

Praverb the Wyse

"Time Is Ticking"

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You don't know how it is to be a foster child
You don't know how it is to be a lost old child
Crawled in the arms of Christ, it feels awesome now
So in the end, I know I did my bosses proud
I'm talking my mother, my pops, not running from cops
I was studying while other kids were learning to box
I wasn't in the spot, burning them rocks
I was on the court, busting your chops, I'm a baller
The hoop dreams faded, like is so jaded
On an A scale graded, time are frustrating
At times I want to give up, six feet to dig up
I'm fighting with my mind, man I can't give up
I got an older sister, who grew up to be Beyonce
A Little Brother, trying to be different like Phonte
I'm a little stubborn, didn't listen to what mom said
I made a lot of mistakes, but at least I'm not dead
[chorus] Time is ticking the world is ending
But I gotta strive on and keep on living
Time is ticking the world is ending
But I gotta strive on and keep on living
What, keep, keep, keep on living
what keep, keep, keep on living
Time is ticking the world is ending
But I gotta strive on and keep on living
Every verse authentic, every line raw spittage
Enough to heal a small village
I made some real friends, I made some real foes
Similar to dominos wanting you to fall with them
In this game, you may fall victim
To the streets, or be confined by the beat
Kick, snare, rely on the melody
To avoid police, be void of the beef (huh)
When I speak, I speak on faith
You won't see this Rev. Run like Murder Mase
I can't hate, on a man's hustle
But I can relate to this man's struggle
Conversion tactic, watch your fans double
Leave em in the cold, watch your plans crumble
But me I'm mad humble, I took the safe route
So this rapping is a dream that I often play out [chorus]

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