

## **Jadakiss Feat. Nate Dogg "Time's Up"**

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Yeah, yo, I'm the nigga with the perpetual oyster bars  
Mother of pearl delivery, voice of God  
And, it's hard just being the boss  
Being I can't go to jail 'cause them years'll cost me  
Don't get me wrong, lay a nigga down if he force me  
Rather just sit back and roll a Dutch  
Think how I'ma put the game in the cobra clutch  
Think about how I'ma get the 'caine over Customs

Never underestimate niggaz, or over trust them  
Uh, yeah, them M's is right in my face  
I just gotta throw my timbs on and tighten my lace  
If it don't jam, the tech will spray  
When I spit everybody gotta split like pepper spray  
'Cause I'm a nigga that hate to settle  
I'm a man of the Lord but I still can't shake the devil  
Moved away and still can't escape the ghetto, what

The time to talk is up, so bring the heat that time is over  
While you runnin' your mouth I'm creepin' up over your  
shoulder  
A gun, a knife, a bat, a brick, anything I can get my  
hands on  
Call my bluff, start actin' up, and I'll leave you  
underground

I know how to get my pairs off me  
They can cry and die from high blood pressure 'cause  
tears are salty  
It's a symptom if you bobbin' your head  
Know that he's sick, know the flow is ridic', now throw  
him a grip  
When I get it, you already know I'm throwin' them bricks  
Puttin' purple everywhere, daddy, I'm throwin' them  
nicks  
That's right, homie, you can't move me  
I ain't goin' nowhere, I'm in the hood like bootleg  
movies

All you shootin' is the breeze, a bootleg Uzi  
I'm just waitin' on a cue like Suzie, don't lose me  
These penitentiary chances that I take

Should be able to get the mansion by the lake  
But I invest my bread into some' else  
Into some' else that'll make some' melt  
You just gotta feel the kid  
If not rap for the fact of how real he is, what up

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Aiyo, niggas know the champ is in here  
He took it from crack to rap, now he put out two  
anthems a year  
And I just wanna rock for a century  
And then chase the book with the documentary  
If you, can't do nothin' other than flow  
Life's a bitch like the mother from blow, let's go  
Don't make me put your heart in your lap  
Fuck ridin' the beat, nigga, I parallel park on the track

Hop out lookin' crispy, fresh and new  
In the six, but it's a BM, and it's Pepsi blue  
And, I don't know you  
But I know a man becomes a man from all the shit that  
he go through  
Ya'll ain't fuckin' with Jason  
After I cash in, there's really no justification  
Of how I'm gonna change the game, so don't get outta  
line  
'Cause this little nine will change your frame, what up

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