

# 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  
Unprescripted, 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