

Shaggy 2 Dope "It's About Time"

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Now stop all the bullshit and questions and pressin',
It's bout time I show what fucked up really is.
No quizzes, no puzzles, no riddles it's show time,
Ever had the thought of making bloody bodies on your
mind?

Me too, in fact the go up right now,
It's bout time I cock back and sweat this clown,
muthafucka!

Murder walks hand in hand with mayhem,
Killers love messy crime scenes can you blame'em?
It's fucks like you that make fucks like me exist,
It's bout time to view what happen with the flick of my
wrist.

It's a chop, kaponk, oww,
yeah , yeah, I know its sick but it's a living, what are you
gonna do?

My eyeballs double as lasers and my aims that nice,
It's bout time for these fags to run and duck for they
life.

Cuz time waits for no one and you lagging behind,
So come on hurry up and grab my hand, PSYCHE! [gun
shot]

[Chorus:]

It's bout time,
To see how we do this.

It's bout time,
To choke the shit out your bitch.

WHERE MY KILLERS (YEAH), WHERE MY PSYCHOS!
(YEAH)

Check it if you watch real close bout time your head
flows.

It's bout time,
To see how we do this.

It's bout time,
To choke the shit out your bitch.

WHERE MY STALKERS (YEAH), WHERE MY MURDERERS!
(YEAH)

Check it if you watch real close bout time your head
flows.

I like blades razor sharp and my reach real long,

Cuz it's bout time I split that ass just like a thong.
When I was born mother swore that I was a curse,
And shunned by the church,
From the womb to the hearse.
Beat, broken, battered they call me a lost cause,
It's bout time these hoes taste what I'm made of.

Take a fat ass sniff bitch, yeah that's def,
Take it deeper, hold it longer cuz it's about to be your
last breath.
Fuck your mama, call a priest don't forget the
undertaker,
Here's about time I sent your punk ass to meet your
maker.
Flatlines ain't new to me, neither is pulled plugs,
Black out for weeks at a time due to prescription drugs.
But don't worry, you'll be straight Jesus saves,
It's about time I get to digging these shallow graves.
time's running out, the crack of dawn is coming,
But before I leave [hocking and spitting] YOU
MUTHAFUCK!

[Chorus:]

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To see how we do this.
It's bout time,
To choke the shit out your bitch.
WHERE MY KILLERS (YEAH), WHERE MY PSYCHOS!
(YEAH)
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