

Hash Brown

"1994"

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(ft. Miss Jaye)

Hook:

This ain't 1994, dawg
At least not the war dawg
In my mind, I stay making war, hoes
Beat knocking on the door until they took the boys off.

Uh, they say the game's so tragic
Here she stays, get deprived of the classics
It's the hip hop magic, misguided challenge
All the car tracks that wouldn't last a week
Much less a flashback.. that session
From way back, all they wanna know many racks you
stack
I stack anal racks and brace the past like a history...
The last cassette player!

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Creep it to the the smog on the humble
I making on your blog and they get...
Always searching for a start, the good old days
When it was more about your boss, less about the cars
What you said now, what you had made you who you
are
The game went viral, down world spiral
Kicks here break beats. down to the spinal
Realness was everything so vital

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Beat knocking on the door until they took the boys off..

So you must believe the message, that you're sending

The sounds reflect the lifestyle that you're living
Are you listening? Cause something's missing
Listen, we can go back and forth, they're just kicking
Don't want a couple... so we can flip in
The future and the past colab until we dig in
Just as long as... somewhere in here!

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