

No Time

Guru

No time to wait, gotta make cake
Keep your burners on bake 'cause the streets ain't safe (4x)

The streets got me layin, same games, no rules
'Bout to go legit, flip quick on these fools
I look at hustle, in the long term sense
I ain't tryna be stuck with a long term sentence
Calculate my moves like I'm Bumpy Johnson
Bring it to 'em by surprise, straight dumpin on 'em
Mentally I could chalk out your physical
Way before you even taught of ever grabbin your pistol
I can't wait to get the drop first, and watch it drop first
'Cause you swine like knock words
I hit your face, turn your head when I come through
My man wanna get at you with the gun fool
we maneuver through the hood quicker than light speed
The god always hook me up with the tight weed
I hit your stance, you pollutin my cypher
I'm all in your way 'cause it's my duty to slice ya

Your poor fee is with you
Divine justice when the niners hit you
Didn't know the half, so I split you
It's the righteous don, when I write my songs
It's like the quiet storm, till my mic is on
And once I got ya, it's too bad, too late
It's two of y'all, they'll find your bodyparts in two lakes
There's more of y'all, well I'm well prepared
To stab you where you bleedin, wipe your lung in my sleeve
From the hood to the office, I'm good for a profit
Like Kareem with the sky hook, how could you stop it
If I got to, I'll send a son or two at you
Straight pit, them dogs will turn you to cat food
I'm that dude, the one that's callin the shots
Went away and came back, niggaz was all in my spot
Sheisty niggaz even had their hands all in my pot
Gave 'em a group raid and buried them all in one plot