

Goin' Back

Caskey

Oh shit
I'm goin' back

Yeah, it's back to my grind, then back to Cali, smoke the Maui
Got no wings, just roll through the valley
Seen many faces but they don't know about me, on a divine paper chase
Got a girl up in [?], Seminole County where I stay at
Then you can fuck a man to that Maybach in my driveway
Driving intoxicated, the highway
Couple compadres, smoke a devil sitting sideways
Catch me on the scuffle for violations, your muzzle get misplaced
Like the pistol [?] was in a maze, I'm goin'

I'm goin' back
To the grind site, calculations say that the time's right
My imagination stay with the limelight
I don't crime fight, do the latter, add to the quota
Police know me by the scent of odor, stay getting colder

I'm a entrepreneur of sorts, balling, I ain't new to this sport
Married to the game, soon to divorce
That Mary Jane [?] store, new imports
From overseas, kept my shoe in the court, looking north
Pray to God that he blessing me
Mama say the weed make a lesser me
I keep saying how it's key to the recipe
I'd never be one of these lames that fantasize
Boy, they kill it, dog, taking they light, so for the night, I'm just

I'm goin' back
Back in time, dog, laid back, cutting the rhymes off
Just cleaning the surface like it was Pine-Sol
Divine, dog, swear to God, I'm called on a mission
Lot of heat, but I'm not in the kitchen and not wishin'

For some better days, I just do and not dream it
My head on tight and it's straight, but I'm leanin'
Am I schemin'? Take a lot more to believe it
And the more I pray to God, the less I'm getting them demons
I'm goin' (I'm goin' back)
Yeah, all the way back to the basics
Me and my grind, in these times tryna make it
I'm feeling like Christ at the end, so forsaken, yo
But I ain't getting crucified, bitch, I got the juice, I'ma ride
Let the shots blaze, this ain't a hot phase
Of law-abiding, wave around a bag in a cop's face
Shots chased down with more liquor
My entourage mixed, so these nigga-hating crackers get mo' sicker
But go figure, I just get mo' and mo' figures
And gold-digging women try to get in my soul different
Like all these hoes ain't already tried that, swear I despise that
These bitches, they don't know where my mind's at
It's too pimpin', intelligent and too different
To give it all up to these loose women, who's spinnin'?
I swear it's me or the room, from where I'm standin'
Looking less and less like the Hamptons and more like another city
So tell these bums to quit fucking with me

And get your money right before you try something with me
Bitch, I'm a new breed, and y'all some old news
But shit, I'ma take it back to the old school

Yeah, I'ma take it back, dog
Yeah, I'ma take it back, dog
Bitch, I'ma take it back, dog
Fake mafuckers, you should learn to rap, dog