

M**"Time For A 187"**

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-Uhhh, niggas than fucked up
-Nigga, its time to roll
-Pass me them nigga chasers
-Time to do a 187
-Its time for a murder
-If you a G nigga, load your shit up

Some nigga got some bad ice cream
Came short on the gizzo
?? hit the window, gacks out your window
I'm goin crazy
Niggas can't fase me
If you come up short, niggas bout to read daisies
This your final call, I mean your final breath
And when I hit you with that tech i'm bout to put you to
rest
I'm crazy, psycho and outie
Niggas can't fuck with me the set is fuckin cloudy
Lay your ass face down on your stomach
You know you dead for fuckin with my money
P don't take no shit
Everyday all day I'm breakin bread 24/7
Tryin to get paid
And lose these hoes in the dope game
Cause I be crazy, psycho call me the murder man
Hustler, baller put you in the ?? and call 911 in your
pager
And haul you
And when you call back you dead bitch
You bust up my Chevy now Mr. who you playin with
Its time to face death
Last fall, last dash, your last jump
I'm a let you live, psyche

Chorus:

Its time for a 187
I think I see the enemy
A 187
I think I see the enemy
This will be your last drink

Lets make it a Bloody Mary

Just did a hoot ride
Meaning a homicide
Did a drive-by fuckin them from the southside
To Richmond, California niggas don't give a fuck
But if you come shizzort, you in that black truck
Get you nose swollen, I mean your neck broken
When we break you off that 44
Face down cause its danger
Niggas from the south keep one up in the chamber
I mean we Gs
Who you be, what set you with
Nigga do you know me
If you don't than you dead
Ain't no love for cockroaches, cause roaches get
sprayed
And ain't no bitch in my hood cause I'm TRU
See my tattoo, TRU cross my stomach
Eyes ?? up all night countin drug money
But ready to roll with my homies
And after the party, once again its on G

Chorus:

I'm gone off that douja
I think I see a roader
That ain't gone stop me from takin your head off your
shoulder
I'm from the projects, we live a eye for eye
When you fuck with mine's you gotta die
And your name get scratched off the wall bitch
There you go, just took a fall trick
If them No Limit tanks don't hit
Than them gacks start spittin
You better run like the running man
But if you ain't Schwarzenetger, bitch this your last
game
That beam at your forehead
I don't give a fuck, you can't run from the infrared
I when I catch you, you murder
Lying on you back, stuck like a turtle
Got your head weaving and waddling
Crying, you scared to die you slobbin
You beggin for you life
I'm a give you somethin to make you feel alright

Chorus:

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