

# Take My Time

Z-Ro

I'm gon' take my time  
Already living too fast, I don't need to speed up  
At the rate I'm traveling now, I'ma end up with Jesus  
I think I'm losing my mind  
It's an everyday struggle for me, to try to maintain  
I just want the money, motherfuck the fame

Bitch what you mean, you ain't calling me no mo'  
I thought I already got rid of your ass, a week ago  
When you did what you did, from that moment I didn't care  
That's why I was like, I don't want no company stay over there  
You prolly think cause you got the pussy, you rule me  
Up under that pussy you ain't nothing but another no good niggga bitch, you can't fool me  
Too many years, I done paid the price  
You must be smoking, if you think I'ma make you my wife  
Even though I'm a rapper, feel like I'm still on the block  
Everyday I damn near shoot somebody, everyday I damn near get shot  
Dealing with fake ass bitches, and fake ass niggaz  
You know the ones, that wanna make my cash they cash nigga  
I'm not worried about you, I'm worried about me  
Even though I know your life is meaningless, without me  
You can choke on a meaty dick, with my cum coming from it  
My love is for who I see in the mirror, bitch I promise

Look I'm six million sold, with ten million ring tones  
You wanna live like me, well first we gotta switch homes  
Cause I keep bread like Michael Vick, way before the dogs  
Me and Ro, blowing purple haze clouds huh  
I won't stop, until I get that Grammy on my shelf  
Why should I pay you, when I can do it by myself  
The block like the way I put it down for the streets  
I been a fly boy, way before I had the piece  
The F-N on my lap, as I breeze by  
You can't compare Southwest, to a G-5  
These rappers hate it, cause we made it out the hood right  
I got some head, so that's what I call a good flight  
DJ's, always playing that dance shit  
But meanwhile, I be on some Paris France shit  
So listen up, cause I'ma say this for the last time  
This music shit, will make you lose your mind damn

I think I wanna pancake, but I'm not talking about a breakfast plate  
I'm tal'n bout three wheel motion, one of my wheels just hanging in the air  
let's get that straight  
Flipperacci got on a Johnny watch, Z-Ro got on a Johnny watch  
You fellas broke, me and Flip don't see none of y'all at Johnny's spots  
It's Screwed Up Click, until it's over with  
I been here ever since the beginning, cause I'm a soldier bitch  
You niggaz act funny when I'm not on my money, when I'm on my money y'all kiss my ass  
Here's to the future, leaving y'all fucked niggaz in the past

For every critic that hate it, god damn we made it  
Cause when it come to the S.U.C., homeboy we the greatest  
You can't divide us up, I got the Midas touch  
That mean, everything I touch reach platinum plus

I smoked weed with Snoop, I drunk Cris' with Jay  
My idols were UGK, we still chopping blades  
And everytime somebody die, they wanna blame it on lean  
But we'll probably lose our mind, if we went a day clean man