

# Time

## Propaganda

She was born before me, but knew me from before  
At the moment of conception, an eternal connection  
And although I didn't know it then, I'd fight for her affection  
A war we've been waging from day one of creation  
And only when you lose her do you learn to appreciate her  
Like even when I'm with her, I'm itching to get rid of her  
I'm trying to learn my lessons  
Man I swear that they'll ain't feeling her  
Never get enough of her until this day I love her  
Seems like I lose her, too foolish to use her  
Had one of their own, she left 'cause they abused her  
And now they want mine, or better yet demand  
And I'm torn because I know that to share her is divine  
She only give you one shot, blow it and she's gone  
Took advantage of her, that's why I wrote this song  
Can't rush her or slow her down, keep her on your side  
Slip through your fingers homie, her name is Time

Some men try to measure her, build your machines  
But the numbers don't match, it's all different it seems  
And men try to guess her exact date of birth  
So they take soil samples from deep in the earth  
But she remains a mystery with only one master  
And got this cold sister with pull, her name is Gravity  
One day they got mad at me and said "we don't belong to you"  
"Only on loan to you, you ain't in control"  
God don't like ugly and He wouldn't leave  
With no choice but to play a game that's obviously rigged  
Obviously kids don't know how to treat her  
Spend a whole day with her, loving every minute  
Love with no limit or compromise  
And if you stick to it, then the limit's the sky  
But you can't rush her or slow her down, keep her on your side  
Slip through your fingers homie, her name is Time

From evidence demanding verdict, you'll feel her in your core  
I'm singing in the choir to float bodies ashore  
We all got questions, trying to crack the code of the centuries  
Unlock the mysteries of life  
Constant concoction got us stating the obvious  
Truth stand for all of us and always been  
Feel her when babies laugh or old men loan her  
When the sky gets turning to purple and auburn  
Keep the main things the main thing  
Ain't gotta meet me nowhere, homes  
When it goes down, it'll find you  
Wild like riots in '92  
Then I made my decision to stay on my grind  
You ain't thought about the future, who's coming behind you?  
May I remind you that time ain't kind to you?  
Force to be reckoned with, better respect her  
One of God's greatest gifts, careful, you might miss her  
Time