Chronomentrophobia... The fear of clocks... The fear of time

High as the cost of living
I take what I've been given
Pastor say "be strong"
Ooh hey hey
I ain't got time leave me alone

I ain't got much time left
I've got to funk you now

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Remember what I said I'm gone bow ya heads

Lord be havin mercy on my soul I'm havin the impression that my life gon be a bowl Of cherries but its very hard for me to cope Got tired of bein broke This ATLien ain't got no time to sit and mope Made up my mind while y'all made up y'all beds On a cold wooden floor is where I laid my head Born in 1975 never thought I'd make it this far Still battlin in this racial war Tryin to find solutions to the situation I'm facin Only thing thats free is my flow that y'all be chasin Lettin my niggaz know before I go I drop that knowledge Like droppin books lets stop the crooks From robbin you of your brains and such usin welfare as a crutc I'm in it for good you into my hood you won't be findin much Hope that when I'm gone y'all remember this What we stood for "fuck that fame and that glitz" It's beginnin to look a lot like the endin And got to be more careful know what corners you be bendin Revelations gettin impatient and now I'm dead