

# My Time

Obie Trice

Got money on my mind, no time for nonsense  
I'm gettin mine, 'bout to shine around here  
Lights in the bezel, price up a level  
Twenties on the feet, catch him in the street

Twenties on the Hemi, nigga made his quota  
Nigga still (Shady), even though we over  
That don't stop my dollars from rollin over the mower  
I'ma put that product out until my casket below us  
Obie never slow up, gettin it sho' 'nuff  
I'ma be a problem 'til the world freezes over  
Pistol in this holster, shootin like the Pistons  
Bitches on his dick cause they know he about his business  
Beatin up the block is somethin very expensive  
Ice in his watch, haters payin attention  
Trice in the cockpit navigatin the engine  
Aviators watchin for haters tryin to stick him  
Get money 'til the day I'm a victim  
'Til I lay beneath the clay all stiff then  
But for now I'ma get my rich in  
Double that dollar - flippin

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Get that bet twice, I'ma catch him with the heat  
Money on my mind, homie on the grind  
Been away a minute but it's my time

Jumpin out of cars, in and out of broads  
Spendin, we ain't penny addin, we be gettin ours  
Show you how to floss, show you buy the bars  
Y'all all talk, we notice y'all flaws  
Y'all in-laws, we married to the game  
Y'all just the mayne, next to the mayne  
I been spendin change since the dope game  
Then he made a name for himself after cocaine  
Call him Kwame Kilpatrick, you could try to catch him  
Dope I got access, no text messagin  
Trice is an asset  
Niggaz in the trap know his past say he know where the cash at  
Louie on his toes, dubs on the vehicle  
BME, I see it though  
I'ma need it my nigga then repeat it though  
D-boy in that two-seater, let's go!

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In and out of jets, him is but a vet  
Been around the world, him ain't finished yet  
And I don't need London to bloke or be stuntin  
I poke out like a bunion in any country I run in  
With any culture the code is his ulcer[?]  
Thug co-exist in the hood to Nova Scotia  
Fists full of dollars, lipstick  
on a nigga's collar courtesy of your missus  
You don't wanna miss this, misfit  
Mr. Michigan, gettin this, richness, in  
I'm a better me, tell me who 'head of he?  
I'm somethin like veteran usin letters over melodies  
Trice is still in it  
Real name, no gimmick, never fold cause of business  
(Business) Bitches (bitches)  
I'ma get it fo' X over, nigga you be the witness

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