

Laws

"Flashback"

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[Verse 1:]

I'm writing my album in Atlanta
Just finished tearing a house down in Tampa
These newscasters saying my dirty laundry filling up
hampers
I keep filling up stangers with feelings of satisfaction
and anticipation
Like every Laws man, can't keep 'em waiting
But in the meanwhile, I just touched down like a
pedophile
Too soon? I think not, this is so much more than hip-hop
This is my big shot, yeah, know this is
I ain't a show business but you better show some...
Spinning lime backwards when the wifey here
And she my hypest critic, I really want her to like my
lyrics
I know I might lose if my range isn't broad
But I did it last time, it got me this far
And the past wasn't living to the fullest, life set me free
like a bullet
No Cobain, my style is so propane, so I'm going for the
Grammy
I'm going for the Pulitzer, might as well throw me the
Nobel
I'm still swinging, I ain't hear no bell, I'm so I'll
But I have no patience, waiting is aggravating
I'm trying to have them saying...

[Hook:]

This is like a flashback, this is like a dream
This is like all the things you can take inside a memory
This is like a flashback, this is like a dream
This is like all the things you can take inside a memory
This is like a flashback

[Verse 2:]

I'm writing my memoirs in Cairo by the pyramids
Life like a slideshow, back home, more clowns than a
sideshow
I'm trying to do this for my mother like psycho
They ask me if I'm ever quitting on the mic though

I tell 'em yes, then I tell 'em sike, no
Too many people still confusing me with my clones
So until my record spinning like a cyclone
I'm a go with kai flows, no mercy, walking the green
mile, no Percy
I'm at my late spot, they trying to irk me
I'm saying this is a celebration, Charlie Murphy
And if you look like you lean, I got a bodyguard that
look like Blade
I'm walking past the hate, hating is aggravating
I'm trying to have them saying...

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

I don't care if I'm keeping it real to you and I
I'm keeping it real to someone so if you digging up my
vibe
Then I'm 2Pac, I'm true to me so what more could you
want from...
A rapper in this modern age, don't let me be the
special one that got away
My flow is crack nigga, fiend, put the rock away
Not one to fold, that is a rule I can not obey
Because I'm hot today, don't care if tomorrow is a
blizzard
With thirty inches, I'm chilling 'cause I got my sleigh
I over prepare, I'm putting on a show even if no one is
there
Janitor folding up chairs and he bobbing his head
And I'm giving him daps, all I got is my life story and
I'm giving him that
I got his hands raising like a pastor praying
I'm trying to have them saying...

[Hook]

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