

Trae

"Not My Time"

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[Intro: Trae]

Let me talk to em
U need to pay attention to the truth
U know it's here
For every death, brings new life
And with new life,
Our chances are limited
They say it's limited by the experiences
That we may come across on a day to day basis
It's limited by the circumstances, of us bein less
fortunate in life
They it's limited by the spirit and hope that we have
That everybody try to take from u
But then it's unlimited when u find peace with god

[Verse 1: Trae]

Come take a walk thru the hood with me
Where fake is at a lower lever cause pressure is hard
30 yearz in a cell wil leave a killer acquainted with god
Goin to war with pain will leave u internally scared
Watchin the world crash is kinda odd
We in the last dayz is what they tellin me
8 year old children bein convicted of a felony
Never hadda life stereo type from what they bred to be
Momma dead daddy prolly somethin they will never
see
The economy underfire by president bush
That's why the hood spend most of their dayz
Blowin president kush the way he got us given daily
Give us a reason to push unless he on the verge of
suicide
And we give em a push
Katrina came and left our neighbors with some deadly
weather
And off the rip I beg the lord to try to make it better
I feel they pain so now I ride with them like it's w/e
Yea I represent for new orleans and texas together
I gotta kipe the other day from my homie on lock
They beg me not to swtch up like rest look here
Homie I'm not
So every chance I get to roll I'm comin the blok

I'm in the penitentiary walls til they tell me to stop

I witness murder by the minute on another skill
Sirens and a couple shots mean another body still
Even if we see it rules got us unable to tell
My heart goes out to all those victims who done been
thru hell
Children molested by these cowards who ain't in at all
As long as I'm livin I ain't gon let these cowards win at
all
And for my people I'm a stand up till a soldier fall
I'm so serious ain't no need for me to grin at all
And on another know my girl homie momma is a
smoker
I promise I wanna help but she duk off when I approach
her
I'm so sensitive to the pain that I'm numb
Put the world against me on my babies I ain't finna run
And speakin of babies I'm seein babies havin babies
Hoe ass niggas skeetin in these kids like they grown
ladies
They tell life gon get better if obama win
I agree as long as he don't switch up in the end
My brother been in the pen a little over ten
I gotta send him pictures just to help em live again
I let em know there's no limit how far this end extend
If I gotta die to see em free then I'll be chekin in
That's on my spirit homie

[Verse 2: Lynzie Kent]

The vultures are coming
Their hunting for your blood
Their circlin the streets
But don't give em what they want [x2]
And I know u got a secret
And it's causin u pain
So lay low baby
It won't hurt u again [x4]
I look thru these eyes
And these eyes only
I live thru this life
Sometimes it's loney
I look thru these eyes
And these eyes only
I live this life
Sometimes it's lonely

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