

# Time And Money

Young Bleed

[Young Bleed]

See, we can make it happen and keep em jumpin like jacks  
If ya know that's a nigga aphrodesiac  
Nigga, where the geez be at?  
You can catch me chillin steady feelin' like what what what  
Y'all niggas get the feelin' huh  
Willin' and able to snatch the money off the table and keep bailin'  
And hailin' them twigs, nigga ain't no tellin'  
Steady hustlin' high it's do or die for a hustla  
Do your thing remain same and loyal customers  
Pack your things with mufflers and watch yo back  
It's like that, we gon' ice that  
But if they strike back is you ready for me?  
Better be, some hoes will never be  
Slippin' in this game, nigga never me  
Nigga, don't give a fuck if ya bigger  
The zag zipper got it off the hook  
Know the bitches, no look haters don't wanna crumble the crook  
Leave em shook, keep flippin' em  
See that's the past time, but nigga, your boys follow me,  
I'm gonna blast mine  
Nigga huh, nigga what

[Chorus x2: Young Bleed]

Time is money, money is time,  
That Nigga Bleed and Too Short done hopped on the grind,  
Call it a crime, that's the life of a hustla,  
Anything in my way, I'm comin' for your jugular  
[Too Short says "Bitch!" throughout repeat]

[Too \$hort]

Now where you think you goin' bitch, I ain't through with you  
I ain't seen no other hoes I wanna do it to  
Got you hella drunk, so I might as well keep you  
Take you to a hotel and freak you bitch  
Short Dogg gettin' at that ass  
I stripped her butt naked then I tapped that ass  
I could tell the way she dance, she like to fuck  
Gotta get her out the pants, I like em up  
Punk bitches stare, they can't compare to you  
These fake hoes don't know what real players do, bitch  
I popped in the nudey tape, bitch  
I love the way the booty shakes  
So when I hit it from the backside say oh shit  
Gotta get it like that while I stroke the clit  
Roll a big fat join start smokin' it  
Cuz I'm a real ass nigga I ain't jokin' Bitch, bitch, bitch, BEOTCH

[Chorus: Too \$hort]

Time is money, money is time,  
That Nigga Bleed and Too Short done hopped on the grind,  
Call it a crime, that's the life of a hustla,  
And if ya get in my way, you gettin' fucked up BITCH

[Young Bleed]

Lookin' at the sunshine and it's about that time  
Fo a nigga like me to get down for mine  
From the heavens to the clouds, for the sky to the earth, Breakin' dirt  
For whatever it's worth  
You know, gotta take it slow though  
People gonna wanna take my photo  
You don't know though, that's why I stay solo  
Hounded like a mad man, kickin' up dust  
Ready to bust on whoever wanna get in my way  
No more discussion, what's the repercussion?  
When it really don't matter, niggas get shattered dreams,  
When they see the buckshots scatter  
Save the chatter for the mama, you ain't bout no drama  
I can see it in ya eyes, your just another number  
Welcome to the world of the hustlas, playas, and pimps  
Where if it don't make dollars, then it don't make sense  
That's evidence, I touched the game and no left no fingerprints  
And dug up the grave of slaves, flippin' dead presidents, ya heard me

[Chorus: Young Bleed][solo x2]

[Young Bleed]

Young Bleed, Too Short, 99, know what I'm sayin, one time nigga