

# Time Lost

Major Nine

You can't kill my vibe  
Grab the piccolo and slide  
Theirs locked hands on her thighs  
Look her in her eyes, she's surprised  
She know I'm from the city so she let me go up high  
Playing with that pussy, got the passenger soaking  
She told me put my eyes on the road and stay focused  
I'll be your Trick, be my Trina if you notice  
Nan nigga fucking with my old bay  
Oh shit  
Oooh, I got the seasoning  
Come through with them sticks  
Give me a reasoning  
Where a nigga standing, where we leaving him  
Damn I got blood on these wheated timbs  
Switch make him booty shake  
Nah I ain't Uncle Luke  
Playing with my money  
Imma Rrrr bout my loot  
Sweat blood and tears  
Imma die bout my group  
But the naked hustle leaving out of towners Billy Blue  
Ball like a dog or I'm balling like I'm Greezy  
Did it like the Major so them bitches came easy  
Did it like I'm 9, I'm deep up in her spine  
I'm trynna blow her back out through her mind  
Uh yea  
Ride me to the song where them two girls rapping  
Her neck her back, man that still got me laughing  
Don't trust nan nigga, that's the code  
My dawg just died, and his dawg fucking his hoe  
All these hoes grew up off of Katrina  
Hit the road with cash money, but I turned into a dreamer  
Something like Fat boy, I turned into a thinker  
Yea  
That's cause I got a strong arm  
Hit them hoes with a long  
Ambidextrous yea them flows from my wrong arm  
Fake love got them singing all my old songs  
Gotta keep it moving  
Help a nigga make it up  
A sin just to keep in touch  
Speaking through my music, know they hear me  
I be speaking up  
Motherfuck the radio, they act like they ain't hearing us  
Motherfuck the old heads, they act like they ain't feeling us  
Motherfuck the opps that got the drop, cause they ain't pulling up  
They be on the net, we at the gas station filling up  
Yea I know them swipers, them real 4 lifers  
Screaming bitch I'm from the city since in diapers  
Ok  
Mother fuck them people seen my dream and kept it moving  
Section 8, Free lunch line, that's the movement  
Jt Money told me let it go  
Inspired by the A, they told me let it snow  
One time for Sam Sneak  
Made it clear, they ain't from the city

So they don't think how I think  
Made them do the bop  
The head dropped in some bleach  
Shout out DJ Kidd, He brought the drop to the beach  
Sabel Palms got screaming I was hot boy  
And if you wasn't in that video then you not boy  
DMX got his coke off of my block  
Four wheelers, dirt bike and a IROC  
Uncle Al in ha head just like cyclops  
Give me time, give me my spot  
I'm so throwed off, I need eye drops  
If them people matter, give me my props  
I'm so throwed off...