## ...Time Goes By

## **Domo Genesis**

Time goes by Puffing on lye Hoping that it keep me high Got a nigga going Ayo the limelight flicks when the time's right This mission is mine, no lie I been spending time just getting my mind right Remember wild nights [?] sick Tryna get it cause my pockets wasn't hitting on shit Like shit I'm thinking bout hitting these licks Nah I'm thinking legit [?] big body Beamers spending cream on my clique See I just wanna be as clean as it gets Let me breathe cause I did see street dreams when it drift All I need's a shot, it's green if you feed the assist My shit dope Sit it on a triple beam, it's a brick I can't miss But life pull you in directions that be out of the way And time til you ain't enough of me left after today So I'm back to the scramble gas with a lackage of brake Put like half in a stash where if anything happen I'm straight What's the word bruh? Shit another day, another verse But when I stopped to roll the herb up All I heard was... Time goes by, puffing on lye And I hope it keep a nigga high Got a young nigga going I'm going, I'm going out of my mind My OG told me boy I know you feel ready but drive slow Yeah I heard him but I hit that ground running like I ain't know Back when the hopes for this life I was aspired was flying low When we was still getting inspired by what niggas was dying for I was starting to think this life wasn't meant for me Picture me rolling, picture the days before I know I called my enemies homie S Back when my pockets was on Hector Zeroni Before anxiety attacked up all these blessings before me When my hardest problem was plotting on not to be hungry When I was stressing about this money When time would get invested like a dummy Swore they told me to drive slow but instead I'ma ride Getting high watching time fly Ready to die, I'm living like I got nine lives Time is limited, careful when I divide mines Yeah, I tend to keep my hours, seconds, and minutes kind of preserved up So when I stop and roll this herb up All I heard was... Time goes by, puffing on lye

And I hope it keep a nigga high Got a young nigga going I'm going, I'm going out of my mind Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz