

Michael Peterson F/ Travis Tritt**"Time and Time Again"**

Visit "[Time and Time Again](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Yeah, let me count that up right there
Real shit, know I mean, you know I mean, what's up Z-
Ro
Yeah, this a real one, inhale that shit nigga

[Hook]

Time and time again
I get caught up, trying to make those ends
In my liiiiife, cause everything I do
Is a criiiiime, what else could I do
I would like, to make a change
But being broke, will make a nigga stay the same
In my liiiiife, tell me what to do
At least I grind, what else could I do

[Daz]

I never ever ever ever, did nobody ever wrong
Will I live, with a nigga be bumping my song
Will my soul live, forever or will it be gone
Will I journey on, will I journey on
My journey was swift and thick
Came up in the game, slanging these rhymes to get
rich
Fifty thousand, to a hundred thousand
I perfected my housing, now me and my niggas is cold
cold lounging
Roll a Five Hundred Wagon, we blasting the morgue
Cause body bagging, back to the hood cause we
sagging
I ain't asking for no handout, see my demands bout
That's when I planned out, see I just cash out
Make sure it's all there, Dat Nigga Daz out
Now I'm swerving and swerving nigga, without a doubt
It's just another day, just for the D-A-Z
Or it just another day, got me just being a G
Be so easily spoken, my minds are open
My eyes are open, I keep smoking
And spilling that mud leaning, me and my niggas we
super thugs
Bitch, who the fuck that you thought it was

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I'ma pledge allegiance, to this crooked ass game
Walking backwards through this rhythm this nation,
without a name
I don't need to be known, I just to be living like it
Cause I come from Holiday, there's no other prison like
it
I fuck with niggas like Chill, and the Don Keke
Cause not only are they killas, they be about they
currency
Somebody told me Z-Ro, get your ass up and go
Get a job but my job, got to be filling out applications
it's hard
For a young black male, to stack male
But do it legal, without the help of a crack sale
That's asking too much, cause my people having it
rough
That's just your ghetto, everyday average stuff
From California to Texas, people are restless and they
starving
Like predators after the prey, they gon come barging
Just like the police, you might as well call us the Fed
Because we running shit undercover, but making our
bread

[Hook]

[Thug Dirt]

I'm trying to make it, but the world want me to take it
Sticky sticky I'm getting stuck, in a crazy situation
Should I get a job a car and a wife, or chrome with
cookies
On the corner, this is my life
I often wish it was easy, but the road so cold
I make one and pay three, I gots to make two mo'
And coming short don't add up, niggas wanna agg' up
Uncock the gun lil' nigga, put the mask up
I ain't killing no mo', I gots to find another way
I got people locked down, ain't seen the light of day
I'm struggling right now, I still gots to get paid
God please help me, men my wicked ways
I'm trudging through the mud, trying to make it to the
concrete
But I'm sinking, can't see my feet
Thug Dirt guilty or acquitted, I'ma push it to the limit
In the dark, hit the lights so I could finish, yeah

[Hook]

Visit [Michael Peterson F/ Travis Tritt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.