

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

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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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