

No Time To Waste - Apathy, Jadakiss & Stu Bangas lyrics

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“No Time To Waste ”

[Intro]

Sinister

[Verse 1: Apathy]

I'm a '79 baby, I grew up in the '80s in the radius of Raiders shirts dryin'
on my radiators

Tackleberry with the Ray-Ban aviators

Ronald Reagan with the Star Wars space lasers

Spade players, spray shots and sprayed razors

We was eight years old, hustlin' eighth graders

Now my strength greater than the Tyson haymaker

Make your brains go haywire a day later

I'm half bionic and half man

There's footage of my flipping cop cars on dashcam

You'll probably need a body cast plus a CAT scan

Crash land on your block, treat it like a trash can

Shock the body with electrical volts

With several jolts to the bolts on the side of my throat

I'm the Frankenstein monster, stompin' out the villages

Tryna battle dead legends, holographic images

[Chorus]

Time for some murdering

Time for some killing

Time for some murdering

Time for some killing

Time for some murdering

Time for some killing

Time for some murdering

Time for some killing

Time for some murdering

[Interlude: Jadakiss]

Let me just interject something here

Killing

You have to kill to live

Sounds about right

Haha

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

Say what you say, but I don't hear it though

Nicer than niggas, but I don't wanna kill they spirits though

Yeah, I see you chasin' your dreams, keep pursuin' 'em

Tell a young nigga he garbage and that'll ruin him

Care about people's opinions, it mean a lot to 'em

Bullshit drip that he wearin' is just his costume

You can agree to disagree, now you an opp to him

Got you all out of your element, sendin' shots to him

Paintin' shit with the gauge, shotty art

We did heavy cardio today, one body part

Knockin' Supreme Clientele, rockin' the Wally Clarks

You to leave me the fuck alone, that'd be probably smart

Real niggas, see, they change rarely

Messin' with these sucker niggas, see, they change daily

Don't wanna talk to 'em, want 'em nowhere near me

Bad for your health niggas, red meat and dairy

If we ever collide, we goin' boom

You know the cloth I'm cut from, that's called goon

They thinkin' we trippin', they ain't lyin', we on shrooms

But you can still have a funeral, just on Zoom

[Chorus]

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