

# Got the Time

Dizzy Wright

I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time (No you don't)  
I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time (Let them know)  
They be showing signs, I ain't Got the Time (Get out my way)  
If it ain't 'bout that bread don't be hittin' my line (Hit my line) I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time (No you don't)  
I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time (Let them know)  
They be showing signs, I ain't Got the Time (Get out my way)  
If it ain't 'bout that bread don't be hittin' my line (Hit my line) Dizzy hippy get it going  
Hittin' donuts in the open  
Going global with the motive  
I ain't never high and never foldin'  
Money comin' and it's loaded  
Guaranteed you see me rollin'  
You heard my loyalty it was stolen  
702 we in motion let's get it!  
That Dizzy get it litty litty rap  
Givin' my city a piggy back  
Married to the game but it gotta a little turned for a special kitty cat  
Pin it down until you feel attached, hit it from the back and go deep on it  
Let one off, and didn't want to talk and now she talkin' me into a sleep over  
But I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time  
She be tryin' and I be lyin' to say I don't play with her mind, shame on me  
Right when there ain't no beat, hit me with the same old heat, came in peace  
But I feel like she trip so I always break that lease  
Moving, moving, moving, moving, moving on  
Fuck the kid shit, I got two at home  
Fuck you nigga with the cheap cologne  
Fuck you and all of your Louis Vuitton  
Nigga you want Nigga you wrong  
If you don't fuck wit me than leave me alone  
We trap on Sahara and Sloan  
We feeding these people these songs  
Get off my phone cause nigga  
I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time (No you don't)  
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I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time (Let them know)  
They be showing signs, I ain't Got the Time (Get out my way)  
If it ain't 'bout that bread don't be hittin' my line (Hit my line) One love, on me  
Still tryin' to spread them Good Vibes

Ain't got time for the bullshit  
I ate a fake bitch with a good body  
I'm more confident when I look fly  
So every where I go I gotta style on 'em  
Ahead of these niggas got a mile on 'em  
MJ flew game, with a towel on 'em  
Hard work, pays off, this is a packed out party  
Little nigga tried to take my weed  
So I had to trip like Scotty  
Back in action like I left the game  
Know I will never leave, and I will never change  
But I couldn't know what she was tryin' to gain  
So why you playin' games tryin' to show your body  
It's too real out here in Vegas  
Gettin' into the money makin' habit  
See me on the Strip gettin' Faded  
Lookin' for, Lookin' for, Lookin' for, Lookin' for  
Brand new, brand new sugardaddy  
Brand new whip got 'em lookin' at me  
But I on got time for the turnt down  
Good weed gotta get burnt down  
Feelin' blessed that I'm alive  
I've been riding down to 95 since 1995  
I swear to you I never lie  
It ain't no reason, it's my season to get them points in  
Catchin' up and get them joints in  
Takin' bitches from their boyfriends  
I thought about it but  
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I ain't Got the Time, I ain't Got the Time (Let them know)  
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