

## i remember

Dom Corleo

I remember when nobody ain't really believe in me (ayy)  
Yo, I remember when they hate it like they wasn't seein' me (ayy)  
Now I got about seven hoes comin' through to the B&B (to the crib)  
They pullin' up tryna fuck with the kid but they can't get a feed from me (a  
yy)  
Yo, I got these diamonds, they bust out my wrist  
And them hoes ain't here like a bitch (they bust)  
I'm skattin', I'm flippin', I'm doin' the trick  
And I'm tryna trick on your bitch (I'm tryin' to trick on your bitch)  
I threw a hundred bands up in the strip club  
She gon' bust it for a tip (threw a hundred bands up)  
All of the Glock's that came with the switch  
Fuckin' two bitches, I'm makin' 'em switch (yo, makin' 'em switch)

I'm too damn turnt (too damn turnt)  
I just lit up my blunt in the function (spark it up), they ain't sayin' a wo  
rd (spark it up)  
I'ma light up my blunt in the function and you won't say a word (you won't s  
ay shit)  
You don't wanna say shit to me (shut up), you too freezed up like you feel m  
e (uh-huh)  
You could get it on camera, post it on the 'Gram, TMZ when they feel me (TMZ  
when they feel me)  
They fuck TMZ, I fuck my bitches in the club, baby, that's the real me (take  
a pic)  
Yes, I pop molly and I do a whole lot of drugs, shawty, that's the real me (  
shawty, that's the real me)  
You wanna get as high as me, gotta see what got you gon' have to kill me (ki  
ll me)

I got more money than I ever had  
I'm a fuckin' model and my bitch super bad  
Come fuck with a kid and I'ma take off your hat  
Got more money than I ever had, got racks I could go and talk to (talk to ra  
cks)

Yeah, I fell in love with the green, now I got her stuck on me just like a t  
attoo  
Money hit me when I'm in a bad mood  
I'ma get lil' shawty in a head mood  
I'ma fuck her when she in a bad mood  
Hate a check hit, yeah, it came through (fuck)  
Yeah, I ain't even touch my peak yet, yeah, motherfucker ain't reach no heig  
ht (ain't touch my peak)  
This ain't no passenger plane, lil' bitch, this ain't a regular flight  
I'm throwin' on way too much jazza to get out of bed  
You poppin' that for the hype  
I'm fuckin' the money in a big ass bed  
This ain't no regular life (huh?)

I remember when nobody ain't really believe in me (ain't believin' me)  
Yo, I remember when they hate it like they wasn't seein' me (I remember when  
nobody ate it)  
Now I got about seven hoes comin' through to the B&B (I got about eight, sev  
en)  
They pullin' up tryna fuck with the kid but they can't get a feed from me (f  
uck)

Yo, I got these diamonds, they bust out my wrist  
And them hoes ain't here like a bitch (ain't here like a bitch)  
I'm skattin', I'm flippin', I'm doin' the trick  
And I'm tryna trick on your bitch (I'm skattin', I'm flippin', I'm doin' a t  
rick)  
I threw a hundred bands up in the strip club  
She gon' bust it for a tip  
All of the Glock's that came with the switch  
Fuckin' two bitches, I'm makin' 'em switch (yo)