

## Ann Peebles

### "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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