

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 feleed

Take a look back at your life now
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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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