

# Rick Ross, It's My Time

(feat. Lyfe Jennings)

[Intro: Lyfe Jennings (Rick Ross talking)]

It's my time (Rick Ross)

It's my time (Finna' lay back on this shit man)

(Dade County dope boy)

[Verse 1:]

I'm not a slim thug, I'm a fat mack  
I don't give a fuck, I'll push ya hat back  
Still sellin dubs, nigga, that's fact  
You can hit me on the cell pimp, that's that  
I had to pawn my chain and grab a half ounce  
Ten years later time for me to cash out  
You dealin wit a dope dealin dictator  
Fuck trafficking nigga, I get this shit catered  
See the clip tailored, only the Coogi shit  
I fucks wit Damon, I'm in the movies kid  
My mom reminisce on the late nights  
When I used to reel 'em in with the straight white  
'96, Seventeen with a lil' Beamer  
First foreign car far from a lil' dreamer  
Daddy severed his relationships  
I think momma quit him 'cause he wasn't makin shit  
Who ever thought that I'd make it rich?  
The bottom of the barrel, with a bucket of Crys'  
I'm tellin you man... Life a funny thing  
You ain't a dope by 'til yo ass got a gun and chain

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]

It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)

It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)

It's my time

[Verse 2:]

Ain't rappin I'm talkin, ain't talkin I'm scrappin  
Ain't scrappin, I'm shootin, they just askin what happened  
Ain't shoot then I'm shot, ain't shot then I'm shootin  
I ain't caught by the cops, fuck the cops I'm eluding  
Ain't hearin the sirens, but I'm seeing the sirens  
Ain't seeing the sirens, why am I being so violent?  
Thats in the nature of being a nigga  
Being beat down, then able to get up  
Being let down, then able to sit up  
Be the false charge, a nigga acquit it  
I ain't hating on ya, dog I pray for ya  
Be safe, I heard they got a case for ya  
Be straight, stay away from them fake lawyers  
You'll be working for the state like you they laywers  
Stay loyal, your time will come...  
For you to be free and shine like the sun  
I'm so blessed, to be in this position  
Holdin on my .45 listenin to every whisper...  
I'm so blessed, to be in this position  
Holdin on my .45 listenin to every whisper...

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]

It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)

It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)

It's my time

[Verse 3:]

Other niggaz sleep, I'm on my job  
Soon as cats get 'laxed, I'm going hard

That's the rules of the game for the underdog  
Every wonder dog, long as I been going off (Ross!)  
I left it in God's hands...  
Block told me once, "Ross, this is God's plan"  
I'm like "aw, man", a man run a label like "Amen"  
Sign a Ray Charles, I could see it all  
A lot of undercover agents wanna see me fall  
See me fell, in the hell of shells  
Expired, no liar, I live the tale  
I look forward to working with all the real niggaz  
I look forward to looking back on drug dealing  
I look forward to making my mamma smile once  
Look forward, just know I'm smoking them loud blunts  
Eight-hundred an ounce, while you running ya mouth  
I'm loading the guns... Who running the South?  
I'm on ya porch, knocking at ya front door  
I got my money right nigga, and I want war

[Chorus: Lyfe Jennings (ad-libbing)]  
It's my time (It's my time, yeah, oh)  
It's my time (I'm gonna shine, I'm gonna shine)  
It's my time (Yeah... yeah... yeaaaah)  
It's my time (There'll be no stopping me!)  
(There'll be no stopping me now)