

Janis Joplin) Lyrics by Etheridge Melissa

"Time 2 Shine"

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[Hook: Chamillionaire]

Easy to see, when you look at me
That I'm a CCC nigga, yeah I rap now
Moving mix tapes, from city to city
But we heard, that them people trying to move it and
crack down
Only see fee's, so you could see me
Getting my cheddar together, you know I gotta stack
now
Everybody has their time to shine, and now it's mine
So step aside and stand in line

(*talking*)

Hold up man, Color Changin' Click in here mayn
Chamillionaire and Rasaq's, Ghetto Status
You know I'm saying, we gotta get this underground
money
Gotta grind, Rasaq the new blood in the Color Changin'
Click
And we gon hold it down man, know I'm tal'n bout

[Hook: *chopped*]

[Rasaq]

Wanted in six states, for murdering mix tapes
And ice on my arm, make a nigga feel like his wrist
raped
Pass me a melody, my rap is a felony
(they not gon like you) I know nigga, that's just jealousy
If you got hate in your blood, there's no actual remedy
But let me ask you a question, who's making cash them
or me
While niggaz running they mouth, sitting up in they
house
I'm running my routes thugging it out, putting rocks up
in my mouth
Shattered teeth, look like it's covered in glass
My demeanor say I'm ghetto, my mind say I'm upper-
class
I'm in the hood, where the guns that go blast
That bust in your ass, some niggaz don't trust God all

they trust is cash
I'm where fiends with work, they don't harass you
They just look in your soul, they don't even got to ask
you
The cops don't pass you, nah they turn around
And search your car, and see if a burner's found
But my life bout to turn around, them hoochies turn
around
When they see them wheels, turn around
Some niggaz don't know what it takes, to make this
money
You wanna take this money, come take it from me
Take this money, leave your shirt draped and bloody
In this jungle you gotta be a ape, don't make me ugly

[Hook]

[Rasaq]

Nigga I grind from summer to summer, trying to go
from Hooptie to Hummer
I'm a ghetto status nigga, I'm a stunner
I holla at your woman, like nigga you don't want her
Undoing her buttons, acting like I'ma give her loot but
I'm fronting
I usually dump em, I lose 'em and bump em
To the curb then swerve, nigga to do this is nothing
My game air tight, like Glad-lock zipper bags
I gladly lock the game up, and nigga kiss your ass
Goodbye, my raps is throwed my hooks is fly
I'm stacking do', but no nigga good try
I took my do', and bet it all on me
True a baller forward nigga, it's all on me
Sometimes I feel the ghetto, just call on me
To bring me to y'all, and y'all to me
My jeans is sagging, and a wife beater down
Your wife around here, nigga I might beat her down
While she creep around, and sleep around
Her husband just heard it word of mouth, he bout to
leave her now
Shh nigga keep it down, the laws trying to creep
around
And take a nigga to jail, if the heat is found
So bring the speaking down

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