

An Interlude Called "Circus"

SABA

Chillin' on the westside, everything was perfect
Back in 2012 before our record hit the surface
Had a few girls I was jugglin', I ain't ever did the circus
Had the phone by Motorola, but that bitch was out of service
My car go in and out like you tryna resuscitate it
Ayy, we on the way, but only fifty-fifty chance we make it
Ayy, we never say "Goodbye", no "See you 'round", no "See you later"
Ayy, this Chicago, when you leave, we say be safe here (This Chicago, nigga)

'Bout time, I think it's 'bout time
Back then, we didn't abide by
Now I tend to spend my time (Time flies), I think about us
Chillin' on the, uh, yeah, everything was perfect
All the small things about bein' broke I never got to notice
I took everything for granted when the moment was slow motion
Got into a fender bender, whip so broken, it was totaled
Not to sound like I don't appreciate what they pay me
But all the days in the basement, we tryin' to recreate it
Was eyein' a freaky lady from my high school, now she hoein'
She lookin' at how he glow up, fifty-fifty chance she goin'

Chillin' on the westside, everything was perfect
Back in 2012 before our record hit the surface
Had a few girls I was jugglin', I ain't ever did the circus
Had the phone by Motorola, but- (Blink, motherfucker)
My car go in and out like you tryna resuscitate it
Ayy, we on the way, but only fifty-fifty chance we make it
Ayy, we never say "Goodbye", no "See you 'round", no "See you later"
Ayy, this Chicago- (This Chicago, nigga)