

# Take a Look Back

The Alchemist

Take a look back, Yeah!  
Take a look, just slip back  
Too late, you never know  
Yeah!

Never go back but I think back  
Hear a song on the radio from the past and get a flashback  
Cinematic when it plays back  
Write a story of my life and be the soundtrack  
11 - 46 [?:] Central on a school night I used to sneak out the window  
I was little, my brother Neil was in the middle  
On the bottom bunk, roof where I wrote my riddles  
Get a chill every time I get a visual  
Used to think I was invincible  
Everyday shoplifting competition at the mall was the ritual  
Never won, I never made a good criminal  
Got a problem at the school with the principal  
And back then all the music was original  
I was young and dumb, the future was invisible  
Take a look back, take a look back  
Never go back, when I reminisce about those passed  
Thinking it's a trip how fast we live  
Flashing back to the sandbox with my clothes dirty  
And my jeans was ripped  
Swinging on the monkey bars trying to keep my grip  
Jump on the trampoline till my knees give in  
Always physical, I was a little crazy kid  
Then I got into the music and I found my niche  
Found a gift, could've found a ditch  
Even when bullets came in my direction, somehow they missed  
Tried to grab me and stab me, somehow they slipped  
Like a force-field, stayed the course at the Lord's will  
Even when it's over, I'mma go to war still  
Even when I'm gone I'll be making noise still  
I could never live forever but the voice will  
Always knew I'd be somebody that the world feelled

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I admit sometimes I speed for no reason  
Sometimes I roll up the weed for no reason  
Take a breath of fresh air for no reason  
Cause you never know when you're gonna be leaving  
So I get it with the old clique  
And reminisce while we're thumbing through a box full of old flicks  
Laughing at the funny clothes and the outfits  
Take a look back, take a look back  
Yeah they say time keep on slipping  
But I'm sunk in the coupe, I just keep on dipping  
Switching up the gears, I keep on shifting

Daydreams, my mind it keeps on drifting  
Like J Dilla I'mma keep living  
Never feel like a beat's finished, I'm a perfectionist  
Never really happy with it so I'll mess with it  
It's a God-given talent, I was blessed with it  
Thinking back from the past occurrences  
It's endless, I can only scratch the surface  
But it's a new day so I let the sun shine  
Through the window when I crack the curtains  
Only death is certain, only tax is certain  
Take a break for a minute then it's back to work

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