

St. Lunatics

"Time"

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And the game's on the line we don't want to be behind
With 2 minutes 40 seconds to go
And it's startin' to decline, I'm steady losin' my mind
So I take a look around at the coach

I'm saying, "Put me in coach, I'm ready to go
And I don't care if the game on the line
Put changing numbers on the sign, get me up off this
pine
When I fumble do this every time and it's time, it's
time, it's time"

Now when the game is on the line, I'm ready for
competition
It don't take no coach permission, I'll always play my
position
I'm a leader but I listen they tell me the time is ticking
But I still ain't gonna let them see me sweat, no

And when your palms all sweaty, hear your stomach
butterflyish
If you miss it, you're a loser, if you make it, you're the
fliest
Pedals to be the highest but always remain humble
As long as you walking up you can stumble

If you want to be a doctor or a lawyer, long as you not
on the corner
Long as them grades is good, you can do what the fuck
you want ta
I ain't trying to be a bitch nor your mother or father
If you don't give a fuck then why the fuck would I even
bother, man

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I can dribble pass your team, I drive through traffic
And when the dunk now your school, need to buy new
basket
You foul me, you know it's on so why you asking
I'll bounce in the stands like you buy new classic

On the court focus still sneak a peak at your ho
And the crowd to the beat sneak a squeak on the floor
To get me at your college, you'd best pay me
Give me a car and help me cheat on my SAT

Steal class in the bathroom and roll up a blunt
Shoot dice at lunch and won't show up for practice
Me and Jordan got the same kind of hang time
I'm gonna get drunk and fucked up but still ready come
game-time

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When I fumble do this every time and it's time, it's
time, 'cuz it's time"

'Cuz I'm a coach, not a playa, they tell y'all no, they tell
me yeah
The rhyme say I make 3 point shots look like layups
I pick and roll wit whoever, you see these letters on my
jersey
So you know who's betta

I started 5 as cobra, take a look at it
Murph throw the ball through his legs
And back wit it like hot sauce did it
Big Lee's our center bro', he throw the ball as hella-
hard
I'm a point like a guard and my range is hella-far

Slo's mascot never playing hard, him and J.B. to a betta
car
Betta car, who betta car? Him and J.B. to a betta car
So put me in coach, so put me in coach

I am so fly that you gotta put me in coach

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