

Rewind II

The Game

The bullet comes out of his head back in the Draco
I moonwalk back to the car, gun on my waist
Take the ski mask off of my face, blunt flies back in the trunk
Between my index and my middle finger, it's stuck
Inhale the smoke, take a puff
Drivin' in reverse, proceed to light it up
'Matic still Nas to listenin'
It's me and the opp, gets further in distance, hand on my watch
Movin' backwards, the Chronic jumps out the back wood
As the leaf waits for the guts and rolls itself back up
Text from a bitch sayin', "Eat to going still"
Put my phone back in my pocket, took my knee off the wheel
Hand on my wheel, my car in drive, foot on the gas
Up the freeway ramp, adjust the rearview and look at my past
Speed goin' back up on the dash as I listen to Hill, Lauryn, and uncrumple a
ll of this hash
Back in the carpool, flippin' off 12
The window rolls down and in comes pistachio shells
Cutie smilin' at me, I unthrew up the deuce
Triple one-two, three-one-three, three-one-two
On the side of a purple Maserati, wonder if she got a body up
Or should I think I? It's a hottie
Goin' down on the up ramp, creep slow, back to the light
I'ma kill 'em 'fore the end of the night
Talkin' on my burner cell like, "At he where?"
Back into a parkin' spot, handicap in the mirror
Car door opens, my nigga out yells, "Woo-Su"
Windows roll up, I'm thinkin' to myself, "Who these niggas in this coupe?"
Back in the store, woods back in my hand
Sit 'em on the counter as he hands me back my Benz
And says, "Nigga my, you thank," I pass him a coke can
10, 000 goes back in my pocket in rubber bands
Back to the whip in rewind, back to the spot
Walkin' up the stairs backwards, the clip comes outta the Glock
The key goes back in the lock
I walk in facin' out, take my shoes off and fall on the couch
This bitch takes my dick out of her mouth
Stands back up and tells me what her day was about
We hug as her clothes fly up to her hands, lip singin' B Cardi while she dan
ce
Tapes Bundy Ted, credits roll down, chill and Netflix
As I unfasten the latch on my cuban link necklace
She gave me a second hug for the first time
Walks outta the door back in the Uber as I'm cleanin' my.9
I sit it down right next to my phone
Go back to sleep and undream about Rihanna runnin' 'round in a thong
Woke up tired and went back to the booth
Sample God's Sons, rewind it and wrote it backwards to a loop

Listen up gangsters and honeys with your hair done
Pull up a chair, hon', and put it in the air, son
Dawg, whatever they call you, God, just listen
I spit a story backwards, it starts at the endin'