

# Whiplash

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Uh

I used to get fronted on  
Quiet type, people often thought something's wrong  
Humble dude, never really got my stuntin' on  
Hungry though, seemed to always get my hustle on  
Never hit the weight room to get my muscles strong  
Rather hit the blunt high and get my puffing on  
Remember back in high school I never cussed in songs  
'Til I got cheated on, thank God she's fuckin' gone  
My college years I was broke, couldn't study long  
The next year, got kicked out, now I'm stuck at home  
Mom and pops looking at me like I done 'em wrong  
Lock myself up in a room in another zone  
Daydreaming 'bout this rap shit that I loved so long  
How can I get up out this trap I done stumbled on  
Grown kid home, sitting, plotting on another poem  
Stuck with it, now it's come along, still I remember

I used to drive the Honda 'til it ran outta gas  
Now I'ma push this E 'til it run outta class  
Whiplash (Whiplash)  
Whiplash, a-wha-a-wha-a whiplash  
Nah, I don't think they heard you  
Ay yo I used to drive the Honda 'til it ran outta gas  
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How you gon' tell me that I ain't been working?  
I got dirt on my collar and my lower back's hurting  
I might need a surgeon  
I'm doing overtime and I ain't been paid a dime  
This must be the grind  
(What's up, Big Mibbs?) Same old shit  
Just a bunch of nonsense in my life I can't fix like  
Crooked police tryna plant drugs on me and  
Niggas in the street tryna plant slugs on me  
It's just another day as a young, black male  
Tryna dodge the cemetery and the overpacked jail  
'Cause I'm not crazy but they'll drive me crazy  
And my only other option is to drive Ms. Daisy or  
Get on the courts in hopes that I can score  
Shit I'm 24, I shouldn't hope no more  
That's why I thank the Lord that we all on one Accord  
I put the key in the ignition and the pedal to the floor

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Yea, uh  
Tell me how does it feel  
Had to switch gears while you niggas stand still  
Feel like the Jeffersons getting over that hill  
They never big you up 'til you start to stack bills  
It is that real, features for the shine  
Gold digging bitches always reaching for the mine  
Ain't saying nothing, they perfected being mime  
Can't get they own plate, they try eating off of mine  
Man, you see it all the time, they don't believe the grind  
Treat you like the water boy, you never leave the pine  
Most times it's clear but they never read the signs  
Until you on that fly shit, 'bout to speed by 'em  
Chrome wheels, leather seat shine  
I'm 'bout to run for mayor, understand I need mine  
Uh, understand I need mine  
These niggas can't stand it, they stuck in rewind

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