

# Whip Yo Ass

WC

Ha ha!

It's been a minute that I've been sittin up in this cell  
Thinkin of many ways that I can get paid escapin jail  
My life is like a football game, I'm movin the chains  
Tryin to score so I could maneuver the Range  
I hear police callin my name, I ball in no lane  
Tryin to hit the wall, make the ghetto hall of fame  
It's third and long, got a lot of yards to gain  
I'm federal, youse a misdemeanor, you small change  
It's that, S-W-A-N-G affiliate  
From the penitentiary to the club, love I'm sendin it  
Turn me out and throw it up and get your boogie on  
And let me see those fingers in the sky if you feelin it  
I'm sick, and ain't no curin me, maximum security  
can't stop my back bumper draggin through your community  
Process me, lock me down, level me hard kid  
I still come out swingin like Ron Artest, nigga  
Ha ha!

Is it the concrete, or the walls  
Maybe it's the bars, might be the guards  
Nigga this is LOCKDOWN - lock 'em down, lock 'em down  
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Is it the concrete, or the walls  
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Nigga this is LOCKDOWN - I'm 'bout to whip yo' ass mayne  
Ha ha!

Nigga the bang bang get up  
Skip skippin through the lane, swang, look at Dub  
Swangin, still feelin 'em all, I can't wait to get out  
When I touch-down nia I'ma turn shit out  
Looka there, biddy-by-by, buh-by-by beddy-bye nigga  
Lights out, Dub and Nelly 'bout to shut the lights off  
C-walkin on the industry, spittin with all my energy  
Dedicated to my niggaz in the penitentiary  
Ladies bounce to this, sip Cris', get drunk to this  
Refs walks to this, dawgs thump to this  
On my mind is my fetti, itchin for the day  
that I can parole and jack the nose on a Chevy  
Three-wheel to the St. Lou' and connect with Nelly  
Jump in the Escalade on them deuce-four Pirellis, nigga  
Money is freedom and freedom is cash  
And anything between me and my freedom I'll whup an ass  
Ha ha!

Yeah, Dub stay chuckin the pavement, I'm anti-general populated  
Hood related, the industry most hated  
Cause I ball greedy and rhyme for mine (c'mon) I'm willin to die for mine  
(c'mon) While haters hate from the sideline  
I'm like Fabolous, I make you "Breathe" hard, leavin ya bleedin and scarred  
PC'd up on the sensitive knee guard  
Dub Central ain't no surrender, spit for repetitive offenders  
Facin D.A.'s with public defenders nigga  
Ha ha!