Too Much Time

Z-Ro

Playa I spent too much time, on my grind
Trying to shine, just to let y'all take it away
So if you thinking I'm all games, pull a number sign your name
I'ma make, you a believer today

Y'all know me, Fever nigga say it with authority
And getting cake, is my top priority
Please check the name, I send heat through your arteries
Now get it right, look bitch ain't a part of me
I never been that cat, to running up from a nigga
I work my H-P with ease, I'ma dump on you nigga
They try to box me in, and keep me contained
You can't out-hustle this hustler, so your work is in vein
Kevin is quick, to act a fool
Look go 'head if you want kid, and I'ma leave your forehead retractable
My common sense, is script at all
But you won't know, until your frontal lobe hit the wall and you fall
You wanna play with a gorilla, I hope you ready
You got some size twelve balls, bitch I hope they heavy
Look it's swallow ten razors, or die by my hands
Cause once you duct taped to that chair, you will comply with my plans

Like Everclear, I'm a hundred and once percent with gats
Let the iron recline back, and put a roof in your hat
Call me, Mr. Come Clap shit
Fake hustlers get fired and retired, for their pissy-poor tactics
Y'all got, the game backwards
Look ain't no Emmys around here, we releasing shots at you bastards
I lead the South in assists, and shots in the paint
How do you plan to stop something, that you know that you can't
Squeezing triggas, is a hobby
But if I have to go to the trunk y'all niggaz fucked, I'm bout to hide the l
obby
My team is full of riders, off in the three
Blowing on trees switching V's, kid is where you gon find us
Cause my background, is filthy
Look the streets'll see me in a bodybag, before they see me plead guilty
If you a rider, let me see your guns
But if you acting and you ain't packing, playa come up off your funds

Understand, I'm the moniacle overheated supplier
Who bust and bury the nine at you, niggaz who think you got it all
I know chemistry, figgas factors and symmetry
Some say I deliberately, force hustlers to play the wall
We them cats, with Cardier's for wrist bands
Sixes with a kickstand, sitting on fans
The problem solver man, Fever stay strapped with
Eight at all times, yes thugs armed on blocks with
Eight at all times, so don't fuck with me
Fake ass Suge Knights, y'all all chumps to me
I came too far to fall off, or go back nigga
I'm in the gun range hitting numbers, on your throwback nigga

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