

Rick Ross

"It's My Time"

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(feat. Lyfe Jennings)

[Intro: Lyfe Jennings (Rick Ross talking)]

It's my time (Rick Ross)

It's my time (Finna' lay back on this shit man)

(Dade County dope boy)

[Verse 1:]

I'm not a slim thug, I'm a fat mack

I don't give a fuck, I'll push ya hat back

Still sellin dubs, nigga, that's fact

You can hit me on the cell pimp, that's that

I had to pawn my chain and grab a half ounce

Ten years later time for me to cash out

You dealin wit a dope dealin dictator

Fuck trafficking nigga, I get this shit catered

See the clip tailored, only the Coogi shit

I fucks wit Damon, I'm in the movies kid

My mom reminisce on the late nights

When I used to reel 'em in with the straight white

'96, Seventeen with a lil' Beamer

First foreign car far from a lil' dreamer

Daddy severed his relationships

I think momma quit him 'cause he wasn't makin shit

Who ever thought that I'd make it rich?

The bottom of the barrel, with a bucket of Crys'

I'm tellin you man... Life a funny thing

You ain't a dope by 'til yo ass got a gun and chain

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]

It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)

It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)

It's my time

[Verse 2:]

Ain't rappin I'm talkin, ain't talkin I'm scrappin

Ain't scrappin, I'm shootin, they just askin what
happened

Ain't shoot then I'm shot, ain't shot then I'm shootin

I ain't caught by the cops, fuck the cops I'm eluding

Ain't hearin the sirens, but I'm seeing the sirens

Ain't seeing the sirens, why am I being so violent?

Thats in the nature of being a nigga
Being beat down, then able to get up
Being let down, then able to sit up
Be the false charge, a nigga acquit it

I ain't hating on ya, dog I pray for ya
Be safe, I heard they got a case for ya
Be straight, stay away from them fake lawyers
You'll be working for the state like you they lawyers
Stay loyal, your time will come...
For you to be free and shine like the sun
I'm so blessed, to be in this position
Holdin on my .45 listenin to every whisper...
I'm so blessed, to be in this position
Holdin on my .45 listenin to every whisper...

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]

It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)
It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)
It's my time

[Verse 3:]

Other niggaz sleep, I'm on my job
Soon as cats get 'laxed, I'm going hard
Thats the rules of the game for the underdog
Every wonder dog, long as I been going off (Ross!)
I left it in Gods hands...
Block told me once, "Ross, this is God's plan"
I'm like "aw, man", a man run a label like "Amen"
Sign a Ray Charles, I could see it all
A lot of undercover agents wanna see me fall
See me fell, in the hell of shells
Expired, no liar, I live the tale
I look forward to working with all the real niggaz
I look forward to looking back on drug dealing
I look forward to making my momma smile once
Look forward, just know I'm smoking them loud blunts
Eight-hundred an ounce, while you running ya mouth
I'm loading the guns... Who running the South?
I'm on ya porch, knocking at ya front door
I got my money right nigga, and I want war

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]

It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)
It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)
It's my time (Yeah... yeah... yeaaah)
It's my time (There'll be no stopping me!)
(There'll be no stopping me now)

