

## Used to Be

Mike Stud

Yeah, Sherman Avenue  
Playing ball, we would kill it there  
Yeah, I miss it there  
Ain't been back since June, man it's been a year  
Hit Expressions on the East just to get a pair  
Yeah, and Friday nights that was Thayer Street  
Bring my homies up from Duke, they would stay the week  
Yeah, and all the sudden now I'm headed for these magazine covers  
But never will I ever forget when I wasn't  
I miss my old girl, fuck your new dude  
But if you had to choose, what would you do?  
Forget feelings, left those back at home  
Ain't got time for that emotional petty shit on the road  
Since I took a leap of faith, I've been living in another world  
My only make-up sex is with the cover girls  
And even though a lot of things changed, just know the real me still  
remain  
Hand to God, for real

I just wanna let you know, I can't come home tomorrow  
This is what I wrote  
Yeah I hope that you all remember me for the dude I used to be  
For the dude I used to be

My whole family out in Spain, I wish I could've made it  
Had a lot to do, ain't got time for no vacation  
Fan base waitin', claimin' I'm a make it  
Finished up the tape, thank y'all for your patience  
Late nights, day time we running to meetings  
New phone, friends lost and numbers deleted  
And know it's love, and I wish I could show it  
Interviews about where I'm from, cause they know where I'm going  
It's kind of funny how a few words turn into fucking  
Nowadays it's nuttin' more cause I've already done it  
And nothing hurt more than heartbreak, when the start great  
Thinking it's love, and learning it wasn't  
And good girls come few and far between  
Some nights I do it just to do it, I'm not sure what that mean  
Just a little caught up in the game  
But know the real me still remain  
Hand to God, for real

I just wanna let you know, I can't come home tomorrow  
This is what I wrote  
Yeah I hope that you all remember me for the dude I used to be  
For the dude I used to be