

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 each other
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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