

# Time's Up

## Jadakiss

Yeah, yo, I'm the nigga with the perpetual oyster bars  
Mother of pearl delivery, voice of God  
And it's hard just being the boss  
Being I can't go to jail 'cause them years will cost me  
Don't get me wrong, lay a nigga down if he force me  
Rather just sit back and roll a Dutch  
Think how I'ma put the game in the cobra clutch  
Think about how I'ma get the cocaine over customs Never underestimate niggaz or over trust  
them  
Uh, yeah them M's is right in my face  
I just gotta throw my timbs on and tighten my lace  
If it don't jam, the tech will spray  
When I spit everybody gotta split like pepper spray  
'Cause I'm a nigga that hate to settle  
I'm a man of the Lord but I still can't shake the Devil  
Moved away and still can't escape the ghetto, what  
The time to talk is up so bring the heat, that time is over  
While you running your mouth, I'm creeping up over your shoulder  
A gun, a knife, a bat, a brick, anything I can get my hands on  
Call my bluff, start actin' up, and I'll leave you underground I know how to get my pairs off me  
They can cry and die from high blood pressure 'cause tears are salty  
It's a symptom if you bobbin' your head  
Know that he's sick, know the flow is ridic', now throw him a grip  
When I get it, you already know I'm throwin' them bricks  
Puttin' purple everywhere, daddy, I'm throwin' them nicks  
That's right, homey, you can't move me  
I ain't goin' nowhere, I'm in the hood like bootleg movies  
All you shootin' is the breeze, a bootleg uzi  
I'm just waitin' on a queue like Suzie, don't lose me  
These penitentiary chances that I take  
Should be able to get the mansion by the lake  
But I invest my bread into something else  
Into something else that'll make something melt  
You just gotta feel the kid  
If not rap for the fact of how real he is, whatup The time to talk is up so bring the heat, that time  
is over  
While you running your mouth, I'm creeping up over your shoulder  
A gun, a knife, a bat, a brick, anything I can get my hands on  
Call my bluff, start actin' up, and I'll leave you underground Aiyo, niggaz know the champ is in  
here  
He took it from crack to rap, now he put out two anthems a year  
And I just wanna rock for a century

And then chase the book with the documentary  
If you can't do none other than flow  
Life's a bitch like the mother from blow, let's go  
Don't make me put your heart in your lap  
Fuck ridin' the beat nigga, I parallel park on the track  
Hop out lookin' crispy, fresh and new  
In the six, but it's a BM, and it's Pepsi blue  
And, I don't know you  
But I know a man becomes a man  
From all the shit that he go through  
Ya'll ain't fuckin' with Jason  
After I cash in, there's really no justification  
Of how I'm gonna change the game, so don't get outta line  
'Cause this little nine will change your frame, what up  
The time to talk is up so bring the heat,  
that time is over  
While you running your mouth, I'm creeping up over your shoulder  
A gun, a knife, a bat, a brick, anything I can get my hands on  
Call my bluff, start actin' up, and I'll leave you underground  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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