

Dom Pachino, Time's Calling

(Intro: P.R. Terrorist)

Yeah... it's about my muthafuckin' time, son, word up
Niggaz gonna have to give me mines... pay up!

(P.R. Terrorist)

Yo, time's calling for a new king, a new bassline, a new string
A new drumkit, new verse spit from a new spic
A new hook, a new rap page, from a new book
A new crook, a new image to overlook
Criticize, look deep into my eyes, you'd be shook
When the beef cook, in the various flames, I call names
Not to get a name, but to address it, from where it came
You'd be ashamed, drew a road and the express train to fame
When I bust, I'm hittin' the target I'm aimin' at
You went for broke, and gats your bought with spare change, from laundry mats
You ain't get that? Press rewind, play it back
Call your man on your jack, be sure to tell him, that I'm back
With somethin' new, that you could bop too, chop your rocks too
When you playin' the block, duck the cops
Who drink Vodka, Henny, Remy and Scotch and say 'fuck you'

(Chorus: Chi Chi)

Your time is calling, oh
Your time is calling, yeah
I feel, I feel your pain, yeah..
Oh... I... I feel your pain, babe
Ohh, ohh, your time, your time, is calling
Your time, ooh, boy, ahahaha
Your pain, I feel your pain, oh

(P.R. Terrorist)

Yo, my time's calling, sometimes I feel like I'm fallin'
In a dark hole, losin' control, feelin' old
While I'm still type young, razor blade under my tongue
Weed smoke in my lungs, Hen' rock had me strung
Offa thug life, til I realized I had one life
Mami made me beans and rice, with the pollo caliente
The block, the Rock is hard boiled
Buried in the dirt, but raised in Shaolin soil
Hold out your hand but I got nothing for you
You all and around, when the milk's start to spoil
Grams wrapped in foil, cowboys with lases, they lookin' for you
I can't eat a good bite, can't sleep a good night
Only hotel and fast food restaurants, til I get my shit right
My time's calling

(Chorus to end w/ variations)