

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]