

Time

Young Scooter

[Young Scooter:]

Do your crime nigga, do your time
Niggas tell not to do time
You get your time, you can't press rewind
You done signed on that dotted line
I'm on a paper route, I'm on the grind
Yeah I'm workin' overtime
Do your crime nigga, do your time
Niggas tell not to do time

They gave Rick seventeen
For twenty-two bricks of clean
I been hustlin' my whole life
I saw some shit that you ain't never seen
Talkin' murder or a robbery
I really came up from poverty
My cousin he got three felonies
They gave him thirty for a quarter key
Look at Reverend Al Sharpton, he took down the mafia
Nobody never kept it real as Meech and John Gotti
They snitchin' on them documentaries before you start watchin'
Niggas doin' a lot of tellin', ain't nobody droppin'
What's wrong with the streets?
You can tell they get whacked, that's how it supposed to be
Take the stand, cop a plea to get his time cut
Nigga told on his right hand, that's fucked up

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[Young Dolph:]

This shit gettin' hectic, everybody tellin'
You caught your own charge, do your own time
At the wrong place at the wrong time
Caught another case but ain't got the cake
To bail out so you tellin' out
Word got around boy you tellin' now
Damn, you a pussy
But it don't surprise me though, that's what I expect from you niggas
I done seen it all
Matter fact I seen too much
Salute to all the real plugs that come through in the clutch
Trap niggas come through in a coupe, burnin' the clutch
Lil nigga working two plugs like double dutch

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[Trouble:]

These niggas ain't makin' shit shake, these niggas ain't makin' shit shake
Wrong move get a nigga on a plate, wrong move put your nigga on a plate
Fuck that, line 'em up, shit, go ahead, get a nigga hundred on straight
I don't give a fuck, I don't say nothing, twelve comin' through, it's all go
od, hey
Thug life, nigga what's happenin'
Old hundred, nigga what's happenin'
Free Youngsta, nigga no cappin' with it
Free paper, nigga ain't rappin'
Nigga want money on my head, I'm just out to get my bread
Me and my bitch on meds, hundred thou count it on the bed
Turn this shit to a mil, I ain't had to sign no deal
OG helped 'em out the hole, hit 'em with the load, unload it
Turn around, now we got the hoes, nigga this shit this real
Forever cases on my head, got no time for no nigga in they feelings