

# Now Is The Time

Tha Eastsidaz

Oh.....Chassa-dee  
{They say Tray Deee is a ragy baby - he's way too crazy}  
From the LBC  
Chassa-dee  
{They say Tray Deee is a ragy baby - he's way too crazy}  
La da da da da da  
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From the LB....LB  
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What up cuz? You know aint nothin different on mines  
When I hit up motherfuckers with that look in my eyes  
It's a statement that I'm makin and aint takin no backtalk  
I'm blowin niggaz hats off as soon as my gat cough  
The last thought you rappin niggaz should think  
Is you can never get a scratch with Tray Deee on the beat  
On the streets over beef you dont compete with uno - you know  
The general a criminal do low  
Admit cuz I'm wit it then I spit it and lit it  
Niggaz timid in my vision I cause tension and thinkin  
By my presence I'm a answer to society's hate  
A true rider with the mind - I pushed him outta his way  
Fools petty and they ready steady comin with bullshit  
A full clip with jewell will hit like a mule kick  
A sure hit is all I'm aiming for when I blast  
Motherfuckers hit the deck once I go in the dash

Now is the time  
This is the place  
To bang back the khakis with the church fat lace  
West is the coast, east is the side  
Long Beach is the city where them gangstas ride  
Money brings power, power brings respect  
Disrespect the set I gotsta grab the tech  
This is how it goes and that's how it's done  
Eastside 2-1 in the land of the fun

Niggaz how ya figure that the game gon' wait  
I came home straight from the pen to take your place  
Aint no chase this paper comin soon as I post up  
And watch the victim's clock and catch him choppin his dough up  
Fuck the his host up stripped, gagged and roped up  
Take the whole cut and he be sure negotiative  
I'm ruthless I shoot crips and bloods alike  
Thug for life - come and catch the slug tonight  
Insane mental frame feel no shame or pitty  
Since the game is shitty I gotsta bang the city  
Trippin gangstas so I brang the terroristical heat  
Grab strap jacket mack to reach the tinted to peep  
This is the beach now any nigga got a rebuttal  
Kobe eatin what he speakin once he cant get the muzzle  
Struggle hard for my title and intend to hold it  
You want it? Then all invitations open

I take seven old B's put 'em in the street  
Then thats seven more busta's who claim they got heat  
And then it takes seven more C's before I start to reach

Then thats 2-1 for the set now lets stretch out in the streets  
Tray Deee never do it easy fool so dont expect it  
Niggas get checked and they sets disrespected  
No question I'm all you ever thought that you was  
Till you ran across the boss and now you coughin up blood  
Shoot first fools curse before they kick up dust  
Clip gon' bust then they gonna have to pick loc up  
All they talkin cause I'm chalkin whole districts off  
Since this loss a purple nigga's piss me off  
Conflict with my clique get your bitch ass touched  
All my comrads bomb back it's as sick as fuck  
2-1 till I'm done never run from the turf  
Check the badge boy we mash on run get it even worse

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