

# I Remember

Skeme

HiiPOWER

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