

**K-OS****"Take Your Time"**

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[Singer]- Take your time young thug.

Verse one

PYT, poor young thug, ?

To hit a nigga wit a slug, wormin' around town  
lookin' for this bitch to fuck, and if she can't hang  
she can get the nut, tis a dog bed to the fours  
and on floors, for enought talkin' cause wit big dresses  
no bra's, let me run it through ya stomach, baby  
thug life, down dirty and dumb from a cum and  
blunted

up and down like a roller-coaster, let me hit  
it from the back, to you can relax from the over-doser  
I take my time baby, when you get ya clothes off  
doin' every thing in my power, to get the hoes off  
from back, I feel ya pains and aches, but Huessin can't  
wait  
who can play me? outdate, dime after dime  
love ain't for thugs, brown-nosin' niggas, nose dirty as  
the mud  
I get the real honeyz, I showed you how to chill honey  
the best dressed, respect me with the most real money

Chorus

[Singer]- Take your time young thug  
[Fatal]- Murder one cases, faces, chance  
[Singer]- Cuz, you fall in love  
[Fatal]- Thug get the money, strip streets and drugs  
[Singer]- Huessin takes away my aches and pains  
[Fatal]- Criminal, ginaral is a dog Huessin  
[Singer]- I'm here to tell you cuz, I have no shame  
[Fatal]- And the way he toss it up, will never get me out  
the game  
[Singer]- Wanna get a girl, who's down for mine  
[Fatal]- Only ride for you, if you ride for me  
[Singer]- The way he sticks it in, and takes his time  
[Fatal]- Nasty new, PYT, dem come for free

Verse two

You know I love it, when you got the thong in  
when I stick it in, and take my time, sweetheart you all

in  
baby girl, you make fade the world, tryin' get ya  
all the niggas wit, to confident I won't hit cha  
the wildest thug nigga, you can profile  
In combat, react, criminalies, on a ?  
I'll give you ya space, keep these punks out ya face  
put them hoes in place, tryin' play me like a ace  
ain't no tellin', who jellin', on or behind my back  
I just love it when you cum, cuz I get high and relax

Chorus

Verse three

You want the cheddar, and when I go down sell my  
Bertta  
rock all my sweaters, and write nasty love letters  
thinkin' bout where I got my tat-tat, on the medal bars  
servin' them getto stars, wit a black mat  
I'm only mobbin' cuz I be, do a quick stick, hit a lick  
wit a trigger like a robbery, and stake honeyz make  
money  
the same way, them outlaw niggas from ya fake, hood  
take money

Chorus

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