

Kane

"Time After Time"

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Featuring Master P

We gonna ball till we fall

Were real soldiers gonna be there when the homies
call x2

Chorus:

If you're lost and you look then you will find me

Time after time (only time will tell)

If you fall I will catch you I'll be waiting

Time after time

Kane:

The ghetto's tryin to kill me

That's why I stay faded and stoned

Cause when I leave the house I never know if I'm comin
home

Bullets got no name it's the dirty game

Wannabe thugs drive by for some ghetto fame

The homie got popped six times needs surgery

Hit my cigar holdin tears cause it's hurtin me

I write my cousin in the pen to see if he okay

He's locked up on his little girl's first birthday

To this day love my homies dearly down to die wit em'

I ball and they ball you hear me ima ride wit em'

You fall then we fall I be there when you need me

Its easy all you gotta do is beep me

Chorus x3

(Rapping while chorus is still going)

Master P:

We gonna ball till we fall

We're real soldiers we'll be there when the homies call

Master P:

This Ghetto Got Me trapped

And homies I feel your pain

See these streets is like a living hell

And the devil be the dope man

And everybody wanna fix from heron to even powder

My little nephew's a crack baby

When he hollas mamma put dinner in his baby bottle

These streets got me doin' shit that I really don't want
to

But niggas gotta be strapped

With bulletproof vest or homies will ride

Through and just blast on you
And the game got me trippin
But you know I'm never slippin
And every bitch wit a pretty face and a big butt
U can't just jump in a pool skinny-dippin
Cause you know what life ain't the same nigga
And I mean times can change keep your eyes on your
enemy
If you a hustler get what you got to get and get out man
Cause ah see these streets they don't pay to be dumb
And real homies stick together like Kane and Able, P
and down to ride
When the time come

Chorus x2

(Rapping while chorus still going)

Master P:

We gonna ball till we fall
We're real soldiers we'll be there when the homies call
x2

Abel:

I watched my nieces and nephews grow
Before my very eyes
I pray that they could make somethin' out of their lives
You could lose your breath at the speed of light
What if I'm deaf chasin' dream's in the heat of the
night
You might could lose your sight
In these streets ain't no peace
What your eyes see the last man standing off his feet
But times have changed neva love material thangs
If I could promise anythang you gonna leave the way
you came

Check my homie Sean Digs doin' life plus one
(So) when he called me collect to accept I press one
My Benz is your Benz, my house is your home
If you eva need a friend then call Abel on the phone

Chorus x3

(Yo)

(This is for the real ballers and players out there)

(Time after time)

(Haha)

(Gonna ball till' we fall

But we gotta be there when the homies call)

(We bout it bout it)

(For real send a few dollars to your boy

In the penitentiary keep your boy on the streets)

(You know what real homies stick together

They don't turn on each other remember that)

(No Limit family baby)

(Master P, Kane, and Abel)

(To the world)

(Haha)
(We're here when all our homies need us
Though you heard me ain't nothing changed)
(Just gotta live with changin through
Cuz it still the same though it still the same)
(Down for whateva)
(No Limit For Life Baby)

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