

Time Out

Lil Durk

(Doodie in this bitch)

Think his ass hot, put that fan on him (Gah)
Get his ass killed, put some bands on him (Bitch)
Free the real niggas out that can, homie (Let's get it)
I know some real niggas, I can't speak on 'em (Yeah)
I know where you hang, where you hide out (Where you hide out)
We are not the same, nigga, you won't ride out (Bitch)
Pull up with that flame, bang, then that fire out
Them shells hit yo fuckin' torso, then it's time out (Boom, boom, boom boom)

Pussy nigga had shot me, get my leg back
I'ma slide to your party, fuckin' kick back
We ain't givin' away passes, this ain't Six Flags
Last nigga got shot got a shit bag
High speed on the 12, made him zig-zag
Get the profits, put it down like a Kit Kat
And that fuckin' 40, yeah, that six pack
Shoot one, we kill three, get that gift back
Finna get a fuckin' striaght, put some shoes on it
Batting 2K, I won't lose on it
I be off the lane, I don't snooze on 'em
Fuck with us, you gon' make the news, homie (Let's get it)

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Mans gon' do a hit when it's black out
Sold a hundred Ps in the trap house
I'm that fuckin' nigga niggas rap 'bout
Fuck a nigga bitch quick 'til she tap out
Actin' like a fuckin' fool in that AMG
Don't make a wrong move, don't you play with me
Down 57 South, I get 'em A to Z
And I never went to school, don't know my ABCs
But I can count money like it's 1, 2, 3
And everywhere I go, you know it's guns with me
And the bullets sting like they bumblebees
Nigga, I'm a king, I'm a humble beast

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