

# 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 Zaggg 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  
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...  
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  
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...  
"ITS TIME TO RIDE"...