

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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Nah, I don't think they heard you

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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