Virginia

Jeremy Wallace Trio

You ready to do this, nigga?
You ready to come down here?
It's Virginia, nigga
We do this in broad daylight
It's a whole different degree of homicide, nigga
You ready?
I'm from Virginia, where ain't shit to do but cook
(Talk about, what?)
Pack it up, sell it triple-price, fuck the books
(Talk about, what?)
Where we re up, re locate, re off them brooks
(Talk about, what?)
So when we pull up, it ain't shit to do but look
(Talk about, what?)
In my "Home Sweet Home" I keep chrome next to my bones
Alters my walk to limpin'
(Home sweet home)
Since I love the feel, I guess I'm passionately pimpin'
It 'tis what it seems
That thing imprintin' through the seams of my jeans
By all means, lost it all, from lives to love
Put my faith in my money, help me rise above
See I turned to the Lord when them times got tough
Bullied through streets, powder I pushed and shoved
In that ole' Virginey
Out of ten niggas, nine are guinea
No money, all they know is gimme, got semis waitin'
Heat like Caribbean summers, I been there
Each year, a different bitch wonder
Who wing she gon' fall under, Push' or Mal'
Ganga grinds, wit' me, with thoughts of fuckin' them cross her mind
Look ma, that's right up my alley
I love my family, I want them all happy
In Virginia, we smirked at that Simpson trial
Yeah, I guess the chase was wild
But what's the fuss about?
See, plenty my partners feelin' like O.J. beat
Murder like the shit is ok, that's what our door say
Talk the evil that men do, I'm lost in the mental

I miss you shampoo, we miss you shampoo
And your grams, too
My nigga
Fo sho
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Seem like they all got a comment to make
In regards to my paper, now they guessin' my weight
They fast to predict the outcome of my fate
Wonderin' 'bout Clipse and if they got what it take
Malice, he think he hard, tough guy of the clique
And Pusha, he walk around like he swear he the shit
You right on both counts, bitch, Clipse is us
And there are some things that you don't discuss
Don't ask me 'bout the Neptunes and what's they fair
Don't ask about the loud screamin' chick with the hair
Don't ask about my music, and how that's comin' 'bout
Don't ask about my album, or when's it comin' out
'Cause I feel like you really being funny on the slide
Now face down, layin' on your tummy, or you die
I tried being humble, humble get no respect
Now the first sign of trouble, that's a hole up in your neck
Plus, what I look like spendin' my nights in jail
I could never be a thug, they don't dress this well
I reside in VA, ride in VA
Most likely when I die, I'm gon' die in VA
Virginia's for lovers, but trust there's hate here for out of towners
Who think that they gon' move weight here
Ironic, the same same place I'm makin' figures at
That there's the same land they used to hang niggas at
I'm from Virginia, where ain't shit to do but cook

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(Talk about, what?)
So when we pull up, it ain't shit to do but look
(Talk about, what?)
Young'n
(Talk about, what?)
This is real, young'n
(Talk about, what?)
You lookin' into a whole different world, young'n
(Talk about, what?)
This is real
Live

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