

Joe Budden

"Time Flies"

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[feat. Emanny]

Look how life, life has changed
Movin up, to bigger things
Look how time flies by... [x2]
(Ain't it funny how time goes by... [x2])
I see the storm, thru the rain
As for you, your still the same
Look how time flies by... [x2]
(Ain't it funny how time goes by... [x2])

[Verse 1:]

Check out your man who came up around the dope
boys and backstabbers
A dropout whom some referred to as a backpacker
Dude they used to laugh at, member him?
Bad rapper, exactly why being on the cover of that mag
matters
I chop it up with some artists I used to beef with
Glad we all grew to see how played out beef is
Besides, that ain't something we're all willing to afford
When your talented you try to get a million out of more
Made a killing on tour, so while I'm wheelin that Azure
I'm wishing all my black youths could know the feeling I
endure
For some folks, my ceiling is their floor
Wondering where I'd be if I ain't feel like persevering
anymore
Look what time does, need a reality check
It'll remind us, you can't run from it, it'll always find us
And that's the game I respect it
Rockin a different watch, but it gives the same
message

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Look, I used to see her on the tv
Now she textin how she miss me and she need me
It's funny I remember when she couldn't take it
Now when she get naked

Shorty ride it to the point I'm thinkin she about to break
it
It's a few broads that ain't agree with my style
Throwin it at me... yea they Cliff Lee with it now
I mean they ain't wanna smile at me, wouldn't say what
up
So I have them face down but turnin their faces up
Same broads you grew up with... with no body
Is gettin work done... tired of being nobody
Fake tits and ass, changing their look vastly
Like niggas don't remember how they looked last week
I'll diss a broad in a second, don't put it past me
You don't want the truth? Bitch probably shouldn't of
asked me!
Cause they be thinkin they really be on the mind
Though they rockin a nice watch, clearly got the wrong
time

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Look at ya man washed up
Lookin like he needs to wash up
Fell off now he just watch us
Was playin ball, something happened to the weight
Tried the dope boy shit, but I guess the same applied
Had a short fall from grace, how the fucks you a critic?!
Damn near 35, how the fucks you in a civic?!
Rimmed up, tryna stunt, lookin ridiculous
And he be dead sober, with them drunk lookin bitches
Frail ass nigga, life movin' slow, snail ass nigga
In the club before 12 ass nigga
And the nigga used to knock me, now his shit is just
sloppy
Catch him in some jeans shorts, Issey Miyake
Smoked out son, you ain't get the memo?
Still believing your own hype, still making demo's
No grind, which lead to a short prime
But homie ain't got a watch, how he gon' know the
time?

[Chorus]

[Bridge: x2]

Time flies by when you livin the life
Leave the rest of the world behind

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