

Ain't Got Time

SOB x RBE

Zaytoven

Whole lotta gang shit going on in this motherfucka
SOB x RBE shit
Shout out my nigga Zaytoven

And I still remember days when I was doing bad
Lil' bro just dropped the mask and did him bad
We had to do the dash
Never gave a pass and never will
T.O. been bound and drilled
No heart up in that field
Don't you know love will get you killed?
It get crazy baby
When we hit your city like the navy baby
Shit get mainey baby
But don't trip 'cause it's all gravy baby
Pray the lord save me and come take me if he choose to take me
I ain't from the Crest but ask about me, we'll do 'em janky
The streets talking, we them niggas that you heard about
Nigga once your name up in them statements you can't blur it out
Like damn why brodie speaking, got me creeping with this Gleek
And I ain't graduate but I got my diploma in these streets
And don't a day go by when a nigga ain't high
What's the use of the truth if I can't tell a lie
Barely made it out alive, he was born in that fire
So we ride, with that fire
Push the line, With that fire

Another day, another show, I ain't got time baby
I've been having real shit up on my mind lately
Busted on him 'cause your nigga out of line baby
You either slide or do the don't when it gets time baby
We be thuggin' outside 'til the cops come
Thought he was a real nigga but he not one
And we ain't going in the house 'til we drop some
I'll be right here with my brothers 'til that time come

One whip, four sticks when we bend blocks
Big Glock, big chop when we send shots
Make a bitch kiss this dick I don't lip lock
A grimey nigga with these diamonds watch me drip drop
I remember I was broke, nigga rock bottom
Pop a nigga with this Glock, then pop my collar
Slimmy motherfucking B, I'm the dun dada
If baby wanna eat this dick I need top dollar (Lil' Bitch)
You can smell these Runts on me bitch I'm the loudest
If that money called then a nigga rerouting
When I'm off that Heen I be giggling, clowning
Ice bitch diamonds in my grill got me smiling
Send a bond on this Gleezy this bitch hold fifty
Best friends with that Drake' but I don't know Drizzy
It's a Glock on everybody and they hold plenty
The real G-Unit bitch but I don't know 50
Lil' Nigga

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I'm off Heen, percs and Runts, bitch I'm hella on
She like it with the lights on so I hit her with my bezel on
Clip so long, shoot for half an hour, bitch an episode
The dogs I got don't love to find no Frisbee, they all fetching souls
Five grams of all flavors and this Russian Cream
Sick to my stomach King will never meet his uncle Shied
I'm in court, pants sagging I ain't tucking tees
And still be blowing money fast like I fuck with meeze
We can take a trip out the country, it's nothing baby
Woulda thought this bitch was mental how she fuck me crazy
Bury your ass alive, he want smoke? Then we gon' undertake him
Born in '97 but I'm dope like I was from the 80's
Let a nigga step on these Balenci's and get beat on
Pop my collar and tell her something nice to get my P on
Lil' baby thought my hoody spelled out love, naw bitch this Vlone
She know that pussy good that shit ain't take me nothing but three strokes

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