

Straight a's

Ernie

I be getting straight Aâ€™s, whatcha trying to say
Packing up my book bags, graduated in May
Trynna get a good job, Iâ€™ll be stacking my pay
Gonna be the next rapper out the bay, but wait
Iâ€™m not even from there, Iâ€™m losing my mind
A white nerd spitting bars dude Iâ€™m one of a kind
Record labels hit me up and they want me to sign
Like right here name and date Iâ€™m a dotted line
But Iâ€™m good, im in-de-pen-dan-tly rapping my hood
Trynna make it big all my homies knew I could
Classmates of mine wellâ€! weâ€™re quite the opposite
Until my CDâ€™s hit the stores and they was coppinâ€™ it
Now that Iâ€™m on top of it they show me respect
Cuz everyone in the game knows that Iâ€™m up next
I donâ€™t even got a flag screen cuz I know I stay true
But you donâ€™t wanna mess with ma crew

Getting straight Aâ€™s like every single day
Graduated last May from UCLA
Bachelorâ€™s degree, a 4.0
Now I canâ€™t get a job anywhere that I go
Thatâ€™s why I turned to rap and I had to make something happen
The world chewed me up and spit me out into a napkin
Thatâ€™s how it goes when you live like me
Oh Well at least I still have a degree

PART 2:

I couldnâ€™t get a job so I made one of my own
Now Iâ€™m making money and I pay off all my loans
I didnâ€™t think itâ€™d happen but I worked really hard
Started off by mowing all my neighborâ€™s yards
Every single dollar that I made was spin up in the studio
Now Iâ€™m really balling like my name was Ricky Rubio
Getting with these cuties though
Every girl Iâ€™m with gotta have a big bootie bro
But it ainâ€™t a thing, girls hang on my chain like orang-utans
See I changed the game but I remained the same
Iâ€™m the best in the west trynna claim my name, a montain

Matter of fact Iâ€™ve gone wild
Throwing temper tantrums like I did as a child
Stepping to me? Well you better fix your style
Cuz my rhymes are so hot and yours are just mild

Lyrics Submitted by Tim Hessels

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