

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...