

Time Will Tell

Styles P

D-Block! I ain't Cam, but it's muthafucking Killa Season
Homey's dying over ignorant nigga reasons
Know the home fried, lotta egos
Hoodrat bitch that be digging a nigga steelo
Hood got kilos, making them niggas evil
Never bring guns to the court, when they B-Ball
I don't play around with them suckers, I'm a G, ya'll
Standing on the tip of the block, I'mma see ya'll
Wanna know the price of a verse, I got the fee, ya'll
I tell you how much, coming through like the army do
Army suits, all big coupes with Armani suits
I got the lows on, and the toast on
Me, two guns and a knife, form Voltron
Oatmeal, PBJ, getting my bulk on
Sacrificing most of you rappers, getting my coke on
Electrifying all of you niggas, getting my votes on

Aiyo, yo, from every palace in the hood
To every child that's in the hood, it ain't no deers around her
e
But it's all good, my metal niggas, forever rebel niggas
Never ever rebel, just only time telling niggas
Wake up 'fore niggas eat you
It's only matter of time, when them nines come out to meet you
Yo, don't be alone when we roaming, like cell phones, homey
Cuz when they hungry, it's another story, run for me

I'm back like retro kicks, and I'm saucy
Your brain can get left on some pesto shit
I need a Pablo Esco' flip, and I'm the Phantom
Listean real close, you hear the echos spit
I'm a wolf, you run around on some gecko shit
Kick in the door of the shit, wasn't left for bent
I kill the best now, tell me who the rest gon' get
Not a damn one, the handgun, is right on the waist
Whether you ugly or you handsome, I'm right in your face
You can run, I get excited from the flight of the chase
Little chimp, why don't you try to spend a night with the apes
I get higher than the flight outerspace, where I'm from
I seen alotta niggas die or get indicted for base
Get weight, a little cake try to buy them a place
Either raw, ain't safes on, firing eight
And mine, nigga, I don't fire 'em straight, feel me