

Tech N9Ne "Running Out Of Time "root""

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[Chorus:]

Times Running Out (Running Out) Time Keeps On Tickin
(We Got To Keep It Movin)

Times Running Out (Running Out) Time Keeps On
Slippin (We Got To Keep It Movin)

[Verse 1:]

Pain. (What Is It) Originally Penalty Physically Or
Mentally Sensations U Feel When You Hirtin Distressed,
A Bit Of Anguish Can Bring You Closer To Your
Death, Cuz Of The Lack Of Success Now, Time, Aint On
My Side Cuz Im Tryin To Find My Piece Of Mind And
Rhyme, But The Catch Is You Got To Have The Paper To
Shine, If We Dont Im Sorry We Might Have To Do Capers
Do Crime, Cuz My Mom Is Sic Doc, Im Gridlocked,
Epilepsy And Lupus Alfred Hitchcock, CoulnDt Write
The

Suspense And Shit On This Block, Fist-Cocked When Im
Walking My Lips Locked, Irs And The Child Division
They Wanna Shut A Nigga Down To The Ground Gotta
Make This Shit Pop

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Neva Like I Cheated For The Chedder Whatever We
Gotta Do To Make It Better Cuz Im (Running Out)
Mama Gotta Get A Better Livin I Got The Power To Bust
(We Got To Do It Movin)

Tryin To Get A Milli And I Really Been Silly The Pill In Me
Killin Me So The Devils (Comin Out) Lookin For Love An
The Demon Neva Lookin For Love'm (I

Guess Im Trully Ruined) No Matter What I Ever Do, Nina
Always Gotta Deliver, Never Comin Out On Top As The
Winner, Might Have To Take It Back To November, 71
When I Was The Heavenly Son, Now We Run With Killas
Who Carry The Guns, Marry The Bum Now I Gotta Marry
The One, Sick Of Carrying The (I Have No Clue)

The Root Of The Problem, Is The Root Of All Evil, The
Ones That Hiss At The Enemy, And The Ones That
Ruined My People, After All This Time, After All This

Rhyme, Still, Comin To See Me The Fans Takin In All This
N9ne, And Thats Positive Cuz Everything Is Negative I
Need A Sedative U Get Her Preg-A-Nent They
Levy Shit Takin More Money Than Youll Ever Get, Im
Ready As Ready Get, For The Capital Out For Your Stack
Ill Attack For Your Fetti Bitch But Thats Petty
Shit, And If I Grind I Wonder How Much Time They Gon
Make Me Sit

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Its Like Its A Trap, Rap, When U Spend Ur Scratch, And U
Get With A Partner On The Coast And Somehow U
Never Get It Back, And You Cant Go Get Him With A
Gat, Cuz If U Do That The State Will Separate You From
Your Brats, Chillin With The Killas And Rats, Im In A Race
For Time, They Wanna Replace My
Mind, Skinheads, Cops, Gangbangers, And Its All In The
Devils Design, Just To Get Me, Gotta Get The Money
Quickly, Before My Mother Is A Wonderful History, If I
Cant Make It Before That I Will Neva Eva Forgive
Me, Racin For Happiness For That Sunshine
Euphoria, But Its Melancholy And Its Dim-Foggy And
Dark Like
Van-Goriabut Im Tryin To Pick Up The Pieces That Are
Broken Beast Is My Species, So I Hope My Mothers Alive
And Me Too When This Album Releases, But The
Time Is Tickin And My Kids Are Growin Up I Aint Blowin
Up, I Guess The Bass In My Music Aint Hittin Low
Enough, Fuck That Shit Nigga Cuz My Tone Is
Tough, Shit That Im Doins Rough, Meetings With Atlantic
Jive And Tvt Cant Come Soon Enough

[Chorus x2]

We Do Too Much Will We Make It?
We Make Money And They Take It
Time Time Time Time (Runnin Out)
For Me An You What Is We Gonna Do?

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