

Five Iron Frenzy

"Race Against Time II"

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Yeah, yeah, uh huh
Race against time, ha part two
You know, haha
Uh, c'mon
Yeah, yeah, yeah, haha
Nothin like the future

[Verse 1]

Guess who's back to personify money, power, and
bitches
But when bitches been gettin money, that's when shit
get ridiculous
I'm hittin switches like six fo's, bouncin and leanin
The west coast seemin, keep the fo' fo' demon
And the rock's all stashed up
Roll up a little diesel, keep it hashed up
Then +Holla, Holla+ at the whores, is hollerin back
Let 'em know a few facts like if your ridin, your back's
slidin
This is the 'Race Against Time' and I ain't got time to
waste
To give chase, I put a hole in your fitted
Put your head to the barrel like DJ's a spin it
Backward, to blow off the backwood, I'm so hood
But what's really hood, when you ain't doin your hood
no motherfuckin good, and bein misunderstood
I would die if I could, Rule the lion
And I'ma keep "ri-da-da-da-da-in"

[Chorus] - 2X

Race against time, I - can't stop
Runnin through the red light - livin my life
Even if I'm gettin too hot
Still I can't stop - "Ri-da-da-da-din"

[Verse 2]

Bless the day that the God was born two, twenty-nine,
seventy-six
When cocaine was heavily mixed
And all the niggaz had a fixation for bad reputation
For pimpin hoes, and shootin fo, to bring the free basin

If this is time erasin, the devil is runnin like Bettis
And got his guns out lookin for ways to behead us
You can die in a matter of seconds, so I'ma slow it
down
Turn back the hands of time with the .40 Cal
Claimin your style is "Guerrilla", so I'ma define the
meanin of "Murder", it's killer
You outta your mind, the burner's designed for the fill
up
No gas, and when I spits like acid
smoke reefer, blow ether, spit ashes
Cause young Rule is in his prime like 'Clay Cassius'
Hated by the masses, but overwhelmed with love and
passion
For when I die niggaz keep "ri-da-da-da-din"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

If Jesus Christ was criticized, then why not me
What the fuck am I special, I struck a deal with the devil
Haha, if a kid a prophet, which one seem like its logic
Me in church, or me in bed with bitches menagen
I can chase like sergeant, addictive like heroin
Outsiders just lookin in, through a barrel that's pinned
to the peep hole
They seein all or nothin like Jazz from Clisco
Hit 'em up and let's go, jump over the threshold
I just got married to bangin pistol, drugs and other shit
Fell in love with a bitch that I call crime
She reminded me that nobody can beat time
If you get enough of it nigga
So I looked her dead in her eyes and pulled the trigger
Thinkin that the music and film would be somethin
different
But this the same old criminal vibin
I ain't hidin, I'ma keep "ri-da-da-da-din"

[Chorus]

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