

Time's Up

O.C.

[Intro]

Ayo, Storm, time's up
Time's up

[Verse 1]

You lack the minerals and vitamins, irons and the niacin
Fuck who did I offend, rappers, sit back, I'm 'bout to begin
Bout foul talk you squawk, never even walked the walk
More less destined to get tested, never been arrested
My album will manifest many things that I saw, did, or heard about
All told firsthand, never word of mouth
What's in the future for the fusion in the changer?
Rappers are in danger, who will use wits to be a remainder?
When the missile is aimed to blow you out of the frame
Some will keep their limbs and some will be maimed
The same suckers with the gab about killer instincts
Will turn bitch and knowin' damn well they lack in this division
The connoisseur crackin' your head with a four-by-four
Realize, sucker, I'll be the comin' like Noah
Always simmer you down, perpetratin' façade and what you consider an image
To me, this is just a scrimmage
I'm feel I'm stone, not 'cause I bop or wear my cap cocked
The more emotion I put into it, the harder I rock
Those who pose lyrical but really ain't true, I feel
(Their time's limited, hard rocks' too)
[Scratching]
"Their time's limited, hard rocks' too"

[Verse 2]

Speakin' in tongues about what you did but you never done it
Admit it, you bit it 'cause the next man gained platinum behind it
I find it ironic, so I researched and analyzed
Most write about stuff they fantasized
I'm fed up with the bull on this focus of weed and clips
And Glock's gettin' cocked, and wax not bein' flipped
It's the same ol' same ol', just strainin' from the anal
The content is not complexed or vexed
So why you pushin' it? Why you lyin' for? I know where you live
I know your folks, you was a sucker as a kid
Your persona's drama that you acquired in high school in acting class
Your whole aura is Plexiglass
What's-her-face told me you shot this kid last week in the park
That's a lie, you was in church wit' your moms

See, I know, yo, slow your roll, give a “good to go”
Guys be lackin' in this thing called “rappin' just for dough”
Of course, we got to pay rent, so money connects, but uh
I'd rather be broke and have a whole lot of respect
It's the principle of it, I get a rush when I bust some dope lines I wrote
That maybe somebody'll quote
That's what I consider real in this field of music
Instead of puttin' brain cells to work, they abuse it
Non-conceptual, non-exceptional
Everybody's either crime-related or sexual
I'm here to make a difference, besides all the riffin'
To traps I'm not stickin', rappers, stop flippin'
For those who pose lyrical but really ain't true, I feel
(Their time's limited, hardrocks' too)
[Scratching]
“Their time's limited, hardrocks' too”

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