

G.T.

"Time After Time"

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We gonna ball till we fall
Were real soldiers gonna be there when the homies
call x2

Chorus:

If you're lost and you look then you will find me
Time after time (only time will tell)
If you fall I will catch you I'll be waiting
Time after time

Kane:

The ghetto's tryin to kill me
That's why I stay faded and stoned
Cause when I leave the house I never know if I'm comin
home
Bullets got no name it's the dirty game
Wannabe thugs drive by for some ghetto fame
The homie got popped six times needs surgery
Hit my cigar holdin tears cause its hurtin me
I write my cousin in the pen to see if he okay
He's locked up on his little girl's first birthday
To this day love my homies dearly down to die wit em'
I ball and they ball you hear me ima ride wit em'
You fall then we fall I be there when you need me
Its easy all you gotta do is beep me

Chorus x3

(Rapping while chorus is still going)

Master P:

We gonna ball till we fall
We're real soldiers we'll be there when the homies call

Master P:

This Ghetto Got Me trapped
And homies I feel your pain
See these streets is like a living hell
and the devil be the dope man
And everybody wanna fix from heron to even powder
My little nephew's a crack baby
When he hollas mamma put dinner in his baby bottle

These streets got me doin' shit that I really don't want
to
But niggas gotta be strapped
with bulletproof vest or homies will ride
Through and just blast on you
And the game got me trippin
But you know I'm never slippin
And every bitch wit a pretty face and a big butt
U can't just jump in a pool skinny-dippin
Cause you know what life ain't the same nigga
And I mean times can change keep your eyes on your
enemy
If you a hustler get what you got to get and get out man
Cause ah see these streets they don't pay to be dumb
And real homies stick together like Kane and Able, P
and down to ride
When the time come

Chorus x2

(Rapping while chorus still going)

Master P:

We gonna ball till we fall

We're real soldiers we'll be there when the homies call
x2

Abel:

I watched my nieces and nephews grow

Before my very eyes

I pray that they could make somethin' out of their lives

You could lose your breath at the speed of light

What if I'm deaf chasin' dream's in the heat of the
night

You might could lose your sight

In these streets ain't no peace

What your eyes see the last man standing off his feet

But times have changed neva love material thangs

If I could promise anythang you gonna leave the way
you came

Check my homie Sean Digs doin' life plus one

(So) when he called me collect to accept I press one

My Benz is your Benz, my house is your home

If you eva need a friend then call Abel on the phone

Chorus x3

(Yo)

(This is for the real ballers and players out there)

(Time after time)

(Haha)

(Gonna ball till' we fall

but we gotta be there when the homies call)

(We bout it bout it)
(For real send a few dollars to your boy
in the penitentiary keep your boy on the streets)
(You know what real homies stick together
they don't turn on each other remember that)
(No Limit family baby)
(Master P, Kane, and Abel)
(To the world)
(Haha)
(We're here when all our homies need us
though you heard me ain't nothing changed)
(Just gotta live with changin through
cuz it still the same though it still the same)
(Down for whateva)
(No Limit For Life Baby)

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