

# Remember That

Lil Debbie

Yup, yup  
Bitch, I remember that  
Yup, hear me out  
Hear me out, hear me out, hear me out

Back when I needed my paper up  
They never gave a fuck  
Told me my shit was beginner's luck  
Shit, I'm still here as fuck  
I ain't got time for no new friends  
I just need new fans  
Money exposes your true friends  
And I got me some new bands  
So I'm tyin' up loose ends  
And I'm makin' some new plans  
And I'm settin' some new trends  
I'm bakin', I'm bakin', I'm cakin'  
And you bitches too bland, take my two hands  
Made magic, go get it, said I can't have it  
Bitches phoney and I can't bag it  
And I don't need it if I can't cash it, no  
I gave a fuck about the law  
Ain't no option but to ball  
Hall of fame, hall of fame  
I need my jersey on the wall  
Game time, game time  
Fuck you I take mine  
You bitches need some new bundles  
No hang time, hang time

Do you remember that [?]  
Rememeber they told me that my shit was average  
Yo, who could remember that?  
Now my shit poppin', I'm posin' for camera  
Yea, I remember though  
Remember they told me this shit wouldn't happen  
I swear I remember, hoe  
'Cause now my shit crackin', they hop on the wagon but still  
I remember though  
Do you remember, hoe?  
Shit I remember though  
But you just a simple hoe  
I'm glad I ain't listen though  
But still I remember, hoe  
Yea, I remember, hoe  
Yea, I remember, hoe  
Yea, I remember, hoe

Remember they told me to stop rappin'  
Silly bitches told me stop trappin'  
Stand out now we outstandin'  
Made manoeuvres now we got the action  
Went from a gram to a zip  
Zips flipped into a couple Ps  
Savage bitch, you can't smoke for free  
Now a bitch is up from a couple trees  
Who can fuck with me

Elevator, elevator  
To the top hella paper  
Skyline my time  
Bitches dyin' respirator  
Flatline, flatline  
Flatline, flatline  
I ain't change the game, that's fine  
Stat line, stat line  
Show these bitches how to win it  
Independent can't pretend a bitch ain't did it  
You can say that I assisted grind precision  
Shine consistent, bitch, I'm different  
Funny how these bitches get amnesia  
Now I'm hot as fever, please, believe it  
Kill these bitches off like I'm the reaper  
Blowin' reefer guarantee, I'll eat ya

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