

# Virginia

## Estelares

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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So when we pull up, it ain't shit to do but look  
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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?)  
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?)  
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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