

**End**

## **"Time Waits 4 No Man"**

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Uh (Uh)

What What What What....Uh

It's Luni Coleone (Repeat)

I let him know nigga

I break him off from the yay

It's Luni Coleone

I ain't out for the play

Time waits for no man and I preach that shit

Hear the poppin off at mouth

I'mma bust that lip

Mista hit him quick

Mista hit him quicker

On the down

Hop in like a gang or group house

Bout to scratch ho

Fuck a nigga

And that's my motto

On the rizeal

If niggas try to flex I eat 'em up like oatmeal

And fuck a front row

In the streets that's a no-no

But if she got ass

I'mma take her like some no-dos

I use to bring beans now it's me on the table

Lookie here Mama now I got my own label

I'm 22 years old with a beer belly

Eyes fucked in the club by gone off the smelly

Been there but done did that niggas

Down with the dirt

Pull it out

Then shoot that nigga

Where it hurts

[Chorus]

They says time waits for no man

So I got time to wait on no man

I'm dumpin with the gat in my hand

Track nasty on my nuts see the paper ???

I let him know it's Coleone on the fuckin gate

Creep on the patna let him have it with the .38

I tell u one more gen  
Time waits for no man  
So when I'm commin I'm dumpin  
Bust him with the gat in my hand

I hit the gas like a motherfucking 3-way ???  
Leanin bodies in the trunk  
Straight cold ass fuck  
I'm the nigga with the quickest trigger  
Down to pull it  
Dump a whole click if a nigga on some bullshit  
It's West Coast  
Straight entrepreneur  
Lead a bitch to the bank like a fish lure  
And if a motherfucker dump  
I'mma bust him with a sawed-off  
Hop on him like a rabbit  
Dag-nabbit  
I've been pissed off  
Niggas got me fucked up  
Like I'm soft  
But I'm hockin up  
Then that's when yo Grandpa call  
Ain't no greater G than me  
Fuck what you reppin  
Niggas get caught without their motherfucking weapon  
Disrespecting ass holes wanna be hard  
But Oh No!  
If he holler let him go  
Fuck that  
Fuck the ho  
Chitty Chitty I bang blue  
Punk nigga I thought you knew  
Time waits for no man  
So I'm commin at you like a fool

[Chorus]

I wish a nigga would run up  
I'm quick to let him have it  
On a lead pistola  
In your ass young faggot  
Used to have love  
But now I'm out to kill people  
Cross game  
You'll be in more shit than a dung beetle  
This California lifestyle livin (Is no joker)  
I work rap and sell bomb yay (To all smokers)  
Hell yeah I'm proud of the life I lead  
Drink 40's till I throw up  
And choke off weed

Ain't no nigga alive can put fear in this G  
I'm a psycho  
Like ??? boy put that on me  
It's my time to shine  
So I'm going for mine  
Fuck me and my bitch  
Boy this me and my .9  
Out to rule the world nigga  
So...uh...what you gone do?  
It's my style bitch  
And I'll change it if I want to  
Whatever wrap it on up like a doggy bag  
Time waits for not a thang  
Put yo G's on that

[Chorus]

Uh Uh Uh Uh...nigga  
What What What What  
Uh It's Luni Coleone

Uh Uh  
What What What What  
Motherfuckers

Yall can't fuck wit it

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