

# Wait On It

Stevie Stone

Yeah, uh-huh  
Time to fuck 'em up, time to fuck 'em up

Imma make 'em wait, make 'em wait  
Migrate, make they eyes dilate  
Strangeulators they never mind me  
We the illest, we come around and size up your Padre  
Me and Ubi, Godi in the building we burnin' some Bombay

Okay I know they wanna slay us, play homage and celebrate  
But you must make it happen, get at us and set a date  
Rolling up on your set, with the scent of a featherweight  
And if'n they tryna bomb us I promise to levitate

Why does it take dying for race to make a giant wake?  
a revolution on fire escapes  
Invade your private estate with the nine and this wire tape  
Truth comes, many size, shapes and a high-rate  
Why wait? fly away too high, but they buy brake

Pour gas on you niggas to penetrate

I circumvent security, hop in the side-gate

I am dying for live-bait why are they eyeing me sideways?

Wait!

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I'm crooked as a crook and I'm mobbin to set it straight  
Look at what we got in common, be honest we dominate  
Oh they smellin' like prey? I say they should be on a plate  
Tweaking, I should be eating, but Imma be on a - wait

We did it our way, puffin' the piff in the broad day  
Fuck what y'all say, gettin' the script while the song play  
Your clique is an entrée, your bitch is a side-dish  
If the style sick lickety split they quick

Cause my clique be slanging that iron, this iron fist is iron mitten  
Ain't hard to define this  
I'll hook you in the details and look at the fine print  
You fuckin' up with niggas, who fuck what your kind is  
I dibble dab a little, I'm doing my lil' bit

Punish them with the patterns, living to kill shit

Strange was the label that push and pay me and still is

Let us settle in ya mind, give 'em something to deal with

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Hold up. Let 'em take a second and soak up, the flow so over ocean I'm float  
ing for sho' and know what?  
I know what the fuck I am doing, I'm doing donuts  
I appear courtesy on myself and my own personas  
Stonie yo' up

I'm 'bout to po' up  
I have been winging for more than a Pepsi Cola  
I know some beautiful bitches in South Dakota  
Can you relate? they bobbin' and doing great  
Now gimme the ten - Wait

I'm high as a fuck and I stay in the fly cape  
They dirty in the booth and I bathe in the fire lake  
You better get your My De La Soul is burnin' for bitches in high states

Follow my vibe way back in the day from the 9-8-

Sex a bitch up in the Bentley and fuck up her mind-state

Staying patient for time's sake and you tryna rewind tape

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Imma make 'em wait on it  
Imma make 'em wait

(wait up)  
(Hold up)  
(Imma make 'em wait on it)  
(Imma make 'em wait on it)