

## same as I used to be

Toosii

Oh, nah-nah-nah  
Real niggas don't do pullouts, man  
Ayy, uh

Still got the keys to the old way, but life smooth like butter  
Still got the keys to the old way, but I use my other way  
I'm tryna test drive the Lambo', end up in the hills somewhere  
Lost, I got God, I know he'll be here  
Ain't the same as I used to be  
Got a few cars in the garage, I got rich, gotta get used to me  
I got tired of people using me, be loyal or you losing me  
You had an option, you weren't choosing me  
And they say it take time to get to where you want, but they ain't fooling me  
(New interior, change the leather, would've thought that you would do me better)  
And they say it take time but I believe not when you as cool as me  
(New interior, change the leather, I still believe you could do me better, for sure)

Still tryna cop Mulsanne  
They say you too insane  
I take the coupe, blow out the brains  
We are not the same, skrrt, switch lane  
All my bitches flawless diamonds, pussy good, bad attitude, don't mind  
Switch the clock on a watch, call it perfect timing  
Talk to God, I be lost, I be unwinding  
And I put it down when she want it  
I done put her on top but she still climbing  
See the ice in my mouth, she in love with diamonds  
And my heart too cold, gotta change  
I done put her on the climb, she still grinding  
Know I come from the hood, I'm still sliding  
I done did it too bad, she still ride it  
Tryna find somebody better and I still can't find it

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Catapult off the top shelf, know I got wealth, I'm a rich nigga  
She know I know a shooter, probably know a shooter, probably know a shooter  
brought a stick with him  
And a gang member brought a blick with him  
Young nigga brought a bitch with him

I'm the shooter the shooter probably know from the young nigga, yeah, we brought blicks with us  
I got gang ties, I'm a hood romantic  
Street nigga, I make the bitch panic  
Real problems, put it all on the canvas  
Try to hide but I know I'm doing damage  
Tryna find her, Polo, Marco  
She know I'm dope like a Narco  
Fell in love for the racks in Wells Fargo  
Know I like when she holding me just like groceries

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