

## **Big K.R.I.T. "Lions & Lambs"**

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Chorus

Time never wait for no man

Peep it slow hand

Lions is all, we really no lambs

Get money split it up with my brohams.

When you go outside don't let the door slam

Don't let the door slam x3

When you go outside

(repeat)

Gracious lord I say a prayer for all of mine

Searching for a fixin in these broken times

I let my anger feed my hunger pain

Plotting With my brother from another mother about  
running things

Another rhyme table mission

cause rap aint paying off and ain't no food in the  
kitchen

So I am gonna get these p's with the elle with the smell  
that make the smokers go crazy Can you feel me like  
braille

politikn about a move or two

so we can put on for the city like they used to do

And all them hos that didn't call me boo

or break their backs when they see the ... im cruising  
through

cause they respect it when your clockin major figures  
throwing turkeys with the stuffin off of 18 wheelers

watching for the laws with the judges on call

shuck and jivin to get by with this pistol in my drawers

Chorus

Now who is that peeking in my window

music on crescendo

vibing to the sounds of the endo

playing king kong nintendo

i cant trust a soul niggas givin up their kin for

grandmamas mamma and baby mothers

Grandfathers fathers and baby brothers

Get scared find themselves undercover

You knew the consequences of pushing them junkies  
hubbas

I tell the story how it be

Don't bring no dirt in mine  
Don't speak on what you see  
Always call before you come  
You get jammed you don't know me  
Leave that wife at the door  
Wash your hands before you eat  
Don't play the game if it ain't keeps  
Be ready for the finals  
better practice what you preach  
You aint the stand up type then find a seat  
your blood is thicker than water but both them things  
leak

Chorus

Them tattletales tell the tales of cars and clothes  
of playa that holds for cameras and shine for hoes  
gleam and glow under strobes of lights in the club  
with drinks that dirty and shots that dubs  
and people give kisses and hugs to niggas with plugs  
minus the sink, not talkin bout tubs  
talking about bass, you thinking bout sub  
marine maybe  
they other other hoes in your boat  
the people that tell be people you know  
the people that hurt be people you owe  
Time, now daddy aint around to hold them down now  
for the benz with drawers and rims  
instead of breaking even with odds and ends  
you doing 5 to 10 on the late night  
for swimming in pools with great whites  
they smell that dirty money  
no last train to london, or paris  
life is more then carrots and fuck cokes  
on the low that tick tock is worth more  
Chorus

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