

Time Machine

Styles P

Gotta do this shit from the guts, you know?
Make 'em feel it

Smoke it to myself then drink it to myself
Then thinkin' to myself that I'ma need some help
Cryin' inside and I'm dyin' inside
But I'm always outside 'cause I need a little wealth
I been thinkin' 'bout the future, I been thinkin' 'bout the past
And I always been the champ and I ain't never need a belt
Yeah, you sleepin' with a partner but you dreamin' all alone
So, I'm a firm believer for believin' in yourself
Rats out, snakes is lightnin' on the gas
While I'm steppin' on the gas, no rust on the brake discs
Stayin' out the way purple day in the hood
Back then when we was killin' all that mixtape shit
Homies got down and they died outta town gettin' money
Swear to God that's some real heart-break shit
Me and wifey high while we headed to the 'Sty lookin' fly
Playin' Faith while we celebrated greatness

Ooooooh-oooh-oooh-oooh
I had enough time to think
I'm on a time machine
I had my shares of ups and downs
Faced my fears when no one's around
I had enough time to think
I'm on a time machine
Ooooooh-oooh-oooh-oooh

Dark thoughts in a dark room
Dark tint on a dark car, buy a dark suit
Talk about the hood after one, it be part two
It could be kill at will, niggas get you harpooned
Just a gorilla in the monsoon
Short nigga but strong as Gorilla Monsoon
This is real life, you niggas real as a cartoon
Ain't tryna knock you but come sit on the bar stool
We could chatter over a bark shot
Where I'm from niggas get nervous when the narcs stop
Gotta ask your man if hit when the sparks stop
Go and get your money, my nigga, don't let the art stop
I'm just tryna see the sunset
Put the chair on the sand, I'm gettin' dumb wet
Got a couple of drinks, I'm gettin' dumb wet
Just on the grind, my nigga, I'm gettin' dumb checks
Ghost

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I'm know that I'm God but I ain't playin' Christ

I know pain, look at me, I done paid the price
They say he paid dues then I done paid him twice
Did a million times over but I'ma be aight
When I die, I'ma be the smoke flowin' through the night
It wasn't spoken word if it wasn't spoken right
If you ain't on the hustle then you ain't hopin' right
When opportunity knock, you need shit to open right
Ghost

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