

Back Then

Ab-Soul

I'm turnt up right now
I'm turnt up right now
I'm off half a bean it's like eighty degrees
But I got the chills right now

She looks hot so I need that bop if you can understand my language
A dollar might fuck your main bitch
I fuck a main bitch
Ain't got no main bitch
That was back then, no disrespect to none of them
Cause what I learned from all of em'
Is that everything comes to an end
So I'mma party to the end, can I finish, counting ends
I don't drive but I'm in a Benz, she don't lie 'less she with her man
She don't smoke, but she roll my dope
I don't licky lick, she knows that's a joke
She suck dick off impulse, that's 69 if you can't divide
I wasn't great in algebra, but I can talk you out ya bra
Take you places you can't see, with just two eyeballs (three eyes)
I got three eyes, I got three legs, pick one
Long-term, tre piece, but this will be my fifth run
Harry fraudulent on the beat I beat up that's my word
Action Bronson got the weed, I need, I didn't have to pee

Back then, way back when, I was broke as Bruh Man
Nigga my time is coming, look what I done did
Swag on 300, TDE we ballin' man
Inside the game, ain't too much change
I told y'all I been gone insane, but that was
Back then, way back when
Back then, way back when
Back then, way back when, look what I done did
Back then, way back when
Back then, way back when
Back then, way back when, look what I done did

Where your nigga at homegirl, he ain't shit
I'm ballin' man, I'm a baller, man
Dollar after dollar, deja vu, bitch
I'm ballin' man, I'm a baller, man
Sacked out blacked out racked out
I'm ballin' man, I'm a baller, man
Everywhere I go gotta have a ho
I'm ballin' man, I'm ballin' man, I'm a baller, man
I'm ballin' man, I'm ballin' man, I'm a baller, man
Dollar after dollar, deja vu, bitch
I'm ballin' man, I'm ballin' man, I'm a baller, man
I'm ballin' man, I'm ballin' man, I'm a baller, man
Hit her one time don't call her, man

Back then, way back then you'd have thought I had sense
That's 'cause you ain't know what I had since
Ask you I'm getting, dude don't call me BMF
I'm spinning every dough I get, old marijuana by the zippy
Chicken Fetuccine Alfredo, teenagers of promethazine
Codeine, that's 16 and lean
Keep that on the low, I'm talking too much, I had two eatables

Pour up a foe for soul, I'm doing incredible
Considering my schedule
BET you think matters if it don't, it pay, though
Show 'em the sing, that top dog, should've signed a page row
Grade A though you keep coming, just keep coming

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