

## No Time

Skeme

I'm laughing to the bank but ain't a damn thing funny  
About that profit like Muhammed, homie all I want is money  
I'm just ducking from the haters, focused on this paper  
Tell them niggas on the side see ya' later  
Cause I ain't got the time for, no I ain't got the time for  
See homie I've been on my grind for, so I ain't got the time for

Feel like the top exactly where we supposed to be nigga  
[?] And I won't let an opportunist close to me nigga  
I keep a piece, fuck your peace nigga  
My lean budget match your monthly rent and lease nigga  
A genius, she give me brain as soon as she meet us  
I'm only about a check, even got one outta' Adidas  
These niggas mimic my moves, lookin' like a hype man  
On molly right now, even her fingers rolling, ice man  
George Gervin, coupe swerving while I'm switching lanes  
Can't put my trust in these niggas knowing that niggas change  
So what's the basis when rappers don't know the basics  
Still not taking advice from those I wouldn't trade place with  
With all disrespect I ain't on no saving face shit  
About to crash and burn, I suggest you hit your brakes quick  
Streets ugly, blocks need face lifts  
And even knowing that, I still ain't left him on that fake shit

This game do something to you, turn you into a beast  
I'm on Billboard charts but we still in these streets  
Nigga we got to eat, whole squad gotta dine  
Besides these rappers talkin' about me, homie my life fine  
Lord show me a sign, till then I'm showing no mercy  
On this road to the riches but that highway curvy  
If they fiendin', I serve em'  
If I'm nothing, she's slurping  
Keep a pistol on my purse and never claim to be perfect  
Both of my hands dirty, we just scratching the surface  
Bet your past looking shaky, spent your whole life nervous  
Fuck with me while I'm working, we hit your block lurking  
We just looking to search him, if we spot him we murking