

# End of Time

## Q-Tip

Just feelin' things out for real, ya know?  
Just wanna do me for real, ya know?  
No reason to make it complicated for feelin' agitated  
You love it or you hate it, fuck itDesperation, jumpin' off of street corners here  
Hustlahz lookin' for buzz like 'pop one in here'  
Local state officials, man, they out of touch  
Getting money for some, aiyo, ain't nothin' muchBut yo, let them tell it, we smoke it and we  
sell it  
You don't understand, so don't tell it  
You sneakin' souls just for phat diamond golds  
'Cuz our lady friends have likings for designer clothesPeople in my hood think if I'm lookin'  
raggedy  
Then the cat is just a weak link  
In the very fake chain of oppression  
If television taught me any lesson, it's  
Image is Nothing', but yo I got a thirst  
Nothing, but yo I got a thirst  
Nothing, but yo I got a thirst, what's first?  
Your rings or your purse?Oh boy, oh boy  
Make your wagers back there  
Step lively, women and children first  
The world is coming to an endCome on now, we're looking at the end  
We have to leave them  
We have to leave all our paraphernalia behind, let's go this way  
Were lookin' at the end lets go move into the back there, let's goIt's kinda scary you see  
How fucked up things can be  
Each time you take a bath  
How it could have been your last  
There's so much shit around us  
Things we can't even see, is this the end of our line?  
That's where I wanna be, that's where I wanna be  
That's where I want to be, that's where I want to beEnd of the line, end of time  
End of the line, end of time  
End of the line, end of time

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>