

Dang!

PEABOD

Man, I was hoping to have this mix tape to you months ago, but
I uh kinda hit a snag

I was in my city tryna make a couple Benji's
I'm working quite as well at networking, I'm super friendly
Roll up's easy though my ride is not exactly spendy
I drive an '84, I love it but it ain't no Bentley
I got there early like a G and pulled up to the spot
But man, I had to park in such a sketchy parking lot
"This is fine, completely fine, it's fine"
Those were my thoughts
Feeling weird but somehow I did not connect the dots
Inside with a big grin, I'm rocking that skinny tie
Tryna be the winning guy
Meanwhile outside sunset around 5:00
Nice guy, south side, it's a different town right
Finished my business and packed up so quick it could be Guinness
In a minute I'm back in my whip but with a grimace
Something suspicious and vicious happened without my witness
Everything got stolen out my ride and thieves sold it Christmas

Dang, dang
All that I gotta say is
Dang, dang

They took all my hoodies and flannels and tees, they all gone
They took my recording gear and homemade cookies from my mom
They took almost everything that they could get they hands on
Worst of all they took my laptop and with that all my songs
Instead of writing, I was typing a police report
Instead of rapping, I was trapped in some insurance forms
I could focus on my newly busted car door
But there's too many songs inside my head that I just can't ignore
No way, I will not throw away
Any of my goals they sounding like bold claims
Feeling that old sway, up and up like Coldplay
Just give me a whole day and I'ma make some gold, hey
Breathing hip-hop, studying the old school
Tryna get to my spot, you gon' need a stepstool
You can take my laptop, you can take my Pro Tools
But you know I won't stop until all I hear from you is

Dang, dang
Until all I hear from you is
Dang, dang