

Time Machine

Smoke DZA

(Ooh, I love you)
All that matters
(Baby) Ride with us

Uh
Let's take it back, matchbox pumpin' up my black tops
364 honeycoam crack spot
Gea had the chronic, C had the Brazi
And it was all types of getting money out of fog deep
George had the candy store, smoke shop, arcade
And niggas dumb, had a hell of a run, til the squad came
911 Freaknik, used to pebble beach in
She used low, like promise me you can keep a secret
Greet the skeet onto her features, her next trauma
Old school slide, call herself the head doctor
Uh, been had the funk, go hit him on the bleep bleep
Dump a 40 and get high up like chief seats
Killin' the cypher, niggas get hyper
Cold as an iceberg in my Varsity Iceberg
Harlem niggas so green, too fly with his
Come take a lil trip on my time machine

Ayo, Super Nintendo, Sega Genesis
The game change, but I can reminisce
I be riding on my time machine (I take it way back)
I be riding on my time machine (I take it way back)

Let me take you back like shell tops, hood hotel spots
Willie had the store, Water used to sell rock
Had to post bail, akh, nope, never tell cops
Street stars, give 'em bars, that's a sell block
Get the broads, El DeBarge, never singing, no
Next day bringing, yo, bitches had to dig my flow
I put em all on, they was morons
Need brain, nothing but head, she is Zordon
Flash Gordon, I remember far more
Ebonix, Onix, how about some hardcore?
Ackee store, I love the loosy spot
With Notorious way before Juicy dropped
We used to move V high, wait til my mother gone
Hail high, Marty McFly on the hoverboard
Get my thuggin on, fuckin with no rubber on
Cash Rules Everything Around Me, I love that song

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Let me take it back like, 36 bus hoppin' on the back, like
Three sneaking in the dover there to pop a gat at hand
Scarface and Batman, juicin' 'fore I knew shit
I had a crew tryna get down like me
Granddaddy with the red tan catty, cruising
Smoking like I'm not knowing the days I'm losing, change is proven
Open like I'm grave, like a beret when wounded
5th grade, mini thug nigga, I was gang recruited, banging stupid

Mr. Lu go through me, and the loophole with some brain improvement
But being malicious, yo I'm saying, still insane, deluded
Came and grew, game was different, pop off still bangin' ruthless
Crime form like Daffer Jean, who, what could save me?
14, thought of a lost baby
Uncle Skee kept spoiled and boarded to cost crazy
Super Nintendo, Sega Genesis
When I wrote my first rhyme, so I couldn't picture this
Once I reminisce, heh

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