

Repercussions-A Time to Ride

X-Raided

Woop Woop
Who got the keys to the coup - load up the street sweeper
It's time for niggas to meet the reaper
Keep a full clip - cause the bull shit get fatal
Game official like felix mitchell
I'm bringin drama to the table
Don't a give fuck yeah
When I'm stuck yell - I fell G in the court bail
Paper-hungry nigga
Savage tactics
Stackin more mail
Name ringin like door-bells from the A Block to the Gardens...
Nine zips for the mardrin and the droughts is what we charging
Niggas be starving
But me and mine ain't goin out like the average
Doing thangs and living lavish
Keepin it crackin - stackin cabbage
I'm a savage about my chippas squeezing zippas
Down the my order top dollar
Paper chasin and poppin collars - ain't no love for none of these marks
Don't let these
Nines bark like rockwilders
I holla - like holla in surgery I'll open fire on these marks
Tryna murder me - it's time to ride...
It's time to ride yellin' Madman
Misanthropy - Do or die til I last stand
We never knew the repercussions of bustin' but this is something we lovin'
Without this money we nothing - so grab the straps and keep comin...
Gone up in the Halfway house so you halfway clowns... kickin it -
Gone put my strap straight down - to yo ass face down
Sicc in the dome and ya'll acted
Lynch kick it with all crackers - don't got no real niggas around
Come to that kill
Nigga I slap you
I clap you for playing my music - you made it up to Luni
Cause I flashed "I ain't playing with you fools"
Spray you with the Uzi - weak ass baby
You a poodle - I'm a bang you with a noodle - Zigg Zagga want me to play with
the
Cuchi and put my finger in the booty?
Tall Cann - You hate with the fools - but I ain't bangin on you
demanded
The payment was due - I can't blame it on you
Kevin "damn" you can't even come to the studio to rap? (scary ass nigga)
But you can go hide out at the parking-lot
Keeps you To the studio to snatch a CD from Big Hollis The Dragon
Brotha Wimp
Don't come for shit - you here like Michael Jackson (he-he)
Bitch you not from the Blocc
My Blocc-Niggas come out
And when the funk - Siccmade don't come out... Ya'll niggas Punk Out...
It's time to ride yellin' Madman
Misanthropy - Do or die til I last stand
We never knew the repercussions of bustin' but this is something we lovin'
Without this money we nothing - so grab the straps and keep comin...
There's something bout the cashflows
So pass hoes dollars and "enchacoolos? to my distrib. and the holla

"send the rooboes rushin' cheques - you know I got love for the game
I recognize have the spill to havin' fame
But at the same time
I got a squad to feed - and I claim mine
'these is niggas I ride for thieves' so blame mine
If your CEO don't show up for work
He delinquent - with them royalty cheques... (red alert)
Run up in his office
Toss his computer off his desk - cross his mouth with tape and let these Rug
ers off at his head
If we escape
We gone do with the props - we want the cheddar
If we get some props in the process - it's all the better
But I stress the fact that I rap to get that scrilla - and if I feel this sh
it ain't workin
Then I'm a get that Milla - Nigga kill the
Speakers
Crush the Mics and burn up all my rhymes - Put the ashes in the Urns
Turn up all my crime
Turn down this music - I'm bout to burn the studios 'like a arsonist' -
Huntin' down my incitive with a fourty-four - spark it in cartridges
In his ear exploding
Murder my publicist - cause the bitch ain't been promotin'
I'm hopin' it don't come to that but I
Burly act every contract negotiation
Give me what I deserve - or I'm a have to waste it - procrastinate with a Ma
dman
Is a bad plan
That's past hating - So what recorded you better have my cash waitin' in ord
er...
It's time to ride yellin' Madman
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We never knew the repercussions of bustin' but this is something we lovin'
Without this money we nothing - so grab the straps and keep comin...
I'm here
So when I take my seat at the table - I'm a rip everybody on your label
From the celebrities to the unable...
Most definitely it's gone get payed for
Nigga don't play broke - I need those chips
So I can turn em into mashed potatoes
Lyrical K.O - to establish a better pay-roll
Tryna have it to where de-leigo
My eigo - soon as I say so...
Young T-Nutty 'cause - next in the line
Wipe me up a little bit nigga... and I bet you I shine
It's time to ride yellin'
Cash man... to the record companies
Cause I'm doin' bad man and honest business if you ain't dunkin' me
Dunkin' me in the soundproof - like your name was Michael Jordan
Tryna grind off my rap - with rhymes 'you just ask
The thinkin' I'm a support
Doubt my lifestyle's important and when I'm broke it starts to shorten
So don't come up short - I'm a youngsta but I'm a locc
Nigga don't act like you don't know - It's T-Nutty from the four
Gettin' nutty for the doe.
It's time to ride yellin' Madman
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"ITS TIME TO RIDE"...