

# 2007 J.I.D lyrics

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**“2007”**

[Intro: JID]

*Our offense is oh so, our defense dominate  
We got that winning combination  
To what? To regulate*

*Offense is oh so (Forever)*

Yeah

[Verse 1: JID & Ibrahim 'Ib' Hamad]

2007, Cole dropped *The Come Up*

I was in high school playin' corner  
I never dreamt of mumblin' words in front of hundreds  
Studyin' plays all summer  
I'll hit the league if my growth spurt come in, on my mom  
2009, bro dropped *The Warm Up*

I was in warm-ups playin' Weezy  
And Yukimi, Little Dragon, flame breathin' the weed

Patrick had the studio dorm room next to me  
I freestyled over his beats  
My nigga Keys transferred in from Tennessee  
He's a receiver, I played DB like Aqib

## Snatch a nigga chain, Talib

Talib Kweli, I could be lyrically, but I put on cleats

Scribbled lines goin' through my mind like a paper piece  
While I covered three, playin' nickel, doin' safety reads, watch the flats  
I can rap, but I rather tackle and pedal back

Get a pick when my growth spurt hit

I'ma be captain, and I was around 2010, no cap

I got 'Freshman Player of the Year' and figured I was on track

This nigga Pat' been in my ear talkin' 'bout rhymin' on tracks

So after practice we record and then we got it on wax

And on campus I heard about a couple rappers from Atlanta

(Earthgang!)

Said them niggas was snappin', maybe we could make somethin'  
happen and shit

I wasn't serious enough to even be curious

And we lose like every game, so every day I be furious

So, the spirit of a nigga had changed

To the point I had to reframe and focus my skills for other things

I took the steel wheel, I'm steerin' in other lanes

But my fuel on low and my oil need to be changed

Amongst all the other shit that's goin' in my brain

My brother got out of jail, I only know him by name

He did a nickel and a dime in time, probably be stayin' with my mom

And dad probably get mad, actin' lame some times, uh

Look, *The Sideline Story* came out September of 2011

Ib said around that time:

*We was huntin' for a record, under lots of pressure*

*Just combine the leverage with a better effort*

*You could find a sound to get us out the underground forever*

Maybe you can bless a little brown effervescent kid

Youngest of seven from the six, eight sections

**Section.80** dropped, yeah, we used to play that shit to death

And if I recollect correct, you tried to sign him for yourself  
All the while I was 'round my out of town college, wildin' out  
Restaurants, Destin dinin', dashin', call it dinin' out  
Fuckin' bitches, 'posed to be in class, but I was hiding out  
My friends take a little shot, smoke a lot of cannabis, coolest nigga on  
the campus

Now a nigga skippin' practices, and actin' like a rock star  
Going from in the dorm to in the car, leavin' the football field  
But fuck that, we still sorry, and the problems from the home front  
On my home screen callin' me, I don't wanna answer  
My brother Carl hit me, said my granny had cancer  
I'm 'posed to graduate and make my way back to Atlanta  
No job, no money or nothin' from ballin'

Because between that and school, that was really all  
And maybe here's the back that broke the camel with the straw  
I wasn't on camera with them amateurs that they saw  
But they said they still caught me and my dawgs stealin' boxes  
Like Craig on his day off

Called us in the office day before we 'posed to walk, uh  
Called a squad car, a couple officers  
I know bro was finna tell, he was lookin' nauseous  
Now I'm sittin' in a cell, nigga double crossed us  
Crossed me off the list for scholarship because I lost it  
No more football, my red-shirt senior season, exhausted, so I'm off it  
And I'm right back in Atlanta with a half a gram of weed  
And a gold Pontiac that my granny had bought for me  
I was sleepin' in the back, my dad kicked me in the streets  
When he saw my neck tatted, then I told him I was rappin'

Fuck school, no goin' back, he said  
If I can not follow his rules, just go and pack

Told you he be actin' lame some times

[Interlude: Carl Route Jr.]

**This my son, he came from these nuts  
This negro come back from school  
All tatted up like the Sistine Chapel  
Talkin' 'bout he ain't playin' football no more  
Because he know he ain't goin' pro (Hey, it's a standard that you left the  
house)  
But he left on a full scholarship to go to school and get a degree  
Because we taught education was the number one thing  
Anyway  
He came back, determined to do what he was determined to do  
And I know because I know he, he is, who he is, we taught him  
Hey, whatever you do, put your full self into it  
So he did that, anyway  
He's back home, I ain't with that  
So I'm sayin' "Hey, you got to go to work"  
And he sayin' "Hey, this is my job, what I'm about to do"  
So I'm like "Hey man, some times you got to work  
To do what you really wanna do"  
We went through this whole brain wrestle  
But anyway, he won  
He decided that "Hey dad, I'm puttin' this thing, I'm doin' this  
This is my job" and he committed to it**

**And hey, the rest is history  
I'm lookin' at him, I believe in him  
I know what was in him  
All him and his brothers and sisters  
They all got the same mindset  
Do your best, give a hundred percent or don't do it at all  
So, I know whatever he put his all into, it was gon' be golden**

**Anyway**

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