

Bajaga

"Take Your Time"

Visit "[Take Your Time](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Swan]

I invited you to the club so what, so what
Don't mean you gotta hang all up under me
You a big girl don't act out, word up
Cuz you ain't gonna gain no clout, no doubt
I know you wanna be wit me, but I
Stay single and remain mingle and
Cuz there's so many out jinglin, oh my God
So I guess time will tell what's out there for Swan
To move it on, is what you always say to me
That's what I always do, but you still pagin me
What's the deal? You ask keep it real, so it be
But I come to find out that got at least three
More 'fro's that you braidin, on the D-L
So I guess it's time for me to bounce the ball like
Sprewell
See well, you could of had it all, Ms. Dove
But you showin Swan, ain't that much love
Get control of your life, get control of your mind
Get control of your body, girl, take your time

[Chorus: Jessica Darby]

Take your time, take your time
Take your time, take your, take your time
Take your time, take your, take your time
Take your time, take your time

[Buckshot]

Listen up quick, baby jink
Gotta lotta shit to get wit, stuck in the game and I can't
I'm thinkin of a master plan
Buck's hot as cool, to see a fan when I'm on the spot
Now some think I'm not, human
Even thought I got the bomb and my shit's boomin
I'm leavin your room in, no space
If you wanna make a mistake, get up in my face
Talkin about, yo I gotta be off
Pause, just because you wanna get up in my drawers
You ready to break laws, visions of your clothes in my
back
Just because you stack, now you wanna act

Like you know you got your rhyme on cock
And everything I do, shit stop for you, shit
Please, thirty two degrees, of the breeze
About to hit you wit the good law special
Why did you, how could you, get upset
When I said my money comes first, I bet
You don't know, that I gotta lotta shit on my mind
So before I fall off, mamma said

[Chorus]

[Swan]

You wanna know why I be trippin when I hear her name
Cuz every rider in the hood, know she all about game
See me on the block, she ask me where I been
She know where I been, probably tryin to cash in
See me in the Vibe, see me in The Source
Got my act together, she see me on floss
Now you wanna fuck me, slow down girl
I used to wanna fuck you, but I been around the world
I seen the more, dealt wit a lot
Now what make you think I'm gonna pay for that twat
That's what you here for? You exceedin
Definitely speedin, slow down girl
Get control of your life, get control of your mind
Get control of your body, girl, take your time

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]

Now you wanna stress me out, you put me on a route til
my hair fall out
Now what's that all about? I'mma bob and weave
Duck ya bullshit, see Buck ain't up, fuck ya bullshit
Bitch, tellin me my style was a fluke
Cuz I wouldn't give you boots, and you thought I was
cute
I got loot, see money is all that I'm about
Just coolin wit my niggas and bustin it out
I'm BDI, you could tell by the vision I use
I see you fake bitches for blocks, I never snooze
See she wanna put me on cruise
Set me on a straight path, what about I had to laugh at
her
Cuz I ain't gon' fall, runnin around talkin about New
York
Check this out, now she ready to brawl
I got a call from the C.O.P., tellin me to stand tall
Caught me in the mall wit all, my homies wit me
Shorty had to be on the scale of one to three
Damn, a dime, but whatever poppa said, BDI, you gotta

[Chorus to fade]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.