

I Got No Time

The Dirty Heads

I got no time for y'all, we got to keep movin' yea.
Move on move on from here, ya
I got no time for y'all we got to keep movin' yea
I got to move on move on from here

I'm droppin' beats nice and mellow, meet ya I say hello
Jump on the microphone I got the fellas sayin' well a
Damn, yo this boy come shockin' and no I don't stop until I'm done rockin',
so
Ya just sit back and relax for a bit I'll spit my shit then I quit
Like the bizz then I rip it.
I'm high as can be, the true Dutty B and all can see we comin' irie, yea, ye
a
Yea irie

I'm on a stag, my booze up on the very highest shelf
Yo stay true to my friends and get wise with myself
Cause I'm impaired with the spare and all you sucka' M-C's
So be yourself and flow it easy keep it tight like dungarees
And grab this cheese like cheddar, drop the fake act.
And grab these beats they be better cause I be breakin' fools
With molecules and lots a juice the neck of the noose I'm lettin' it lose yo
When you turn purple get out my circle if you got that shit that be commerci
al
Cause I found ya sound just be the other way around
Ya tryin' to be underground but your floatin' on the surface
With no purpose in your verses, drop the mic so you can jerk it.
Can it be the MC rockin' under canopies, insanity is banning me from rappin'
Independently its sending me to penitentiaries offensively
Cause I love music, I chose it don't abuse it never lose it when I bruise it
So don't be livin' to shoot when you know your gonna miss
Ya say you get more pussy than a gynecologist
I know you would be lonely if it wasn't for your fist
Ya asked me how I got dope I said lots of prac-a-prac-a-tice

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Well buenos noches steppin' on fools like cockroaches
I be callin' plays like some fuckin' football coaches
Fallin' asleep because I know your shit is boring
Cut you so hard ya straight up need some neosporin
Said I'm raining on your head because yo my shit is pourin'
Ya eyes get dilated cause all your hits is faded
I need to be sedated like my main man Dutty B,
Sick to your stomach when ya find an ill MC
With the symphony the illest infantry drops ya down for the century
The illest penalty said I know I'm hard to see I kill myself but leave my en
tity
But jump up off a track like a cricket make it Jiminey
Original cynical head bob, four star general
I find my with my tentacle, my rhyme style's identical to none
Ya bite me end up like ya grandfather straight chewin' with ya gums
Its the D-J selector comin' hard on the record with the effort full effect
DJ science break your neck when tounques twist syllables trip lips that make

hits

Never leave unfulfilled like a hooker with one tit, a group with one hit,
Gettin' lose off one sip, we the sunshine MC's so I think ya best a quit
Yes I think its time to quit
Yo you know you best a quit
Yes I think its time to quit yo

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