

Reminiscing

Kodak Black

Off the head, shit, you know what I'm saying
Brr, off the dome man, I'm in

22 hours locked down, ain't shit to do a thing
I remember like it was yesterday, was drinking out the sink
I'm sitting back plotting, I'm just sitting back vibing
A nigga can't complain, I had to use my time wisely
I'm sleeping in a dorm, but they ain't send me off to college
I still got money buried from that lick I hit in Riley
I'm book-smart but the streets gave me all my knowledge
So there ain't nun' for you when you coming out the projects
So there ain't nun' for you when you coming out the slum
A mouth full of gold teeth, they think a nigga dumb
I got a handful of dreads, think a nigga illiterate
But I know when I go to talk, a nigga'll reconsider it
I know you niggas are trying to benefit
I ain't fucking with you a little bit
I ain't fucking with you at all
I ain't fucking with you at all
I was sellin' weed in middle school, just meet me in the halls
Right now I'm goin' in, but I was just behind the wall
This jail got me thinking, I feel like everybody flawed
I got too much to lose, but I'll still go at a nigga jaw
I'm down for the count, I'm never down for the cause
I made a million dollars off of shows and goin' hard

I love money, I can't go back to the bottom 'cause I
Hate it at the bottom, try to stop thinking about it
But, I'm reminiscing, yeah
I'm reminiscing, yeah
Fuck your problem, it's too late to tell me sorry
I pulled up in a 'Rari, it don't come with no apologies
I'm reminiscing, yeah
I'm reminiscing, yeah

I remember everything, I done been through everything
I remember who shitted on me, or who been in the paint
Like Ray-J, got a bitch from the Bronx giving em brain
Like Ray-J I done walked through the motherfucking rain
Right now I done got too far to give a motherfucking feature
I'm the freshest man in high-school, but I'm a motherfucking senior
Lil shawty want to kick it, I told her I don't play FIFA
I jumped up out the Beamer, now I'm sliding in the regal
That pussy so tight but I be trying to go deeper
If she can make moolah she a motherfucking keeper
Reminisce about my niggas, reminisce about my homies
I'm thinking 'bout my niggas, I'm thinking 'bout my whoadies
I don't fuck with Fooly no more but I still fuck with Cody
Got a booger in my nose, A Boogie on the chorus
A young nigga, I jumped off the porch, run Forrest
I'll lose it about that money, I'll go dumb for it
I'm working like a Mexican, fuck around and get deported
I bought me a crib, thirty clip in my forty
She said that my baby, I told that bih let's go to Maury
Lame niggas get extorted, if it ain't foreign then it's boring

I love money, I can't go back to the bottom 'cause I

Hate it at the bottom, try to stop thinking about it
But, I'm reminiscing, yeah
I'm reminiscing, yeah
Fuck your problem, it's too late to tell me sorry
I pulled up in a 'Rari, it don't come with no apologies
I'm reminiscing, yeah
I'm reminiscing, yeah
Reminiscing, yeah
I'm reminiscing, yeah