

H.A.W.K. f/ Dead End B.G.'s

"Only Time Will Tale"

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[Verse 1]

Clientele increasing swiftly, from a G to a ki
Living millionaires dream, that my eyes can see
Dead End we leave you blinded, I'm erasing these boys
Cause I'm a self made nigga, playing with automatic
toys
Living lavish is a habit, currency 'cross the ocean
H-A-Dub-K and Dead End B.G.'s, a deadly potion
Only time'll tell, the platinum records we grabbing it
Two kilos in my cabinet, lyrically we ain't having it
Don't give a fuck about haters, and all the hell that I run
from
Make money's my national anthem, a lyrical temper
tantrum
Straight balling no dope cases, leave bills with inflated
faces
We G's we on the rise, for moving round to vacant
spaces

[Hook - 2x]

Only time will tell, lace your game and don't slack up
Ride till I die, if I fall get right back up
Living lavish is a habit, pumping strictly for the
cabbage
Making music's where we headed, thinking thoed and
trying to have it

[Verse 2]

My back against the wall, I ain't got shit to lose
Is it greed or green, that keep me making these moves
Hit the block with precision, and chop it up like confetti
I go to the extreme, to keep my pockets laced with
feddy
Hard times got a young nigga currency chasing
Cause only time will tell, if twenty to life is what I'm
facing
On these drug infested streets, I had to hustle and
grind
It just took a lil' time, for me to bubble up and shine
Drought season, got a motherfucker clutching this nine
It itching with hollow tips, to rupture a nigga spine

It ain't hard to see, that we done hopped on the grind
The Dead End baby gangsta, gon leave all you bitches
blind

[Verse 3]

Situations get sticky, me and haters go heads up
My niggaz get bruised up, so my glock done cocked up
Pumping strictly for cabbage, I got birds flying in my
attic
Pots boiling like acid, it's time to whoop up some magic
Heads turning like wheels, when we hit the intersection
B.G. wrecking your ears, cause we screaming Dead
End Texas
Or looking like mouth ailing, records sales are sailing
Lyrical smoke got me inhaling, masterplan investments
My road to riches is where I'm headed, mix fast to
stack my feddy
Boy time tellers we ain't ready, earth calm down we
done left it painted
Ask Lil' Kay it's a must, to live ghetto fabulous
Dead End B.G.'s we dangerous, a whole damn mob
couldn't fuck with us

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

Thinking thoed trying to have it, pumping hard for my
cabbage
Living lavish is a habit, Dead End savage trying to grab
it
Gotta smash these 48 bars, got choose by superstars
Wearing fatigues to camoflaugue ain't no stopping my
enterouge
Seek to charge and get the do', I want all to hit the flo'
Step to this square if you want some mo', better
beware of this danger flow
With my toll mo' money mo', take the war like G.I. Joe
Yeah I might be a asshole, fuck with our cash flow
Use my mic's to make the scrill, caps got peeled blood
got spilled
On that chase for big pay bills, sitting higher than a hill

[Hook - 2x]

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