

Ghostface Killah, Whip You Down With A Strap

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Take me across her lap, she used to whip me with a strap
When I was bad
Bad

[Verse 1]

Picture me snotty nose sittin on my aunt's lap
The kid like 5 or 6 shit I will curse back
I got it from the older folks sittin in the living room
everybody had cups stylistic song boom
but then came Darryl Mack lightin' all the reefer up
baby caught a contact I'm trying to tie my sneaker up
I'm missing all the loops strings going in the wrong holes
It feels like I'm wobbling, look at all these afros
Soon as I thought I was good the joke's on me
I heard a voice "get in the room, I get angry"
Sting my feet catch a tantrum
spit, scream, f**k that
Momma shake me real hard, then get the big gat
That's called the belt help me as I yelled
I'm in the room like (panting)"huh, huh, huh" with mad welps
ragged out, bad belt yes her presence was felt
Then get my black ass in the bed it's time crash out (crash out)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Despite the alcohol, I had a great old Mama
She famous for her slaps and to this day she's honored
But when I was a lil dude her son was a lil rude
I picked the peas off my plate and pour juice in her nigga food
Get beat, then I'd run and tell grandman "mama hit me for no reason"
She whipped me hard when I finished eatin
and felt that belt stingin after I wet that bed
Hid my drawers and start cryin, when she felt that bed
Caught another when I told her those the fake pro-keds
In the corner weavin and screamin trying to block my head (ahHH!)
Nowadays kids don't get beat, they get big treats
Fresh pair of sneaks, punishments like have a ceas
Back then when friends and neighbors would bust that ass
and bring you back to your momma she got the switch in the stash
That's back to back beatings
Only went outside for free lunch with welts on my legs still leakin yo

[Chorus]