

My Time

Statik Selektah

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Yeah
(Wha- what time is it?)
(Honestly my future looking promising)
Courtesy of NYC
One time like
My time is now
(What time is it?)
(Honestly my future looking promising)

(I am) Black (Who's that?) Dave
Our culture, need to see it through them bifocals
You could say they hold you, but they don't really know you
Took my team with me, now we going bitchcoastal
Out in Paris fucking the baddest, you can't imagine
When I'm rapping so smooth like silk, you so satin
Getting fly every week like fuck fashion
With one passion, that's to make it to the top
That's until my heart stop, and the fucking beat drop
You can only peep, but you can't tweak the technique
I'm intelligent, yes I am a New York City resident
It's evident, smoking on this weed like it's my medicine
I'm telling her, ain't no catching 'em, my niggas wrecking shit
Bomb shit, you could say my niggas Vietnam shit
A lot of hot shit when I vomit, no conscience

My future looking so amazing
History in the making
My time is now
(Honestly my future looking promising)
They say life is what you make it
Coming up from the basement (Courtesy of NYC)
My time is now (What time is it?)
(Honestly my future looking promising)

Fly!
Watching CJ electronically shock them all
Been fly with so much in store, stay out of the shopping mall
Me against the world, a ground under my feet, my soul strong
Versus what you rotate, that's weak
And verses I wrote, eight this week
Days passing by, Earth going 'round to me
All I ask is where to ash this weed
Then pass the tree to Juan, like one, two, three
Life is what you make it, get the batter and the bacon grease
Look who made this like it was baked in crisp
Bars like they locked me up and threw away the key
Got such a rotten mouth I might offend the king
All I talk about is life and my life ain't so sweet
They left the game in rumbles and I came to sweep
Laid the dude like latitude cause my lines atlas
From the school of hard-knocks and I ain't enlist

Lookin' so amazing
History in the making
My time is now
(Honestly my future looking promising)

They say life is what you make it
Coming up from the basement (Courtesy of NYC)
My time is now (What time is it?)
(Honestly my future looking promising)

I hope you get to see this light before the shadow conquer
I hope sometimes you understand you gotta paddle longer
Cause if you feeling like you sinking, overthink and wonder
And believe you in it deep, but it's just shallow water
I hope I get to see you graduate
I hope your life can be as nice as what the families play
On television, but we know they just elaborate
All these life conditions, please forgive me 'fore I pass away
So how we make it this far? How much longer do we fly?
How many times can I fall until my legs don't wanna rise?
Until my body straight collapse, or my toes blister up?
You was missing all the time, why would I envision trust?
I be lying if I just deny that I imprisoned us
I was liable for that, but you were wildin' in the cut
Yo, I'll rip the Xannies down the spirals of my guts
I was tripping, thinking my survival leases up
Unprescribed, this is just a picture I was tryna sign
My remission was quicker the times I swallow pride
Yeah, so don't judge me, shit was ugly
Not like you was thinking of me