

My Tyme

Roscoe Dash

I've got way too much time on my hand
I spent every minute as high as I can
I get money, get money as fast as I can
I got every spot sold up from LA to Japan
Twenty-three and I never end up moving a month
Unless it's a semester I can... in a bundle
Who want rebel? More subtle
Y'all crumble, too flexible, y'all trouble!
Spanex, Man X, land the jet
Feels like Jerusalem, but God damn she wet
Keep my feet up now, who are planning to change
Everybody, anybody like genocide!
Any time, any place in the race of a...
Sing loud, shout, niggas are confused
And no Chris Cross pissed off, not even close
It's several on the radio, I play all this more
In mirror, sat back and observe
Now my vision is clearer
Your own team bring you down to zero
Like who turned you up?
You're still a lot turned out for what?

And I'm still bumping my old shit (every day)
Your new shit sound a lot like the old shit (straight out)
And them niggas about that don't know shit (don't know shit)
Just a bunch of copycat some more shit (some more shit)
And I'm like Oh shit, my own shit, go way under your hoe shit
The DJ gonna play that, them other niggas don't know shit
I'm back, bitch, and I'm focused
You get trapped down and it's all...
And you never, never, ever ever do it like this!

... I'm a Cartier, running
Killing niggas, saw you where the bodies at, huh
Wayne are you on the chair right now in the middle
I'mma hit you like yeah, with the party, yeah! (Right!)
Grant them, chart them, but still... hoes
I don't show love, I'll be feeling hoes
Pull up in that old school, nigga hear the...
How you girl lay down where the ceiling go
Made you keep a problem... with my knee... oh
I'mma keep you real, so...
Then I grind, I've been working like a slave
When I hear my lil brother pay her way through college
I was in college...
And the microwave she got tired, nigga, start to move a column
Soon at the game, I can hear the rap digging
Like... young nigga, I know I make her cry
Had the nigga by my own shit
I made... you, how you did it for a minute?
Killing your new shit, it's the type to get disgusted
You can hear, if you listen, I'm the nigga in the city!
Scotty ATL do your research, baby
You should know who you are, you should probably show your titty
They gonna be clever in hood, yeah lil nigga... but you did it!

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