

I Remember

Skeme

Hi!POWER

Sox Gang

I'm wearing black pumas, hair like Kunte
Kendrick Lamar

'Bout eight of them in the studio
And the all want me

Fuck you niggas bruh

Skeme whaddup

If I come off as unconcern, (yeah) please forgive me
I ain't even poured the sizzurp yet (nah)
I'm on this remy, if my phone going straight to voice mail
Bitch I'm busy, I ain't got the time to tock
Every tick I'm repping my city (whoop)
Ten bottles at a time, this here is the life
And how I'm living might be wrong
But in this world what the fuck is right
It's just one rapper, 2 cups, 3 bitches blowing me
Heard it's 20 niggas in the VIP, then bitch you know it's me
I'm here for niggas go and do them bizz
Getting tired of hearing rappers just rapping the shit I live
All that I got is my all, that's exactly what I get
And I need my toilet paper every time I do my shit
Guess I should switch, cause I'm getting paid
Instead of worrying bout how I'm getting money, just do the same, bitch
The bright lights and people screaming my name
Fuck the money and the fame, bitch that's the reason I came

I remember why we don't fuck with none of these niggas
I remember, I remember why we don't fuck with none of these niggas
I remember oh my, how the times change
Nothing's the same, but still remember why I came
Oh my, how the times change, getting change
Now everybody knows the name
Oh my, how the times change
Nothing's the same, but still remember why I came
Oh my, how the times change, getting change
Now everybody knows the name

Driving on a freeway full of darkness
It's just me and plus my heart is cold
As an project carpet
You be coughing up commode
Full of shit see I was told
That only real niggas can harvest any future pot of gold
And look at you, I know you starving, see it's burning in your soul
And you look for me to console your emotions
I'm on the road and I'm joking with all my niggas
We laughing at you the feeling of victory is a gig
And I hope they catch you whenever you fall from the pedestal you was on
And don't get me wrong, you was in the zone of a lifetime
But the place you belong is the bottom

That's why I got a bullet for every ego or tuxedo
And some scenos, a combination that we know
Uh, tight rope, but I notice they walk a thin line
From having the disabilities of death, dumb and blind
Every time I recline, then remind myself
I would never die with pussy, less it was on my dick, pussy

Staring out a benz window, thinking bout saying fuck it
I make it and spend it all
Middle finger for a budget
Got your rent off in my pocket, and spent off a piece of luggage
Got a lot of bad habits, with money, some shit I'm stuck with (yeah)
Nothing but dollars in my discussion, show my ass out in public
Cause motherfuckers love it, I hear (bitch)
Niggas out here plotting on the come up
I hold this gun up, then one of these coward niggas run up
My nigga dead, so for him I'm lighting my blunt up
I say "hustle for this rap bitch, I'm getting this from sun down to sun up"
I know it's niggas hating, praying I never make it
But jealous pussy I'm here, and I'm never leaving just face it (whoop)
Before one of these niggas take me out this motherfucking game
Promise I do my motherfucking thing
Do what the fuck I want, motherfucker lame
I just keep it 100, fuck breaking down for some change
Nigga I just stay the same