

# Only Time Will Tell

Master P

(Only time will tell nigga when we die go to heaven or hell nigga)  
When i die nigga don't wanna go to hell though  
I been out here hustling trying to get dough  
Got da game in my vein won't change  
little homies on the street know my name  
its the M-A-S to tha R-P  
A young nigga tryin live in these ghetto streets  
would I die, would I roll, would i retire young,  
would a nigga get paid be the out come  
its strictly for the G's so a nigga ball  
thankin mama goddamn don't let your baby fall  
i'm out here tryin to make me a little change  
stuck in this muthafuckin dope game  
would i lose tryin to keep my fuckin shoes  
would a young nigga see P on the news  
I done seen rappers get their fuckin cap peeled  
say its mafia damn what a bad deal  
so the game get hectic so i wanna cheat  
grab my gat kill off my enemies  
I'd do fair time nigga but fuck that  
I'd rather sleep, split a wig with my crome gat  
cuz I ain't goin less I take two niggas wit me  
niggas want P they better come and get me  
I ain't hard to find it ain't a rhyme  
its gonna either be your soul or mine

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Niggas Die to make covers of magazines  
I'd rather be unknown then dead and famous with green  
The black hearse roll through da ghetto streets  
I made the sign of da cross, glad it ain't me  
Not fearing death, just not ready yet  
two stones to my brother, may his soul rest  
retaliation is a must fool (huh)  
some niggas don't play by no fucking rules  
in this game get so deep so we gotta ride  
Mama don't trip, don't even cry  
when its my time to go then I gotta leave  
but while I'm here I'm gonna drink henicy and smoke weed  
is there a heaven for a gansta niggas callin  
trying figure out if they up there ballin  
My young niggas getting paid left da earth  
goddamn six feet now he's in da dirt  
church bells rangin hoes sangin  
my nigga's up there for gang bangin  
slangin dope, pushin cocalties  
got me stressin down on my knees  
its a risky life wit a fast pace  
but where soliders go when they get took away

(Only time will tell nigga when we die go to heaven or hell nigga)  
I seen angels crying so many soldiers dying  
Tell me when will it end will I get to heaven  
will I see my friends or will i go to hell  
only time will tell

Head first in this world with my eyes impeel

unaware that these niggaz on tha streets is real  
will i survive or will the cold streets shake me  
will them niggas break me before the lord take me out  
this son of a bitch I never want it never asked to come  
trapped in a double face not a place to run  
get the gun and buck it let'em know I ain't the one to fuck wit  
I stuck with this rough shit  
screaming tell god to make space them niggas killed my ace  
and now they tryin make waste of my face  
but I'm strapped up and only fifteen full of hatred  
i couldn't be the next rapper faced with waste  
cemetary gates all black suits and limos  
family tears and flowers no more shows and videos  
after parties hoes come to a cease  
young thug caught one slug rest in peace

(Ughhhhh)

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