

Back To My Ways Again

Dej Loaf

(John G)
They can get high
Is you just like a summer ride
Pretty blue butterfly
They can get high
Should you, just like a summer ride
I fightin' for your love
Don't fight the one you love, yeah
They thought I was washed, washed like dishes

Gotta be able to take everything that you dishin'
If you gon' out for the ride gotta get you a ticket
Where did she go? End up missin'
I'm from where it snow, fogged up, Cartier lenses
And I got bitches
On the marathon back-to-back we was with Nipsey
I asked him if it was possible to do it in your city
He said, "Yeah it's possible, do it in your city"
Get off your momma couch, get off your momma titty
I do it with a passion, everything in me
You looking at my spot, like everything litty
Everything is transparent, like Benny

Back to my ways again, fuck being humble
Back to my ways again, I will never fumble (Fuck it)
Back to my ways again, niggas thought that I would crumble (What)
Back to my ways again, I'm getting loaf, I'm gettin' money, yeah
Back to my ways again, yeah

There Dej lil' crazy ass, yeah
You can't even do the math, I can't even tell you half
Either I'm fire or I got to fire the whole staff (Staff)
One or the other, I'm a lucky motherfucker
I dreamt I'd be your liver, I dreamt I'd be your lover
I figured I'd get back to you when I get lil' tougher
Anyway, Thanksgiving was straight, Mama made dressin'
He gon' take me to his family, he knowin' that I'm special

You get the best of me, you keep me away
You keep me away, you keep me away
You get the best of me, you keep me away
You keep me away, you keep me away (Woah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah
There go Dej lil' crazy ass
You can't even do the math (Oh, oh, hmm-mm, yeah, oh, oh, hmm-mm)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah" (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Back on my shit again