

Rick Ross, It's My Time

(feat. Lyfe Jennings)

[Intro: Lyfe Jennings (Rick Ross talking)]

It's my time (Rick Ross)

It's my time (Finna' lay back on this shit man)

(Dade County dope boy)

[Verse 1:]

I'm not a slim thug, I'm a fat mack
I don't give a fuck, I'll push ya hat back
Still sellin dubs, nigga, that's fact
You can hit me on the cell pimp, that's that
I had to pawn my chain and grab a half ounce
Ten years later time for me to cash out
You dealin wit a dope dealin dictator
Fuck trafficking nigga, I get this shit catered
See the clip tailored, only the Coogi shit
I fucks wit Damon, I'm in the movies kid
My mom reminisce on the late nights
When I used to reel 'em in with the straight white
'96, Seventeen with a lil' Beamer
First foreign car far from a lil' dreamer
Daddy severed his relationships
I think momma quit him 'cause he wasn't makin shit
Who ever thought that I'd make it rich?
The bottom of the barrel, with a bucket of Crys'
I'm tellin you man... Life a funny thing
You ain't a dope by 'til yo ass got a gun and chain

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]

It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)

It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)

It's my time

[Verse 2:]

Ain't rappin I'm talkin, ain't talkin I'm scrappin
Ain't scrappin, I'm shootin, they just askin what happened
Ain't shoot then I'm shot, ain't shot then I'm shootin
I ain't caught by the cops, fuck the cops I'm eluding
Ain't hearin the sirens, but I'm seeing the sirens
Ain't seeing the sirens, why am I being so violent?
Thats in the nature of being a nigga
Being beat down, then able to get up
Being let down, then able to sit up
Be the false charge, a nigga acquit it
I ain't hating on ya, dog I pray for ya
Be safe, I heard they got a case for ya
Be straight, stay away from them fake lawyers
You'll be working for the state like you they laywers
Stay loyal, your time will come...
For you to be free and shine like the sun
I'm so blessed, to be in this position
Holdin on my .45 listenin to every whisper...
I'm so blessed, to be in this position
Holdin on my .45 listenin to every whisper...

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]

It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)

It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)

It's my time

[Verse 3:]

Other niggaz sleep, I'm on my job
Soon as cats get 'laxed, I'm going hard

That's the rules of the game for the underdog
Every wonder dog, long as I been going off (Ross!)
I left it in God's hands...
Block told me once, "Ross, this is God's plan"
I'm like "aw, man", a man run a label like "Amen"
Sign a Ray Charles, I could see it all
A lot of undercover agents wanna see me fall
See me fell, in the hell of shells
Expired, no liar, I live the tale
I look forward to working with all the real niggaz
I look forward to looking back on drug dealing
I look forward to making my momma smile once
Look forward, just know I'm smoking them loud blunts
Eight-hundred an ounce, while you running ya mouth
I'm loading the guns... Who running the South?
I'm on ya porch, knocking at ya front door
I got my money right nigga, and I want war

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]
It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)
It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)
It's my time (Yeah... yeah... yeaaaah)
It's my time (There'll be no stopping me!)
(There'll be no stopping me now)