

Missy Elliott F/ Eve, Lil' Mo, Nas, Q-Tip "Time"

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[Killah Priest]

My life flashes, I'm eight years old, my face stares cold
At the pastor, as he picks up the roll
He reads a chapter, his voice is like grabbin' my soul
The seeds to the blacker, finally'll fade out slow
From here and after, a whole brand new screen show
I hear laughter, it's my birthday, I'm 18 years old
I'm on gates between one road, 8 seas and young hoes
Inflate dreams wit gun blows, weight screen wit blunt
rolls
Up, they lit it, some hit it, I'm drunk
So much, that I can't see straight
Another flash, I'm in a fancy place, a waiter walks sober
Hands me a plate, I transit to escape
But it's too late, I see my casket, my mom's screamin'
"bastard"
Ya know who killed them feel dumb wit the lugers
Rugers, you God damn hoodlums, but it's too late
I see the King and the New Jerusalem, I could touch the
gates

[Chorus: Savoy]

Time keeps on tickin', stay focused, ain't no time for
politickin
Time keeps on tickin', stay focused, gotta keep our
your brothers outta prison
Time keeps on tickin', stay hopin', ain't no time for
politickin
Gotta keep our your brothers outta prison
Everyday, I feel this life is like addiction

[Dreddy Kruger]

I move at the speed of a sneeze
Wit water in my knees, you gets hit in the head by the
breeze
From debris, there's too many "I's" and not enough
"We's"
There's too many fake rappers and not enough M.C.'s
All ya do is talk about keys and V and G's
Nigga please, Killa Beez quote degrees
We from the U.S. to overseas, this is just a tease

I flow on this track wit ease, wit no cheese
It's real, now you know how the fuck I feel
And still, the nicest niggaz don't got a deal

[Chorus]

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