

St.Lunatics

"Time"

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When the games on the line
You don't wanna be behind wit 2 minutes 40 seconds to
go
And it's startin to decline
I'm steady losin my mind so I take a look around at the
coach
I'm sayin Put me in coach I'm ready to go
And I don't care if the games on the line
But change the numbers on the sign get me off up this
pine
When we're fun we do this everytime
Its time (x2)
Look, now when the game is on the line I'm ready for
competition
I don't take no coach permission I always play my
position
I'm a leader but I listen they tell me the time is tickin
But I still aint gonna let em see me sweat nope
And when urs palms all sweaty n ur stomachs
butterflyin
If u miss it u a loser
If u make u da flyers
Ghettos supposed to be the highest but always remain
humble
As long as u walkin up u can stumble if u wanna
I mean I can hold a lawyer as long as u not at the
corner
As long as those greys good u can do wut the fuck u
wanna
I aint tryin to be a preacher nor ur mother or father
If u don't give a fuck y the fuck would i even bother
man
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Its time (x2)
I can dribble past ur team or drive thru trash
I lift up, now u skool me to find a new basket
But if u found me u no the song so y u askin
I upped in the stands like i can buy u classic
On the court focused still sneak at peek at ya ho
In the crowd to the beat sneak a squeak on th floor
Tsh, to get me into college u'd best pay me
Give me a core n help me cheat on my SAT
Steal class in the bathroom roll up a *
Shoot dice at lunch and wont show up for practice
Me and Jordan got the same kinda hang I'ma
Get drunk but still ready come game time
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But change the numbers on the sign get me off up this
pine
When we're fun we do this everytime
Its time (x2)
Now it's time 4 u women to understand that when i talk
real good to u it's not a game
U no wut i mean
Its false i let other men play games i'm just talkni to u
ma u da same way
Cuz i'm a coach not a playa
They tell ya nah they tell me yea
Their rhymes say I make 3 point shots look like layups
I pick n roll wit whoever
U see these letters on my jersey so u no whos better
My 45 is cold brotha, take a look at it
Murph threw a ball thru his legs n back wit it look like
hot sauce did it
Big leads a sinner brotha he thought bowls were hella
hard
Ima point like a guard n way is hell fought
Slows messed start gotta play hard
Him n jv need a better car
Better car? who better car?
Him n jv need a better car
So put me in coach, so put me in coach
I m so fly that u gotta put me in coach
When the games on the line
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Its time (x2)

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