

It's Time I See You

Jadakiss

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Fuck y'all niggas talkin 'bout huh? ("it's time I see you...")

Get it right, you faggot niggas heard Suge Knight

Double R's the only niggas he respect and, y'all niggas shook right?

y'all get on Hot 97 and, talk wit a baritone

wit two niggas downstairs wit ?licensed guns? to take y'all home

scared ass niggas, you think they gon take a life so they can get life (nope
)

ask Puff they aint tryin to hear that nigga

for no cake, and y'all can get at us on Labor Day

we make stones that say ? your moms labor day

I'm in the hood so we can link up, any place you think of

handheld don't hold prints plus I burnt the tip of my fingers

I'm a Bronx gangsta nigga, double R's hoodrat

the nigga they come get quick bitch, on this hood shit

Y'all bitches think the ryders a joke, well I don't play (let's go)

I blow you whole fuckin shit up like Tim McVeigh

gimme the needle, not tomorrow, but today

Cross comin y'all better get the fuck out the way

I aint the shit that you see that's on the top of your church

I put a bomb in your baby carriage, brick through your hearse

Tell your CEO, don't call my CEO apologizin (sorry)

I'm at your wake in the choir standin harmonizin

It's Infa-Red the shit that be on top of the heater

The best thing in New York since Steinbrenner signed Jeter

hold Camby sister the hostage, then send 'em a reef

so stop frontin vegetarian just scared of beef

Yo, ay suck my dick bitch, the way this chick spit ridickliss

Here we go again, only we on Kiss shit

we comin and you keep runnin

you keep claimin you the best that done it

pussy let me see somethin

fake niggas screamin "Ryde or Die"

same niggas we run up on and make 'em cry

outta all the camps in this game, nigga

we the champs in this game

who kick the real shit before the fame

fuck you fat ass, fake bad ass niggas

still play the hood while you ride past niggas

coward trust me, we keep it gutter

hope you stay mad a hater cuz you can't touch us, huh

"It's time I see you..."

Ayo, I aint got a care in the world

Kidnappin your kid, maimin your mom, and airin your girl

and like, you aint got a care in the world

I'm hopeless and numb, I can't see but I can focus my gun

and I'm down for smokin blunts to the head

my nerves is shot, my paces is short, I dump in your head

I'm the hardest nigga out you outta know it by now

I'm the nigga that they talk about goin to Chao

and my name ring bells, my blade stay bloody

if you heard about me beefin dog I leave the most shells

the nigga to salute, the quickest to shoot
Holiday Styles, motherfucker, givin you pound

What? Like I won't run up and break your jaw
like they make a vest for your head to stop the 4
I'm tired of rappin, let's get the mack and send niggas on vacation
right in front of the radio station
motherfuckers aint quiet til the tech go off
arteries hitted, hawkin, they neck is shit
I'm the motherfuckin hardest
I smack the shit out of any one of your artists
whatever the label
y'all niggas don't want beef, y'all want meat at the table
and I don't give a fuck, Sheek'll do life in the box
before any of y'all bitch niggas front on the LOX
What? Motherfuckers, c'mon

Yo, If I miss your head and your neck, I'll hurt your chest
if you from the streets betrayal is worse than death
and I'm known for gettin money, not known for wildin
but I'm real I could rock both phones in the island
this is how we even the bets
I kill everything you love dog, right now, even the pets
everything got dubs on it, even the vets
50 close, then 50 wide, even the sets
cuz the bullets is like calisthenics when I'm squirtin
when they start hurtin, that means they workin
only way we comin is hard
industry is like jail nigga, double R's runnin the yard, uh