

Hell Razah & 4th Disciple

"Take Ya Time"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Uh, every project Article One
Every hood, every ghetto
Freedom of Speech, this one we gon' talk to them
This goes out to the hoods, 4th Disciple
Every ghetto need a government, you know?
Think of the times, man, when responsibilities become
for real
From Red Hook to Ohio, baby, A-One

[Chorus: Hell Razah, children]

Take your time, young man, I remember they used to
say
All that glitter ain't gold, I remember they used to say
You got to live your life... you got to live your life
Take your time, young man

[Hell Razah]

We was young men, never thought it would come to an
end
In the projects, I lived there, Red Hook, Brooklyn
Before kings got shot at, for beige sheep skins
Reminisclin' on the nights we didn't listen to Glenn
On the stoupe, smokin' weed drinkin' a fifth of gin
We had the same Timberlands before that winter came
in
Now I begin to make a change before my seed get ten
In the womb of the beast, we like the seed that sin
Through the children is the only way we breathe again
We never notice it, but still the drug game, is over with
You either die or go to jail, for the one controllin' it
We never ship it, but always get caught for holdin' it
While the government finance those who float it in
So who'se the culprits? The one ownin' it or who be
smokin' it?
To those who lost souls in the game, to my
condolences
Flashback to all the past blacks, died for cracks
Made grandmothers faint out, and have heart attacks
Fuck a democrat, welcomin' mat, we send them back
Til we take back the almanac, to plan a format

Never saw in rap, on a A-DAT, for real

[Chorus]

[Hell Razah]

In my ghetto, son, the walls have ears
Same rumors carried on for years, more and more
forties and beers
Reminisclin' on the pictures we shared, coffee park
You blunted on the benches and stairs, and never
scared
Nigga violate at all, toe to toe in the square
Elevator ride, you play a corner or catch a black eye
Hot piece and butter, find a bell, taste the fat guy
Back then, Black and Sly Time, had the loudest ride
We went from petty crime, to up north, to federal time
Money circulate, some paper chase for nickels and
dimes
Some will die while they was holdin' they steel, in
automobiles
You noticin' the snake eyes was all in his grill
From success, come the envious, revenge and sex
In the projects, no tellin' if you death be next
Gamblin' bets, debts turn to techs and threats
We all strugglin' from Puerto Ricans down to Aztecs

[Chorus]

[Outro: Hell Razah]

All my young'ns, comin' up..

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