

## Gamble maniac

### "Time"

Visit "[Time](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: sample]

I know how tough it is \*gunshot\*

[Killah Priest]

My life flashes, I'm eight years old, my face stares cold  
At the pastor, as he picks up the robe  
He reads a chapter, his voice is like, grabbin' my soul  
The seeds turn blacker and finally it fades out slow  
The hearing after, a whole brand new screen show  
I hear laughter, it's my birthday, I'm eighteen years old  
I'm on gates between Monroe, eight fiends and young  
hoes

The flake dreams with gun blows, wake screams and  
blunt rose

Up, they lit it, some hit it, I'm drunk  
So much, that I can't see straight  
Another flash, I'm in a fancy place  
A waiter walks over, hands me a plate  
I trance it to escape, but it's too late  
I shoot my casket, my moms screamin' bastard  
Ya'll know who killed them, filled them with them lugers  
Ruger, you God damn hoodlums  
But it's too late, I see the king in the New Jerusalem  
I can touch the gates

[Chorus 2X: Savoy]

Time keep on ticking  
Stay focused, ain't no time for politicking  
Got to keep our young brothers out of prison  
Every day, I dream it feels like a nation, listen

[Killah Priest]

Was this my fate, to be judged in this place  
Angels watchin' me, I step up to plead my case  
I see his face in black space, okay let me back space  
Somethin' went front between that gat and my waste  
Somethin' went wrong between the slow reaction when  
they were clappin' my way  
Is this the judgment, the place where every thug has  
been  
After hearin' gun fire, and slugs go in

Are you the chosen, or the one known as the omen  
The gates are open, I wanna know where I'm going  
Is this the place I was destined to come, I slept in the  
slums  
Next to a bum, saw death pestilence and guns  
I was born cold naked and young  
Mouth open, rings slashin' off of cardboard, wettin' my  
tongue  
We prayed for the shepherd to come  
I was called a monster, I was a youngster  
Crawlin' out the dumpster, toes were bloody, clothes  
we muddy  
Eyes were crummy, peeped to the skies above me  
Cried I'm ugly, found out this life don't love me  
Despised by the country, paralyzed in my one knee  
Talked to the most high, Priest, hug me, real, real

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude: Savoy]

No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
Priesthood, Savoy Murda  
G-13, what's poppin', oh, no, no, no  
No, it's real, it's real  
It's real, just sing it when it's real  
It's real, it's real, it's real, it's real

[Chorus 2X]

Visit [Gamble maniac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.