

Used 2 Be

Uncle Murda

(Kool John on the beat, by the way)
Supposed to be
Might be as elusive as it's close to me
She's been feeling further than her memory
Just want to go back to how it used to be
How it's supposed to be
Might be as elusive as it's close to me
She's been feeling further than her memory
Just want to go back to how it used to be
Used to be
Damn, baby girl, you be stressin' me (Damn)
We was just so alright, then you went left on me (What happened?)
I ain't give you my phone when the police arrested me (Oh)
Was more worried about you than them catchin' me
Fucked that girl a few times, it was just sexting me (That's it)
You see how I beefed up and how I told her, 'Stop textin' me'? (Uh-huh)
Man, my whole vibe be off when you upset with me (It do)
All the shit I put you through made you lose respect for me (I get it)
No more lies, you only gonna get the truth from me
Just want things to go back to where it used to be (That's it)
Just know a nigga smart, ducked out, was just stupid in me
I ain't lettin' them bum bitches come between you and me (Nah)
You and me against the world, the way it 'posed to be
I ain't never let no other girl get this close to me (Never)
When I'm around you, my emotions be controlling me (Woo)
This shit sounding like some shit that Drake wrote for me, ah

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How we're supposed to be
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Just want to go back to how it used to be, used to be

Face down, ass up, do it fast, do it slow for me (Oh)
You a queen, when we fuck, you turn into a ho for me (Uh-huh)
Like bitches on Pornhub, you used to do the most for me (Used to)
That girl was my cousin, I was helping her with her groceries (That's a lot)
It's like nowadays, you don't even notice me
You don't like my pictures no more and you stop posting me
I be on the 'Gram like, 'Damn, she ghosting me'
You ain't gotta write nothing, baby girl, just emoji me (You're hard)
You ain't unfollow me, so I still hope for me
That sound like Jivion hitting them notes for me
When your brother was broke, boy, I let himself dose for me (I put 'em on)
He fucked up the money, basically he stole from me (Basically)
If he got locked up, probably would've told on me
I ain't violate 'cause all the love you be showing me (Only real)
Gave me your income tax money, boy, you ain't broke for me
Paid you back with interest though, how it's supposed to be (Dope)
Your friends in your ear saying you need to get over me (Fuck them)
I'm drunk, keeping it real right now, this ain't to sober me (That wind)
Can't breathe like a racist white cop was choking me
This shit sounding like some shit that Drake wrote for me, ah

How it's supposed to be
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Just want to go back to how it used to be
Used to be
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, it's a-
Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's really hard 'cause I wasn't strong to-
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm not the man that I really could be
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm so tired of losing you, girl
Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's so-