

Tech N9ne, Running Out Of Time (R.O.O.T.)

(Chorus:)

Times Running Out (Running Out) Time Keeps On Tickin (We Got To Keep It Movin)
Times Running Out (Running Out) Time Keeps On Slippin (We Got To Keep It Movin)

(Verse 1:)

Pain. (What Is It) Originally Penalty Physically Or Mentally Sensations U Feel When You Hirtin Dist
Death, 'cause Of The Lack Of Success Now, Time, Aint On My Side 'cause Im Tryin To Find My Pi
Shine, If We Dont Im Sorry We Might Have To Do Capers Do Crime, 'cause My Mom Is Sic Doc, In
Suspense And Shit On This Block, Fist-Cocked When Im Walking My Lips Locked, Irs And The Ch
Make This Shit Pop

(Chorus x2)

(Verse 2:)

Neva Like I Cheated For The Chedder Whatever We Gotta Do To Make It Better 'cause Im (Runnin
Mama Gotta Get A Better Livin I Got The Power To Bust (We Got To Do It Movin)
Tryin To Get A Milli And I Really Been Silly The Pill In Me Killin Me So The Devils (Comin Out) Loo
Guess Im Trully Ruined) No Matter What I Ever Do, Nina Always Gotta Deliver, Never Comin Out O
When I Was The Heavenly Son, Now We Run With Killas Who Carry The Guns, Marry The Bum No
The Root Of The Problem, Is The Root Of All Evil, The Ones That Hiss At The Enemy, And The One
Rhyme, Still, Comin To See Me The Fans Takin In All This N9ne, And Thats Positive 'cause Everything

Levy Shit Takin More Money Than Youll Ever Get, Im Ready As Ready Get, For The Capital Out Fo
Shit, And If I Grind I Wonder How Much Time They Gon Make Me Sit

(Chorus x2)

(Verse 3:)

Its Like Its A Trap, Rap, When U Spend Ur Scratch, And U Get With A Partner On The Coast And So
Gat, 'cause If U Do That The State Will Separate You From Your Brats, Chillin With The Killas And F
Mind, Skinheads, Cops, Gangbangers, And Its All In The Devils Design, Just To Get Me, Gotta Get Th
Cant Make It Before That I Will Neva Eva Forgive Me, Racin For Happiness For That Sunshine Eup
Van-Goriabut Im Tryin To Pick Up The Pieces That Are Broken Beast Is My Species, So I Hope My
Time Is Tickin And My Kids Are Growin Up I Aint Blowin Up, I Guess The Bass In My Music Aint Hi
Tough, Shit That Im Doins Rough, Meetings With Atlantic Jive And Tvt Cant Come Soon Enough

(Chorus x2)

We Do Too Much Will We Make It?
We Make Money And They Take It
Time Time Time Time (Runnin Out)
For Me An You What Is We Gonna Do?