

## Reminisce

ChillinIT

Just take a sec to reminisce  
Whole squad was in the whip, couple spliffs  
Yeah we chop it up, and drop it at the crib  
How we live  
Used to dream about that hustle shit  
I pull up at the park and we puff a bit  
Now I make my mama rich, ah  
Sesh and blazing through the struggle bitch  
Coppas came to check the registration, told em suck a dick  
Windows down, music bumpin we were loving it  
We had no destination tho, just cruising for the fuck of it

You ever wonder if there's bigger plans?  
Maybe life's a flight I'm on that didn't land  
Thinking should I fight or go and get the van  
How the dealer saying fold? I got the biggest hand  
Picture Marshall without Dr. Dre, shit  
And would 50 still be 50 if he lost to Game?  
I'm tryna picture, what if Biggie needed [?]  
What if 'Pac sat around the park and parked a block away?  
Either way, I'm sayin it's fate  
We were born with all the scriptures for us written on a slate  
I'm too busy gettin paid, hesitate, get a crate  
Let me set the record straight, I been questionin the hate  
Black, white, dark, light, girl, guy, it's all the same  
Fuck if you're my brother from another mother, then it's love and I don't see your colour  
Everybody need a body, swear we motherfuckin need eachother  
I'm still smokin weed and fuckin, ah

Yeah, whole squad was in the whip (In the whip)  
Whole squad was in the, squad was in the, whip  
Whip, whole squad was in the whip (In the whip)  
Whole squad, whole squad, couple spliffs  
Roll a couple spliffs, rollin up a, rollin up a, roll a couple spliffs  
Roll a couple spliffs  
Roll a motherfuckin couple spliffs my brah (haha)  
Yo Mickey

Check  
I'm kinda wish that I was livin better  
Past issues got me thinkin how I'm missin Dadda  
And I could picture Tayta sittin home & knittin sweaters  
Worried bout me gettin sick & catchin colds in Sydney's weather  
Uh, every Christmas now, I get her presents  
Every time I get it for her, she wish that I didn't get it  
Sky's the limit Tayta, Biggie said it  
The bank account got seven 6s, that's a [?]  
Yeah, my heart's skipping reading Millie's letter  
I took a trip from Californication, still regret it  
Urgh, scarred tissues like a chilli pepper  
My memories under the bridge under the bridge, I'm bumpin Chilli Peppers  
Sex, coke, how she smoke, all you bitches get it  
Get the breast stroked and back stroked, that's a swimming lesson haha  
Hit Givenchy with Lemon credit  
Spend it all, I don't give a fuck

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