

# 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

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 down 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

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 Vlong  
She know that pussy good that shit ain't take me nothing but three strokes

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