

## Time Will Tell

Pac Div

She hates when I'm gone, whirlwinds and cyclones  
We live in a wasteland with laptops and iPhones  
We love our hip hop  
Not Love & Hip Hop  
I lost trust in hip hop 'cause ain't no love in hip hop  
Hate comin' from the old heads  
I don't fuck with these new niggas  
I ain't into makin' new friends, why I ain't fuckin' wit you nigga  
Grew up with a crew of niggas  
Linked up and we blew niggas  
Y'all wanna rock Tom Ford and pop corks, me too nigga!  
Friendships don't last, but this too shall pass  
Hard to keep yo passion when you stressin' out about cash  
Pray to God and I ask him to bring a blessing outta his stash  
Expedite that package sir I really need it that fast  
I been locked up in this lab pushin' classics outta my ass  
Cashin' in on my future leaving tire marks in my past  
Place yourself in that driver seat, sit your foot on that gas  
Just make sure when they wave the checkered flag that you not last

We gon' see what you about  
If it's meant to be, time will tell  
[x4]

Got my feet up drinkin' cold beer  
I can see it all so clear  
I done heard it all with both ears  
Ayy these niggas out here so weird  
Y'all niggas trippin' I ain't goin' in  
Every time I turn the channel they promotin' fear  
Police get away with murder when the coast is clear  
Nigga gettin' executed yea we persevere  
We be really 'bout that action [?]  
Y'all still be actin' like hoes  
Y'all still be jackin' our flows  
Y'all goin' back 'cause we forward  
This for my trappin' ass homies  
This for my bitches who's paid  
Let's flip these stacks and get paid  
Let's get this money six ways  
I ain't been sleepin' for days  
I ain't gon' sleep 'til I die  
You know I be goin' for mine  
Middle finger be up in the sky

Damn dog ain't funny how the times change  
Still Divie still busy that's the mindframe  
Scuse me lil nigga that's my lane  
Right sound right track that's the right train  
Right brown right yac that's the right drank  
Formatin' with my niggas and we migrate  
'Bout to charge get back multiply ayy  
Then baby throw that shit back gyrate  
Div niggas been cold as the tri-state  
Stay posted 'cause I know better  
Same niggas with the paper baby no chedda  
Still kill 'em with the flow ho Lo sweaters

Prolly gettin' stoned bitch I know Rosetta  
Aviate no our gang need propellors  
Nigga push the whole thang I'm the wholeseller  
Nigga fly on my wings you can float better  
Pull you five or six hoes out at Coachella

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If it's meant to be, time will tell  
[x8]