

Sway & Tech f/ Chino XL, Proof

"Our Time"

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[Proof]

What does the mic and beat mean to me
It's more than just greenery
It's not what I do to be
It's savage with thievery
Easily I was sucked in
By these labels that fucked with
Over and over with me and tried a hold to get publishin
It's not what you think it is
Imagine a stinkin kid
Fiend for a dream and snappin a blink it in
Before ya eyes you
And all ya guys been
The tour then rise oh shit you while and dies
You in love with this hip hop
You don't care when the shit stop
But then the shit stop make you overflow when you get
dropped
It's back to the street agains
Search for the beat again
Find the love again a piece of paper I need a pen
This is the essence man
For me and my blessed friends
Although with your separate ends
Proof got a second win
But hate what I become through the venom in my
tongue
But I could find myself by the rhythm of the drum

[Hook]

It's the beats (the beats) the rhymes (the rhymes)
The mic (the mic) we shine (we shine)
It's yours (it's yours) it's mine (it's mine)
This our time yall niggaz get back in line
It's the beats (the beats) the rhymes (the rhymes)
The mic (the mic) we shine (we shine)
It's yours (it's yours) it's mine (it's mine)
It's our time yall niggaz get back in line

[Chino XL]

Is it okay if the Neptunes didn't produce me?

Is it okay if I pour my heart out over looseleaf?
Is it okay wack rappers die and I don't lose sleep?
Excuse me but hip hop these days it don't enthuse me
I been framed like Mona Lisa, crucified like Easter
My dreams I still leave none dead like Mother Theresa
Trekking to be a star show no emotion like Data
The business is gay and it's homeless got not posit to
come outta
Matter of fact it takes a real nigga like Proof to
understand me
I can't dress crazy like Outkast to win the Grammy
Even ya family tries to play you till you get all rich
The whole world is underhanded like a softball pitch
A while back to define rap was ill verses on albums
I spit it harder than hitchhikin with no thumbs
They're makin hip hop a joke when there's nothin to
smile at
I stay stoned like naked white women hoein in Iraq
Would you rather be a revered reverend thug angel in
Heaven or
Famous in Hell then in yaself like David Chapelle to sell
Knowin ya in a cell for well from too stealth
I refuse to blow a verses that smell like pricewell
(Yo yall thug niggaz is wack but that money put some
kid through college)
Fuck 'em I spit his mom if they hit his garbage
So many fallow what they really shallow
Would not allow my daughters to even watch the
channel
Unless Alicia Keyes or Tina Marie is rockin the piano
This ain't Chingy nigga, this is Chino
This flow right herr' be wetter than Finding Nemo
Fame ain't what I thought it be like
It's like midnight in the desert full of rattlesnakes
waitin for one to strike

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