

## Young Gunz "Time"

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Just need a lil' time man, that's all I need  
Lost a lot of soldiers ya know  
Rest in peace  
Momma, Duke strugglin'  
Baby on the way

I know I promised you the house in the will  
Just need a lil time for the house on the hill  
Got all the bills to keep this crib too  
So when we in the city that's the spot we can chill, chill  
Been on your own, been workin' all your life  
Went to school every other day, working all your nights  
I know you're tired of the bullshit, ma  
Forget about it, now your boy Chris Rhyme, we good

No more corner store grub eat good, damn right  
We gone take advantage as we should, as they said we  
shall overcome  
In the hood most of young die over gunz, its real  
I lost three in like three months straight, we see the  
pain  
In see youngz face, it ain't a game  
And they think it's all peaches and cream  
They think I'm liein', sayin' I' m broke and they see me  
on screen  
See what I mean, I let you niggaz read in between, just  
give me

Time, time  
All I need, all I need  
Is time, time  
All I need, all I need  
Is time

To put you right where you need to be  
Lenz up in the game now the shit ain't what it used to  
be, nah  
But I'ma grind now until we all good, 'til we layin' up in  
the woods  
And got property up in the hood, you runnin' real estate  
And got to worryin' 'bout bein' late, takin' orders  
Ya boy will help support ya, funny how the youngin had

did it  
A lot thought he was gone, stop but the boy stuck with it  
, yeah  
You even questioned it, whole hood stressin' it

I come too far to let it go down the drain  
But half of you mother fuckers don't understand my  
pain  
I got to deal with these lames to get this li'l bit of  
change  
Li'l bit of fame and the gurlz think I changed  
Same shit, different toilet when you messing with the  
game  
I rather do this though and fuckin' my wrist glow same  
niggaz  
Who die now sayin' we should blow  
Homey didn't raise no coward, I was takin' the shit  
slow, gimme

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Look man, the cops are gettin' vicious the streets  
gettin' colder  
My nephew gettin' tall, my niece gettin' older, you know  
there pop  
That's my brother fam, li'l sis back home gettin' grown  
On the other hand givin' me feedback, now I gotta put a  
end to that Before she get wild and start havin' c-  
scratch  
Mom, Duke stressin' still workin' every night, my niggaz  
right and  
Now I'm impliyin' in every kite, just the other night  
Lost a close homey, man

He got caught sleepin' with his own sonny, damn  
Shame he can't see his son grow  
Younger brother got game on his way to the pros  
And I was just runnin' with him  
He got two cousins, just came home couldn't even get  
a  
Summer with him and everybody knew his life goes  
True hussler, but that's the way  
Life goes, love to the jails everybody stayin' road doin'

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