

## Dirty Heads, The "I Got No Time"

Visit "[I Got No Time](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I got no time for y'all, we got to keep movin yea.  
Move on move on from here, ya  
I got no time for y'all we got to keep movin yea  
I got to move on move on from here

I'm droppin beats nice and mellow, meet ya I say hello  
Jump on the microphone I got the fellas sayin well a  
Damn, yo this boy come shockin and no I don't stop  
until I'm done rockin, so  
Ya just sit back and relax for a bit I'll spit my shit then I  
quit  
Like the bizz then I rip it.  
I'm high as can be, the true Dutty B and all can see  
we comin irie, yea, yea  
Yea irie

I'm on a stag, my booze up on the very highest shelf  
Yo stay true to my friends and get wise with myself  
Cause I'm impaired with the spare and all you sucka  
MCs  
So be yourself and flow it easy keep it tight like  
dungarees  
And grab this cheese like cheddar, drop the fake act.  
And grab these beats they be better cause I be breakin  
fools  
With molecules and lots a juice the neck of the nuse I'm  
lettin it lose yo  
When you turn purple get out my circle if you got that  
shit that be commercial  
Casue I found ya sound just be the other way around  
Ya tryin to be underground but your floatin on the  
surface  
With no purpose in your verses, drop the mic so you  
can jerk it.  
Can it be the MC rockin under canopies, insanity is  
banning me from rappin  
Independently its sending me to penitentiaries  
offensively  
Cause I love music, I chose it don't abuse it never  
lose it when I bruise it  
So don't be livin to shoot when you know your gonna

miss

Ya say you get more pussy than a gynecologist  
I know you would be lonely if it wasn't for your fist  
Ya asked me how I got dope I said lots of prac-a-prac-  
a-tice

I got no time for y'all, we got to keep movin yea  
Move on move on from here, ya  
I got no time for y'all we got to keep movin yea  
I got to move on move on from here

Well buenos noches steppin on fools like cockroaches  
I be callin plays like some fuckin football coaches  
Fallin asleep because I know your shit is boring  
Cut you so hard ya straight up need some neosporin  
Said I'm raining on your head because yo my shit is  
pourin  
Ya eyes get dilated cause all your hits is faded  
I need to be sedated like my main man Dutty B,  
Sick to your stomach when ya find an ill MC  
With the symphony the illest infantry drops ya down for  
the century  
The illest penalty said I know I'm hard to see I kill  
myself but leave my entity  
But jump up off a track like a cricket make it Jiminey  
Original cynical head bob, four star general  
I find my with my tentacle, my rhyme style's identical to  
none  
Ya bite me end up like ya grandfather straight chewin  
with ya gums  
Its the DJ selector comin hard on the record with the  
effort full effect  
DJ science break your neck when tounques twist syllabls  
trip lips that make hits  
Never leave unfulfilled like a hooker with one tit, a  
group with one hit,  
Gettin lose off one sip, we the sunshine MC's so I think  
ya best a quit  
Yes I think its time to quit  
Yo you know you best a quit  
Yes I think its time to quit yo

I got no time for y'all, we got to keep movin yea  
Move on move on from here, ya  
I got no time for y'all we got to keep movin yea  
I got to move on move on from here

Visit [Dirty Heads, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

