

**411****"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 shit  
I gone too far, now I'm part of the horizon  
Rappers run shit, 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  
shit  
My first album gonna be some real musician shit  
Benny and the Jets, y'all still in 16's, y'all ain't ready for  
me yet  
I'm a 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 shit, 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'm a 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

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