

The Laws

"Overtime"

Visit "[Overtime](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Can't afford a Maybach, can't afford to quit
Telling me who I signed like you aren't telling me sh*t
I gone too far, now I'm part of the horizon
Rappers run sh*t, just wait till I start flying
I'm jumping off the ledge with my arms out
I'm not scared of the drop, know what I'm talking
about?
See me in the air and pledge allegiance
These legends looking at me like thank you Jesus
Off co-signs and loans, I could find a home
J. League made a crown and designed a throne
We both up and comers but y'all sleeping in musician
sh*t
My first album gonna be some real musician sh*t
Benny and the Jets, y'all still in 16's, y'all ain't ready for
me yet
I'ma do a 32 with a 20 bar intro, check your parents'
vinyls
Find out what I'm into, I refuse to chuck and job
I refuse to minstrel, got nothing to be neat about, let
me keep it simple
People wondering if I'm that bad on the mic
You wanna know? Go and ask Kalil, Cannon and Night
And then go and pour a little Moward for these dead
poets
I got these critics raving, I Edgar Allen Poe it
There are some things that money can't buy
And not a guest in your ear but respect from your peers
And I'm standing on the start of something great
So if you think I don't deserve the fortune, come
debate
And tell me how your man got a tape and his flow is the
best you've seen
It keep you high like it get you green, if you think 4:57's
pleasant
And I was representing, just wait until my next two
things
I got to do it with a legend and a picture in my mag
Soon as you make comparisons, I switch it on your ass
Who I sound like today? Eenie-meanie-minee-mo
I got presents like X-Mas, I'm the sh*t, Heidi ho

I don't know any living human being breathing oxygen
And put it on the line and have his shine be a constant
thing
Because my money on my mind and these shawties
wanna back it up
Because I'm on my grind, when inspiration hit me
I get rich or die trying, 50, I been dope since I was
writing squiggles
Could never form a sentence, I was never on my period
Was always told stop but I was never hearing it
I tuned 'em out, I was writing so severe, kinda like a
yacht
Too pricy for my peers, I made 'em all believers
through radio receivers
My skill was never ever debated on my features
I'ma sure bet 'cause one line did 'em all, rest in peace
Punisher
My one mic will settle scores, bars like javelins
Criticize never more, opportunity's hammering
Think I need to get the door 'cause y'all Batman and
I'm Rawshack
When Laws on, think pardon John four track
The kid's got variety like all that, sicker than a bald cat
Overgrown ball cap, hospital gown, get well soon
balloons
But on a lighter note like the room's getting smaller
Maybe I'm getting bigger, took over the net in two
months
How you figure? Got these other spitters barely
hanging on
Like the clothes of a wigger and my live show crowd
throwing bows in the center
I'm calling up my mother, she knows her son is a
winner
Telling me to change the world but be home for your
dinner
And rap was my lady but she would never take it slow
Well now she needs saving, well I'm not Captain Save A
Ho
So if I switch, you know I did it on purpose
I murdered this, not even my breakdowns are nervous

Visit [The Laws](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.