

I been up all night, out here on the grind
It's oh-nine-hundred, military time
Military time, military time (military)
Military time, military time (military)
Military time, military time (military)
Military time, military time (military)

I'm out here on the gravel, grindin' in the fog
Track record, won't allow me, to get a job
Rollin' up a 'wood, lookin' like a log
Unlike the rest of the world, I still believe in God
My granny tellin' be to pray, continue being faithful
Don't side with the devil, he hellas hateful
Pay attention to your warning signs
Be prepared to repent, before he close the blinds
Pack an extra clip, let 'em know your with the shit
The niggas that kill you, be the niggas you grew up with
I don't trust shit, I don't even trust my dick
Most of the time I get funkin', it's over a bitch
Protect your punk and your medulla oblongata
Never know when they're comin' to bust your head like a piñata
Can't be soft as doctor cotton, or Charmin toilet tissue
Stay on your P's and your Q's with the military issue

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Roll in my hand, knots all up in my jeans
I don't know French Squad, I be with my team
I'm floodin' the streets, Baton Rouge, New Orleans
They put me in the catapult I'm soarin' to my dreams
You ain't on the same page, so get a book marker
A champ with the Glock, kicks like it's Foot Locker
If you ain't in it for no funds nigga look farther
These niggas out here buyin' guns, they tryin' to look harder
I'm young but a bitch smarter than the older age
You gotta learn to break the cycle if you wanna change
See I'm one of those guys that put you on your game
These bitches want a fly nigga like they Lois Lane
I'm so ashamed with these hoes with their lame asses
Ain't even got their head straight, they play the game backwards
I do it silk smooth in some grape fabric
Then I get ghost like I'm James nigga, Saint Patrick

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I keep my business on the low 'cause motha fuckas be
It's military time 40 trees

My grind on erosion, ain't nothin' can stop me
I might fall but I'm right back up like Rocky
I'm huntin' for that money, like I need a day
I'm just trying to keep it hostage, 'cause I'm needin' bread
Hey I hate being broke much as I hate the feds
Free my family members locked down Roll up a chop then we blow it down
I be loaded like a Glock when it's full of rounds
Double F in this bitch and we known to clown
Puffin' on that loud pack, it be full of sound
All work no time boss
I'm with those hundred stacks tax free like a crime boss
Little baby came through Big dog, you just a pup like
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