

Virginia

Clipse

(Pharrell)

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?(Chorus: Pusha T & (Pharrell)

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?)

(Pusha T)

In my "Home Sweet Home" I keep chrome next to my bones

Alters my walk to limpin'

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 dough 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...

(Pharrell)

My nigga...

Fo sho...

(Chorus 2X's: Pusha T & (Pharrell)

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?)(Malice)
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 fare
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
Ironically, the same same place I'm makin' figures at
That there's the same land they used to hang niggas at, in Virginia...(Chorus 2X's: Pusha T &
(Pharrell)
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?)(Pharrell)
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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