

Pay Me In Time

Marlon Craft

What it is?
I give a fuck what a pundit is
I give a fuck 'bout a talkin' head
I David Byrne this bitch to the ground
They do not know who they fuckin' with
Can't blame 'em, don't even know themselves
I been a fighter fight since like eight
Probably realized it when I was twelve
I probably outdid they bucket list
When Fab was still wearin' them bucket hats
Back when I was gettin' bucket stats
Just tryna prove that I was a man
Just tryna prove that I wasn't bitch
Took me til my twenty-something's it's also took me what toughness is
now and I was on some fuckery
Got my priorities straight on my company
Love is the luxury
But I'll be damed if the leather ain't buttery
I'll be dancin' on them when they front on me
Shakin' hands but I know they make fun of me
Funny
But what can I do when the faith's low?
Feel the clock runnin' out on my race, woah
Said I just wanna take my time but is it my time to hold?
Said I just wanna make my mind but is it still mine to know?
Woah woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Yo
If I had a minute every time they done and did it, be infinity up on
my clock
Prophet or a profit? What good if I cannot stop it?
Got this path I'm talkin', what if there's no way to walk?
I don't know, I don't know
Mind full of places that I won't go
Chest full of hatred that I don't show
I gotta take that on my soul
Do I have time, have time to grow?
I don't know
So either pay me in time, in time, in time, in time or hit the road

Coming to you live from the end of the world
For all you people out there, real, digital and otherwise
I've been asked to relay a request
This is for Craft
City kid, you know, all sad and whatnot?
Though at the genesis of a journey, you could say
Here's a hit with him in mind