Use 2

Problem

Can't be fuckin' with these bitches like I used to
No they don't make 'em like they used to
No they don't make 'em like they used to
No they don't make 'em like they used to
I can't be fuckin' with you niggas like I used to
Cause no they don't make 'em like they used to
No they don't make 'em like they used to
No they don't make 'em like they used to

They don't make 'em like they used to, shit
That's gon' take some gettin' used to, shit
I'm in the hood, on the backstreets
My old best friend tryna clap me
So I'm like fuck it, what the fuck a nigga gon' do?
I gotta get up before he give me but I love do
Hooh, it's a fucked up feeling
Cock it back, get high, hit the muthafuckin' ceiling
Like playin' what these niggas betta get that
LA the land of the getback
Make sure the weed kush before I hit that
And if I ain't got a condom I won't hit that
Shit done changed from how a nigga used to be
My mind ain't the same as it used to be
Shouldn't wait for the truth to see
Got a little money ab baby right up in my boot to see
That's why I

It ain't the same, but I'm cool
I don't fuck with niggas anyway
Stay to myself like a nigga who trust me
Who never did me wrong, who neva broke my heart
Who never pointed me out on the lick
These hoes quick to get me set up but with another chick
Fightin' to get it lit, the box have me callin' it quits
Ain't that the pitch know Jason
See that's how the game show
Yo

They don't make 'em like they used to, shit
That's gon' take some gettin' used to, shit
They hate it when a nigga crackin'
They'd rather meet me in the hood back-trappin'
I stay in my lane, can't be worried bout these otha ones
Five years, prolly bout to have anotha one
Shit, plus a young nigga just got payed
So I'm a have to get anotha one

I'm seasoned for this, learned the game for many seasons
I've enlisted, a gift, a curse, the soul rehearse
So I neva make that mistake twice, throw the rice
I'm married to the concept of conquering
Bum ass hoes and fake bros crossin' the love-word
Cheer for the kid that they sent as love birth
On Instagram flexin' with a nigga like Love Birds
Please, let me loose, let me believe what I do

Let me believe you ain't true
It's easier to not fuck you, let's keep it cordial
I won't even record you I'm askin' myself what would the Lord do
Judas, well there you have it the cut-off is automatic

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