tryna pay the cop
In and out the back of patty wagons
Pockets probably pack a lot of salad, I
Cameras in it helped me back it out
Prince of my city, what's that about
They heard I could spit, tryna rap it out
They reach out they hands tryna dap it out
I go in my zone and I'm blacking out
We traveling, we don't just map it out
I got my boarding pass
I just want all the cash
What's better than that?
I think of hoopty, that Jetta was black
That broke shit was whack
I'll never go back

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