

# Time For A 187

Master P

-Uhhh, niggas than fucked up  
-Nigga, its time to roll  
-Pass me them nigga chasers  
-Time to do a 187  
-Its time for a murder  
-If you a G nigga, load your shit up

Some nigga got some bad ice cream, came short on the d-zough  
Bout to hit the window gats out the window  
and goin crazy, niggas can't phase me  
If you come up short, niggas bout to read daisies  
This your final call, I mean your final breath  
And when I hit you with that tech I'm bout to put you to rest  
I'm crazy, psycho and outie  
Niggas can't fuck with me the set is fuckin cloudy  
Lay your ass face down on your stomach  
You know you dead for fuckin with my money  
P don't take no shit  
Everyday all day I'm breakin bread 24/7  
Tryin to get paid  
And lose these hoes in the dope game  
Cause I be crazy, psycho call me the murder man  
Hustla, balla put you in the funeral parlor 911 in your pager  
And haul you, and when you call back you dead bitch  
You bust up my Chevy and missed now who you playin' with  
Its time to face death  
Last smoke, last dash you last jump  
I'ma let you live, psyche

[Chorus:]

It's time for a 187 (drive slow, dim the lights)  
I think I see the enemy (time to do this)  
A 187 (drive slow)  
I think I see the enemy (dim the lights)  
A 187 (time to do this)  
I think I see the enemy (roll down the window)  
This will be your last drink, nigga (roll down yo window)

Just did a who-ride, meaning a homicide  
Did a drive-by fuck it I'm from the Southside  
To Richmond, California niggas don't give a fuck  
But if you come shizzort, you in that black truck  
Get you nose swollen, I mean your neck broken  
When we break you off that 44, face down cause it's danger  
Niggas from the south keep one up in the chamber  
I mean we G's  
Who you be, what set you with  
Nigga do you know me  
If you don't you dead  
Ain't no love for cockroaches, cause roaches get sprayed  
And ain't no fear in my heart cause I'm TRU, bullets in my vein  
See my tattoo, TRU cross my stomach  
Eyes hell-a-red been up all night countin drug money  
But ready to roll with my homies  
And after the party, once again its on G

[Chorus]

I'm gone off that doja, I think I see dem' rollers  
That ain't gon' stop me from takin your head off your shoulder  
I'm from the projects, we live a eye for eye  
When you fuck with mine's you gotta die  
And if your name get scratched off the wall bitch  
There you go, just took a fall trick  
When that No Limit tank start hittin'  
Nigga them gats start spittin, good riddance  
You better run like "The Running Man"  
but if you ain't Schwarzenegger, bitch this your last game  
That beam at your forehead  
I don't give a fuck, you can't run from the infrared  
And when I catch you, you murdered  
Lying on you back, stuck like a turtle  
Got cho' head weaving and wobbling  
Crying, you scared to die you slobbin  
You beggin for you life  
I'm a give you somethin to make you feel alright

[Chorus]