

# Not My Time

Trae

Let me talk to em  
U need to pay attention to the truth  
U know it's here  
For every death, brings new life  
And with new life,  
Our chances are limited  
They say it's limited by the experiences  
That we may come across on a day to day basis  
It's limited by the circumstances, of us bein less fortunate in life  
They it's limited by the spirit and hope that we have  
That everybody try to take from u  
But then it's unlimited when u find peace with god

Come take a walk thru the hood with me  
Where fake is at a lower lever cause pressure is hard  
30 yearz in a cell will leave a killer acquainted with god  
Goin to war with pain will leave u internally scared  
Watchin the world crash is kinda odd  
We in the last dayz is what they tellin me  
8 year old children bein convicted of a felony  
Never hadda life stereo type from what they bred to be  
Momma dead daddy prolly somethin they will never see  
The economy underfire by president bush  
That's why the hood spend most of their dayz  
Blowin president kush the way he got us given daily  
Give us a reason to push unless he on the verge of suicide  
And we give em a push  
Katrina came and left our neighbors with some deadly weather  
And off the rip I beg the lord to try to make it better  
I feel they pain so now I ride with them like it's w/e  
Yea I represent for new orleans and texas together  
I gotta kipe the other day from my homie on lock  
They beg me not to swtch up like rest look here  
Homie I'm not  
So every chance I get to roll I'm comin the blok  
I'm in the pennitentary walls til they tell me to stop  
I witness murder by the minute on anothe skill  
Sirens and a couple shots mean another body still  
Even if we see it rules got us unable to tell  
My heart goes out to all those victims who done been thru hell  
Children molested by these cowards who ain't in at all  
As long as I'm lvin I ain't gon let these cowards win at all  
And for my people I'm a stand up till a soldier fall  
I'm so serious ain't no need for me to grin at all  
And on another know my girl homie momma is a smoker  
I promise I wanna help but she duk off when I approach her  
I'm so sensitive to the pain that I'm numb  
Put the world against me on my babies I ain't finna run  
And speakin of babies I'm seein babies havin babies  
Hoe ass niggas skeetin in these kids like they grown ladies  
They tell life gon get better if obama win  
I agree as long as he don't switch up in the end  
My brother been in the pen a little over ten  
I gotta send him pictures just to help em live again  
I let em know there's no limit how far this end extend  
If I gotta die to see em free then I'll be chekin in  
That's on my spirit homie

The vultures are comin  
Their hunting for your blodd  
Their circlin the streets  
But don't give em what they want  
And I know u got a secret  
And it's casuin u pain  
So lay low baby  
It won't hurt u again  
I look thru these eyes  
And these eyes only  
I live thru this life  
Sometimes it's loney  
I look thru these eyes  
And these eyes only  
I live this life  
Sometimes it's lonely