

## **Boaz**

### **"Prime Time"**

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Bases loaded, motherfuckers  
Ya ready?

Going hard like raffersburg in the 4th  
But this the plus score, the last man standing is the  
gladiator  
I'm eatin' rappers alive, I'm a decapitator  
Light, cameras, you ready for some action playa?  
I got my hands up, gunning for the end zone  
Clothe and movie scripts, album sales, ringtones  
This money ain't a thing homes  
Well at least to me it ain't  
My block work is clockwork  
I don't wanna see the pain  
All I wanna see is fwanks  
Grants and jacksons, niggas mad as the status  
Enormous cash we're stackin'  
Well let me take you back there  
To them hoes on my side, hand me now clothes on my  
back  
Of course I got close to the block  
Now I can't fold up my knot  
Just throw a band on 'cause he brought a stove, getting  
high  
I throw them pants on it, you know I'm whippin'  
No killers credentials, just might catching new tinsels  
Niggas knew I had potential when I  
Had turned to double up into a quadruplet  
My hustler niggas understand me  
I turned to double up into a quadruplet  
Now they chain down the ranks silly to watch stupid  
The house bigger, the grass greener, the car ruthless  
They say that recession here but we gon ball through  
this  
A heart of a winner and the blood of a champion  
Got the stretch to put my team on my back and carry on  
Sippin' that perignon, lightin' that marijuana  
Stylin' also called, releasin' rapper dons  
Murder every track I'm on  
I'm done rapping to 'em

They try to slow me down, put obstacles in the way

I ain't worried about the cops, just the shit that these  
niggas say  
I'm ready to start talkin' before you done did a day  
I sent the white up north, tell a couple spit in the tray  
Die slow, salute to my niggas who stood tall  
Dreaming of foreign cars and cancels with bigger walls  
I'm for some liquor for my niggas locked, my niggas  
gone  
When we reunite at the pearly gates, then it's on  
Ain't nothing changed boy, I get 'em in, get 'em gone  
I bleed the block, check the bottom of my loubrettons  
This lil niggas couldn't walk in my shoes  
These haters everywhere, think they blockin' my views  
Feds in up on mark, out here watchin' my moves  
Gotta move smart, hear me (it's real)  
I'm switching cars like nicky in casino  
Tryna pick me up with kilo  
Getting drug money like putting up a free flow  
It's too easy to just start hustling when you heard the  
new g's  
These niggas not a comic book  
I'm getting dirty money by the book  
I'm outside, don't give a fuck how I look  
'Cause where I come from ain't nobody got money  
But they all want something huh  
They all want something huh  
They all want something huh

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