

I been up all night, out here on the grind  
It's oh-nine-hundred, military time  
Military time, military time (military)  
Military time, military time (military)  
Military time, military time (military)  
Military time, military time (military)

I'm out here on the gravel, grindin' in the fog  
Track record, won't allow me, to get a job  
Rollin' up a 'wood, lookin' like a log  
Unlike the rest of the world, I still believe in God  
My granny tellin' be to pray, continue being faithful  
Don't side with the devil, he hellas hateful  
Pay attention to your warning signs  
Be prepared to repent, before he close the blinds  
Pack an extra clip, let 'em know your with the shit  
The niggas that kill you, be the niggas you grew up with  
I don't trust shit, I don't even trust my dick  
Most of the time I get funkin', it's over a bitch  
Protect your punk and your medulla oblongata  
Never know when they're comin' to bust your head like a piñata  
Can't be soft as doctor cotton, or Charmin toilet tissue  
Stay on your P's and your Q's with the military issue

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Roll in my hand, knots all up in my jeans  
I don't know French Squad, I be with my team  
I'm floodin' the streets, Baton Rouge, New Orleans  
They put me in the catapult I'm soarin' to my dreams  
You ain't on the same page, so get a book marker  
A champ with the Glock, kicks like it's Foot Locker  
If you ain't in it for no funds nigga look farther  
These niggas out here buyin' guns, they tryin' to look harder  
I'm young but a bitch smarter than the older age  
You gotta learn to break the cycle if you wanna change  
See I'm one of those guys that put you on your game  
These bitches want a fly nigga like they Lois Lane  
I'm so ashamed with these hoes with their lame asses  
Ain't even got their head straight, they play the game backwards  
I do it silk smooth in some grape fabric  
Then I get ghost like I'm James nigga, Saint Patrick

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I keep my business on the low 'cause motha fuckas be  
It's military time 40 trees

My grind on erosion, ain't nothin' can stop me  
I might fall but I'm right back up like Rocky  
I'm huntin' for that money, like I need a day  
I'm just trying to keep it hostage, 'cause I'm needin' bread  
Hey I hate being broke much as I hate the feds  
Free my family members locked down Roll up a chop then we blow it down  
I be loaded like a Glock when it's full of rounds  
Double F in this bitch and we known to clown  
Puffin' on that loud pack, it be full of sound  
All work no time boss  
I'm with those hundred stacks tax free like a crime boss  
Little baby came through Big dog, you just a pup like  
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