

No Time

Icewear Vezzo

No Time, nigga. I ain't waiting for shit my nigga
(Whuttttt) No Time for the fuck shit
Tell the judge he could suck dick. (Fuck On!)
(Meech what it look like?) (Tell the judge!)

Yeah, hit my lawyer with a half brick
Told him if I get some time, nigga hide this
So when a nigga touch down I can grind quick
But if a nigga skip town they won't find shit
Hit my brother Rick up for a couple dollas (wuddup doe)
Kiss my nephew on the head and I love my mama
Thinking bout my brother Rez I just love to call him
He told me money was the problem and I love to solve em'
See he died in the feds of an aneurysm
Think about him every night, goddamn I miss him
On the flight when G died, I was handlin' bidness
They left my baby by the dishes, blind him in the kitchen
Got a tweet about who did it through @ mention
But that's the devil tryna make me make a bad decision
Shook my head fifty times cause it had me twisted
I'm gettin bread makin rhymes plus I'm baggin bitches

I got no time for the fuck shit
Tell the judge he could suck dick
This should don't never really matter making much sense
Came up from the bottom, now I'm up quick
No time for the fuck shit (fuck shit)
Tell the judge he could suck dick
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It be the ones closest to ya that'll do ya bad
The same niggas that ya feed and let em move ya bag
They say money make you evil whether good or bad
Fast lane got me speedin ima do that dash
Fucked up how they did my little nigga Scooter
Prolly never wouldve died if he was with some shooters
They say its cold in the D, but its gettin cooler
Bring it to him in his sleep, call me Mr. Crougar
I remember countin' twenty in the SUV
Fuckin with the homie Smoke, nigga SMB
That's the Seven Mile Bloods, they'll wetcha teeth
Real niggas show me love, yeah they mess with me
Never let a nigga play me til the death of me
Pour some lean and I learned my own recipe
Hit the club fifty deep with the tech with me
I blow a nigga like a whistle from a referee

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(Hardwork nigga! Wuddup my nigga Vezzo? Free Smokie)
No question, when it comes to strap they blue glued on
My lil homies make about thirty in the school zone
My OG's keep nigga plugged like a light switch
How you think I came home and bounced back, Mike Vick
Bitch I'm from the east, Seven is the Mile
RIP to Perry, I need my nigga now
OT with the yellows, pounds of the reggos
I'm stackin up them green guys, wuddup my nigga Vezzo?
Thirty in the bezzle, thirty in the pump
Styrofoam for the lean, its lookin dirty in my cup
I'm an eastside nigga, fuckin westside broads
Couple lil niggas with me stealin westside cars
No time for the fuck shit so I'm known to bust shit
Bust clips and bust scrips and send em on a bus trip
Bitch its Hardwork yeah I'm eastside trippin
28's on the oldies got me tree high sittin mofucka

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