

Faster Than Time

Slaine

So now they call us pioneers
Remember fresh out the jungle?
Hittin the launch pad like the lion here
Dre the truth, ain't no lyin there
I'm a beast like Eli, in my city I'm a Giant there
Kept writin and rectin like my time was near
Movin at a fast pace, I ain't had no time to spare
The total package - my kind is rare
Had labels showin me dotted lines like, Sign it here
So my time is here
The flow cold like sittin outside in the winter on a iron chair
Still street, so I always got the iron near
And the goons too, I'm a goon too
F. Crew from the womb to the tomb, duke
Be a star - that I was groomed to
Watch how the boy shine
Red lights and road blocks'll never stop how the boy grind

I tell you nothin moves faster than time
It never stops or slows down at all
All my best friends and enemies, I don't know them at all
No more, no more, no more, no more
I tell you nothin moves faster than time
It never stops or slows down at all
So I guess I should fall back but I ain't got nowhere to fall
No more, no more, no more

This is the last rhyme I'm ever settings
Sick of competin with the kids with skinny jeans and jeggins
All of my life I tried to write the creative blessing
But it seems God ain't respondin to my endless textin
It's okay though, I'm a warrior with my daddy's spirit
I spit with the intensity, so my daddy'll hear it
Splittin image and inherited the hustle spirit

(?) coins still collectin, ain't quite cleared it
The bank account is WeightWatcher, refuse to get chunky
As a result I don't waste my words to promote my money
I ain't got it, put all my focus into my project
Heart and soul, f*ck goin gold, but would like a profit
Take a penny, leave a penny, call it exposition
Hollywood dreamin off my little bitty composition
I write with the Passion of Christ, I'm nice on my Gibson
Trust and believe in myself when no one else didn't

It's been a lotta years, man I came a long way
I close my eyes and feel those days when the song plays
Been up in the hallway, damn I went the wrong way
I was on a mission, wouldn't listen to what moms say
f*ck it, why would he? In the streets I would (?)
Where if you speak to me wrong you would get beat till you're bloody
Now your speakers are bumpy cause when when my sneakers are cruddy
I had this unkillable dream of maybe reachin somebody
My features like my father but with different creatures, I'm ugly
And (?) the dark secrets of the creeps and the druggies
My therapist says I'm reachin for people to love me
But my spirit's full of feelings, so f*ck a therapist

And my heir is just coming of age
I remember bein with Dre and Daniel spittin hungry young on the stage
I wrote these lyrics cause I had somethin I wanted to say
I thank the Lord that I'm honored this way