

I miss you, babe

It's like time after time
The pain been building up
Building up
I done a lot of shit, that I've been thinking of
When you're alone at night, you be thinking of

I be thinking 'bout the niggas I want to go stick up
I don't wanna fuck that bitch 'cause she ain't thick enough
She don't wanna fuck you 'cause you ain't rich enough
Bitch, keep on looking. I'm already knowing she want dick or sum
Plug just called me over for a pack. I wanna pick it up

Lately, I've been life fuck rap shit
Like I just wanna slide and go jack shit
They like Suede. You gotta chill. You got fans and shit
I'm from the ghetto. I ain't used to this fancy shit

I ain't used to all this shit, all this fame
Nigga wanted a picture. I was about to take out my thing
That shit crazy
I got fans out the state
I'm really from the hood. I ain't used to all this steak

I been tryna change. I be stuck in my old ways
I don't wanna kick it, don't wanna kick it
You ain't got no play
Nigga, if I don't like you, I'm 'a tell you in your face
A nigga humble
I remember I had no plate

I been thinking about the past, nigga, too much
If you're still mad about the past, nigga, do sum
My nigga just went in for two guns
Lately, I ain't been feeling nothing, nigga. Too numb

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I been thinking about the past from a jail bus to a tour bus
These niggas mad. They're showing no love

I been thinking about the past
I been thinking about the past
I came a long way but I been thinking about the past