

J-Zone f/ Devin the Dude "Greater Later"

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[Chorus: Devin the Dude] It's gonna be greater later It's gonna be fine It just take a little time [J-Zone Speaking] Damn cousin. Why you eatin' a turkey neck sand which for? What's on your mind nigga? Shit [Verse One: Devin the Dude] Spittin' out the spinal cord of a turkey neck Waitin' for the phone to ring but ain't no work yet Get up off the couch, take a shit and I think Of how I'm gonna go the whole day without a drink While I'm writin' I get excited about the weed that I have Up two days straight, maybe I need me a bath It seems that I'm trapped In a life that I love I might get a buzz You know acceptance from the critics and skeptics I hop off in the car, but the car won't start My transmission needs fixin' My shit won't go forward So I reverse it all the way to the shop And get out I ask him to fix it (naw, no dice man) Check my brakes, it's hard to stop (Hell no nigga, gimme my money) I jog back to my house I ask him to hold onto my keys I'll pay you man, c'mon please It's 32 degrees And all I have is this turtle neck sweater And this cold weather I know it's gonna get better [Chorus: x2] [J-Zone speaking] Damn man. I definitely can relate to you. I'm goin' through some shit myself Give me a little bit of that turkey neck sand which. It looks pretty good Fuck it [Verse Two: J-Zone] I dig deep into my pockets all my bucks is spent I'm diggin' deeper and still comin' up with lent I got three parking tickets That's three fifteen I owe the city, so I go hustle some beat CDs Gave out ten last week Sounds sweet to me But they all wantin' beats for free I need cash and a 9 to 5 ain't an option to get some I've been fired more times then George Jetson So I'm waitin' by the phone [J-Ro] Can I speak to J-Zone [J-Zone] Talkin' bout he paid me a G to come and play this show I'm out the door In the route to Manhattan And my car is overheatin' on Canal The hood is smokin' Stuck in traffic And ain't no antifreeze so I use tap water That should hold me till I see this promoter And get my scratch from him Hit the stage, grab the mic and get booed I don't give a fuck I just took advice from the Dude I just smiled, took a bow and took a pee in the crowd Went to go get my show fee so I can be out But the promoter done split Ain't

that some shit And I'm hungry for a tuna fish sand
which with chips And I'm diggin' through my pockets
for some Subway clips You need eight to get a freebie
but I only got six I got clowned by some bitch "I heard
you sick of bein' rich" Say, "Hey bitch, let me borrow
Ha, I'll pay you back tomorrow" It's ahhhh... [Chorus]
[Outro: J-Zone] Yo man fuck it. My car is in the shop My
hoes are lookin' chopped. I don't care though

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