

Bizzy Bone

"Time Travel"

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-Thug Queen-(Bizzy Bone)-Intro-

You have 3 minutes to travel from the year Two Thousand and Ten B.A. to the year Three Thousand A.A. Here are your orders (That's the fuck I'm talkin bout) These are your watches, set them at 2 minutes and 30 seconds. If it gets rough out there, here are 2 pills, they'll be quick and painless. (As long as I got these, I can do it. C'mon nigga.)

-Bizzy Bone-Chorus-

Step in through the time travel (As we step in through the time travel)/ Headed for the future (Headed for the future)/ We step in through the time travel (As we step in through the time travel)/ Headed for the future (Headed for the future)/ We step in through the time travel (As we step in through the time travel)/ Headed for the future (Headed for the future)/ We step in through the time travel (As we step in through the time travel)/ Headed for the future (Headed for the future)

-Bizzy Bone-

Right past the millennium and what do you know, it's already two thousand and ten/ It's still gettin close to the armageddon, and demons, I can smell em in the wind/ Get P.O.D yea, kill a nigga fidian/ Sittin wit the big ole nuts, ready for the future/ Ain't nobody shoot ya? (Hell naw) I'm still like "Nigga what?!"/ Ask for Ru Gotti, blow you away/ Lend me the dirt rose, the whip/ I say "Shit stink", keep movin/ Devil is maim lookin' for humans, are they cannibals or are they insane as we walk in over the ruins/ Fully automatic, let's do this/ In the midst of the crisp of the wind, feelin' some movement/ Pop the clip to kick it/ Anybody there? Grippin the pistol/ Well, don't be scared, don't be scared, don't be scared/ What's that? Helicopters all up in the air/ Run, nigga run!

-Prince Rasu-

Millennium cracked the Earth in half, self destruction/ Revolution and remorse turn beautiful playgrounds to dungeons/ Oh say, can you see? By the dawns to the early lights, this naustrodaumous prediction sight/ Time travel got me seein' blood stained rabble/ Bodies stacked like cattle, the consequences of battle/

Gambino with twin glocks that'll whistle like Soprano's
and Ru Gotti strapped with much more fire than
candles/ Helicopters swung low like sweet chariots
comin' forth to carry me/ Lock, load artillery/ Crush
time be crushin' no doubt/ Cowards? We never be/
When they land we plan to bring Rotwieller pedigree/
Who the fuck is that steppin' out with his gat? Followed
by a couple others with Klu Kulx Klan hats/ Fuck that!
Univeral Soldier style with Mac's/ Side by side, made
'em fall like Babylon in fact/ Aw shit, caught a slug in
his shoulder but fuck, we got to go/ Last seconds on
the clock, shit/ Strapped up in the cockpit/ Rolled up a
blunt cause I'm on probation in this world/ Smoke one
to the time travel shit, Regime clique thorough

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