

## Used To

YFN Lucci

(Think it's a game...)  
(DJ Lavish Lee)  
Yeah, ayy, uh  
Yeah

Look, the way that ice wrapped 'round my wrist, you'd think my shit hurt  
Remember sellin' dimebags for a nickel  
If they ain't from over here, you know bro 'nem might strip them  
Could you believe I came up rappin' on instrumentals?  
One hand on my pistol, money on my mental  
I like bitches with dimples, with piercings in their nipples  
Smoke a zip with Milk Dud, then eat you like a Milk Dud  
Bitch, I need my dick rubbed, then you just might get up  
Remember trappin' in them hallways just to get up  
Now my house got long hallways and elevators  
Yeah, we used to hit shit up, used to get your shit tucked  
Look, thought we weren't gon' pull up (Yeah)  
Now you niggas shook up (Yeah)

Used to wonder how a million dollars feel  
Now my mama got a million dollar crib  
Look, used to see where we grew up  
Used to dream, Martin Luther  
Sing to her like I'm Luther, growin' pain, but we grew up  
Know they hatin', we gon' do us, at The Flame at like two somethin'  
Know we came with 'bout two somethin', Glock 40, I got two of 'em  
My palms itchin' too, mom, I went and got my crew some  
On a lot of pain pills, man, I swear I'm too numb, yeah

Stiff on a bitch, on my dick she left her lipstick  
Whole lot of drank, we on meds like I'm too sick  
Shout out Gudda, bitch, we goin' in like it's past six  
Try and take, three, two, one, blast it  
I got a bitch in south Florida, she get nasty  
I ain't gon' lie, she too fire, she do mad tricks  
And when we fly, when we land, we do mansion (We got paper now, nigga)  
Private party, you can't even get your man in  
Girl, why you teasin'? Why you sleepin' with your panties?  
Girl, I'm tryna eat you, tryna treat you like some candy  
Look, treat you like we married (Stop playin')  
And yeah, that dress looks good, but even better when you ain't wearin' it

Uh, used to wonder how a million dollars feel  
Now my mama got a million dollar crib  
Look, used to see where we grew up  
All my life, shit been screwed up  
Court cases, they locked Ju up  
Free Canon and Lil' Q-Dog  
They court and he gon' do y'all  
I can't keep missin' their calls  
Gotta get 'em a new phone  
I pray that they all call home  
Give a fuck...  
Give a fuck...  
I swear I can't wait 'til we ain't gotta hurt no more

Oh, yeah

Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah  
Used to wonder how a million dollars feel  
Now my mama got a million dollar crib (Million dollar crib)  
We made it, made it far  
They never knew that we had it in our heart  
Used to wonder how a million dollars feel