

## **Cheech % Chong**

### **"Time"**

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[Killah Priest]

My life flashes, I'm eight years old, my face stares cold  
At the pastor, as he picks up the roll  
He reads a chapter, his voice is like grabbin' my soul  
The seeds to the blacker, finally'll fade out slow  
From here and after, a whole brand new screen show  
I hear laughter, it's my birthday, I'm 18 years old  
I'm on gates between one road, 8 seas and young hoes  
Inflate dreams wit gun blows, weight screen wit blunt  
rolls  
Up, they lit it, some hit it, I'm drunk  
So much, that I can't see straight  
Another flash, I'm in a fancy place, a waiter walks sober  
Hands me a plate, I transit to escape  
But it's too late, I see my casket, my mom's screamin'  
"bastard"  
Ya know who killed them feel dumb wit the lugers  
Rugers, you God damn hoodlums, but it's too late  
I see the King and the New Jerusalem, I could touch the  
gates

[Chorus: Savoy]

Time keeps on tickin', stay focused, ain't no time for  
politickin  
Time keeps on tickin', stay focused, gotta keep our  
your brothers outta prison  
Time keeps on tickin', stay hopin', ain't no time for  
politickin  
Gotta keep our your brothers outta prison  
Everyday, I feel this life is like addiction

[Dreddy Kruger]

I move at the speed of a sneeze  
Wit water in my knees, you gets hit in the head by the  
breeze  
From debris, there's too many "I's" and not enough  
"We's"  
There's too many fake rappers and not enough M.C.'s  
All ya do is talk about keys and V and G's  
Nigga please, Killa Beez quote degrees  
We from the U.S. to overseas, this is just a tease

I flow on this track wit ease, wit no cheese  
It's real, now you know how the fuck I feel  
And still, the nicest niggaz don't got a deal

[Chorus]

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