

Yung Dray

"Time To Blow"

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Yung Dray & Lil Lo

[Chorus Â– Yung Dray]

Uh!

Even if they ain't feeling the lines
I guarantee it's our time to grind (our time to grind)
Even if they ain't feeling the grind
I guarantee it's our time to shine (our time to shine)
Even if they ain't feeling the flow
I guarantee it's our time to go (our time to go)
Even if they don't want us to go
I guarantee it's our time to blow (our time to blow)

[Verse 1 Â– Yung Dray]

Yeah

Picture me on the front cover, VIBE mag
I thank God for the things I thought I'd never have
Fuck niggas and bitches alike, I'm gettin' cash
They say they wanna be down
Ha, don't even ask
Black masks, trunk full of duffel bags
Pants sag, breasts of an old hag
I'm getting too much money, they flip me when I pass
Just bought a Maserati, I know you mad
I don't give a fuck, tell it to the pump
Have you leaking red shit, Hawaiian Punch
Roadrunner for the money, you a Daffy Duck
Superhead ass niggas, you super suck
Got a lot of bitches, tell 'em time to fuck
Trey Songz, put them bitches' bottoms up
I'm a dog, she say I treat her kind of ruff
I ain't 5-0, I don't even kinda cuff
Niggas kinda tough, paper kinda buff
Matter fact, I subtract all that "kinda" stuff
'Cause you ain't 'bout shit, you niggas kinda suck
Kinda lame, kinda broke, minus kinda brah
Lost in my thoughts, tryna find a buck
Heart full of hate, made like an armored truck
Skill plentiful, plus we're gettin' better much
There ain't a rapper alive that can devour us!

[Chorus Â– Yung Dray]

Uh!

Even if they ain't feeling the lines
I guarantee it's our time to grind (our time to grind)
Even if they ain't feeling the grind
I guarantee it's our time to shine (our time to shine)
Even if they ain't feeling the flow
I guarantee it's our time to go (our time to go)
Even if they don't want us to go
I guarantee it's our time to blow (our time to blow)
[Verse 2 - Lil Lo]
Skill undiminished
Spend my money, watch it replenish
Sank my haters with no dishes
Careers ended
Flow level, stupendous
My money floss, perfect smile
Fuck a dentist, uh
Kill beats so blatant
Doing me like masturbation
Other rappers garbage, sanitation
Six-figure destiny, by the moves I'm making
No waiting patient, I did it long enough
I'm coming at the game throat like a tracheoscopy
I shit on the beat, uh, colostomy
Doctor when I flow, but still tote technology
Let the Tec blow and knock out your biology, uh
So chill, but I'm so raw
Paid in full, riding round in sports cars
I mean jet cars, I mean space ships
On The Rise, let the top lift
Let's go
Magic flow like presto
Niggas is haters
Throw 'em over bridges, that's a Hail Mary
Crucifying niggas life on some Jesus shit
No knives at gun fights, I come equipped
Red beam, long magazines
Scopes
Cartridges blow, penetrate skin like sun block
Funny bitch niggas dead, hands over chest like Redd
Foxx
My gun have a ball, leave a nigga with Red Sox
Ow
[Chorus - Yung Dray]
Uh!
Even if they ain't feeling the lines
I guarantee it's our time to grind (our time to grind)
Even if they ain't feeling the grind
I guarantee it's our time to shine (our time to shine)
Even if they ain't feeling the flow
I guarantee it's our time to go (our time to go)
Even if they don't want us to go

I guarantee it's our time to blow (our time to blow)
[Outro - Yung Dray]
The game twisted, but still a nigga gifted
We still the hottest livin'
You niggas are only witnesses
Ain't another rapper who kill with such precision
Who still can keep it realer
The rise, we on a mission
Surprise, we finally did it
They cry, they wanna kill us
All we gotta make is one call and they family is gone
Them and they niggas are gone
Evidence never is found
And you niggas fossils, under the ground
It's our time
Whew!

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