

**by Bizzy Bone**  
**"Time Passing Us By"**

Visit "[Time Passing Us By](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(chorus)x2

As time keep passin' us by in my community  
Wathcin' the children die  
Bitch made police, and the brutality  
Prozac and ritalin, that aint what we need  
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weed

(bizzy)

Take a look into the gun, look at what we've become  
Daddy don't love me, only come around the first of the  
month  
Me and mommy still in the slump  
Why don't he love us?  
I can't even blame him  
Cause ever since i came  
We been stuck in the same ghetto  
Now i'm carryin' heavy metal when times is tough  
I don't know about ya neighborhood, but baby, mines is  
rough  
Abandand buildings police searchin' all the children  
Ain't no peace in the streets, at least not where i'm livin'  
Kneeling to god cause satan never gave us a chance  
Evil never had no rythm, man, the devils can't dance  
Got three pairs of pants  
But i keep em all creased  
Whether chicken or ham, we gon' use the same grease  
Each second is a struggle, beg, borrow or hustle  
Yeah, scufflin' money just try to stay out of trouble  
Hell, rebel of rap music, put it on my mama!  
And if it's gonna be gunplay, rocket launchers,  
grenades, and aks!

(chorus)x2

As time keep passin' us by in my community  
Wathcin' the children die  
Bitchmade police, and the brutality  
Prozac and ritalin, that aint what we need  
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weed

(bizzy)

Why is the broad on my back like that?

Don't ask me, i'm for passion, i'm smashin' on niggas,  
come blast me!  
All my people tellin' me i should sing more  
Yes!  
Roll up a dub, smoke bud in the club  
Free flesh!  
Creepin' on a come up, i'm from cleveland, and  
columbus, ohio  
Don't hate myself for science, and the ??  
Yet all these niggas gangbang  
Somebody should tell em the truth  
I'll sell em somethin' that'll get they heart to pumpin',  
And help the youth!  
Hangin' in the graveyard, everybody's playin' hard  
Satan's on a mission to get us  
I hope that nobody with us, and given us slave ways  
Ruthless got us on fifty dollars a day  
One hundred and ninety thousand i guess platinum  
don't pay  
Can i please get some mo' money?  
Somebody could buy my way cause shit the rent's due  
Glad i got ghetto credit  
Don't let the industry pimp you, pimp you, pimp you

(chorus)x2

As time keep passin' us by in my community  
Wathcin' the children die  
Bitch made police, and the brutality  
Prozac and ritalin, that aint what we need  
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weed

(bizzy)

Babies born with aids, and with ????? they hording the  
vaccine  
Black helicopter rain on em, i'm gainin' on em  
Maintain the main thang on em, shame on em  
But another victim died of vain for em, slain  
Two hundred and fifty crashed in the plane  
And the only thing that survived was the black box  
They frame the black cops  
Slang crack rock  
Wannabe hot boyz, so he gon' make the block hot,  
block hot  
They wanna see me sasquash  
Pull out my glock, cocked, and pop pop!  
Go to jail don't nobody send you mail  
Hell, i'm ridin' til these wheels fall off  
Or they can take it to the chop shop  
Shut up, i'm shinnin' on you bustas!  
What!?  
Ready to hustle get your struggle on, no!

When you wanna double up, you keep fuckin' up!  
Your mind's gone, time's gone, everybody's runnin'  
amuck  
They say that lesbians is sick  
But they just do wanna fuck

(chorus)x4

As time keep passin' us by in my community  
Wathcin' the children die  
Bitch made police, and the brutality  
Prozac and ritalin, that aint what we need  
And wonder why our children keep smokin' weed

Visit [by Bizzy Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.