Back then, Back then Back then Back then (T Wayne from the 9) Yo, yo, yo, yo

Feds know me, then don't need no pc If you know me then you know the g in me If you know then you know how I get down I'm a north side boss but I get around No talking, I was a go-getter Cause you can't talk racks if there's no cheddar Had my nike bomber jacket for the cold weather And no-one stunts around me could've known better I've been through the highs and the lows Got everything I grind for on my own Counting up p's in my zone Those days I didn't have p's for a phone I swear down I couldn't pay the cab man Madman Swear I jack man and I tax man So I pray to God I ain't seeing jail Cause in the beef I get messy like Lionel (come on)

I really didn't know back then
Didn't have no hoes or no clothes back then
Young boys but we had to move like men
Now I'm up now [?] throwback then
Back then, back then, back then
I wasn't no-one now I'm certi
Au revoir broke days, arrivederci
I ain't tryna be road when I'm 30

I really didn't know back then
Didn't have no hoes or no clothes back then
Young boys but we had to move like men
Now I'm up now [?] throwback then
Back then, back then, back then
I really didn't, I really didn't know back then
Now I'm up now [?] throwback
Now I'm up now [?] throwback [?] throwback
Now I'm up now
I really didn't, I really didn't, I really didn't know back then

I saw my circle going opposite ways
We're old friends with new news but we got nothing to say
Its like I'm so obsessed with music I got lost in my ways
I feel my conversation drifting man I'm Colin McRae
My best songs they can't speak the words I want them to say
They set me up with girls that never wanted to stay
I'm looking straight through her motives man she wanted to trade, cause me I
wanted her body and she just wanted my name
In fact she wanted my status I mean she wanted my stripes
I'm a [?] man they wanted my life
I swear this pressure is a measure of your power and mine
When everyone relies on you to make it happen at [?]
And your just tryna bring your click in tryna pattern it right
And your motive isn't clicking and your meeting times are clipping, and your stressing cause you're never sleeping happy at night

You're staring deep into the darkness with your dad in your mind I put this pressure on my back they think I'm arrogant I Hold it down for every single fucking man on my side And man are talking like I'm taking this chit and chattering light Until we buck up in the flesh and then you know the fucking rest

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[?] throwback, now I'm up now