

DJ Clue, Time Is Money (Main Mix)

(feat. Cardan (Harlem World), Mase)

[Intro: Cardan]

Yeah, Yeah, Check It out
I'm Cardan right, niggaz think 16 is young
Sum niggaz think 16 is sleet

[Verse 1: Cardan]

Now how you gon come against an army with a handgun
I'm Cardan, you wouldn't understand son
I be on of them niggaz shoot a three, get a and 1
Blacked out, 006, next to Cam'ron
See ya if I see ya, If I don't
Bye Bye,
Meet me at the bolge were they cross smokin' la la
Supreme Dada, neva to good to eat at Popeye's
Punishing you, servin' you notes above the cockeyes
I walk the city alone, Not Biggie or Bone
They miss me at home, half a million sittin' on crome
Could of schooled me, on how to listen and learn
So when I get my shit, It's earned
like I'm Dennis the worm
You gotta live it and learn, Till your bridges get burned
I'm not stoppin' till I drop, I am just speakin' in a swerve
So if you wanna act now, I'll make you get up
and I'll sit you back down
Yo Clue, hit the switches in the background
move him up, he made me do this
Don't kill him, bruise him up
Make him switch sides like Roscoe, That's how we use him up
Take a little ride wit 'em, glide wit'em
Switch glocks on him, spit on your hand
Hypest tears neva cry wit 'em
His girl, she's blind wit 'em
Used to pack his nine wit 'em
Sold eights to cakes, the key wit the dimes in 'em
That's buggin' our life, But I can see ya'll niggaz faces now
Coverin' ya'll mouths,
Ayo you had to hear Cardan and Nore thuggin' it out
I think sum niggaz on the run eatin', sluggin' it out
I'm bout to flow on, put on ya'll seat belts
nigga hold on, ain't nuthin' funny, since part two
of show me the money,
My age I can't mention wit' the shit that I'm spittin'
Rippin' niggaz into ??fissures?? like I'm hotta than kitchens
You gotta flow, come on nigga
rhyme wit us, come on get some shine wit us
my niggaz eat, still pack heat and still grind wit us

[Hook: Mase]

Time Is Money
Never knew there'd be days like this
Never knew days like this
Tired of Ballin'
Gettin' hard to live wit niggaz on my dick
Niggaz always on my dick [x2]

[Verse 2: Mase]

Brace the stage, so right now you dealin' wit a great
ain't enough bullets in your gun to scare me straight
When beef escalate
You the next to scate
I'll be around, Till you hit the ground ??left of the Jakes??
The Christians come through, they bless you awake

you test your fate, I'll hit your chest wit an eight
my thing come down, damn, you get an extra eight
Ain't a big man too big to rest in a lake
I do this for cats who's name i can't mention
Dropped down hoes, and about 72 wenchin'
got in beef, and got paid at the entrance
Turned at the boy, He had to do their sentence
Critics complain, I dress to fly, but I bet you I
will never testify
When I size a nigga up, I measure the Guy
So if his man front, he be he next to die
I can see it in your eye, all you wanna do is ??maneuvre??
So I think it's time that I pick up and move
Got a house in new Jeru, Where I always be goin'
I got keys that I leave for my niggaz, when I'm
Buttlers that bring me buffets at the Don
Six mexicans get paid to mow my lawn
I feel cats, be able to flow in the oasis
Louis the 13th, no more nigga, taste this
The life I live I can't escape it
face it, iced up roly to me, just a basic
Take my shit to Tito, just to get a facelift
Buy extra cases, musta misplaced it, I don't think I'm too good to do what
you should do
You just anutha nigaa don't wanna see me famous
See I, left hood life for the good life, Call up Tito
Cause he gon give he a good price yo
Mami Friends, say I'm Dabien, So if a nigga think I'm sweet,
Tell 'em Try me Then,
Why you worried bout how I be in my BM,
ain't ya luchnhbreak over, go back to IBM
Whatcha want huh? Cardan. Mase Murder. Harlem World. Desert Storm. Penelty.
Clue. Whut Whut.

[Hook:]

[Hook:]