

Memories Back Then (Feat. T.I., B.o.B)

Kendrick Lamar

Ay, in my apartment a long time ago I knew a bad bitch but she was kinda slow
Still gave it up when it's a few of us; she let me finger fuck her on the school
bus
We used to cut school with her and run train, she wanna hang with us, we want one
thang
Just penetratin that throat dawg - she choke on it like smoke dawg
But whenever I fucked up my re-up, in a dice game I go see her
She'll give me enough to buy a quarter ounce and then blow a blunt of that reefer
She used to buy a nigga new sneakers, pay the bill on my beeper
Just so she could page to put a "69" and I know it's time to go freak her
Then one day I just asked her, "Why you always give ya ass up?
I mean damn these hoes get paid, all you do is get laid, this shit don't add up"
She said "Tip, all I wanna do is feel love, even if I know it ain't real love
Even if I know a nigga only finna hit it then never call back, I still fuck"
And that's fucked up cause she's so trill, I need somethin, she go steal
When the trap hot and police ride, nigga guess where we go chill?
About fo' years she held dope and my fo'-pound 'til it go down
I remember shawty, she stayed down, I won't say her name cause she married now
When the lights go out and I'm in my bed
I think of all the madness in my head aaaaaaaaaaaaaad
Oh-oh-ohhhh, all of the things that I did back then Ohhhh, when I'm in my bed I think of all the memories I've
had aaaaaaaaaaaaaad
Oh-oh-ohhhh, all of the things that I did back then
Yo, yo uhh
She would always turn heads when she fall through, she would always make moves how
a boss do
And she never gave any nigga time of day, but she the chick all the niggaz tried
to talk to
But when it came to me she had a thing for me, when we kicked it she rolled up the
weed for me
And we'd both cut class, post up in the cut steady watchin just to see if the police
comin
We got close over time her and I, right around the time that I first got signed
Come to think about it I was 'bout 17, I ain't even have a license, couldn't even
drive
I was goin back and forth with these flights, another show after show, each night
She became so suspicious of these other bitches she'd go through my phone and we'd
fight
Talk about torn between the two, wasn't really much more that we could do Wasn't really much space for us but

she stayed down with every tour she seen me do
But I guess one night I had a few, huh, one night I had a few
Yeah, this lil' chick that caught my eye, I told her "Hurry up, meet me at the room"
And no, I didn't have a contraceptive, and my common sense neglected
And two months later next thing I know I got a text that said "I'm pregnant"
And you can almost bet she kept it, and that's the reason why you left me
On top of all that, it wasn't even mine, I went and got paternity tested
Damn!
Wait, hold up, is that you? With them big ol' thighs after school?
Jay 305 had gave me high five when I said I'm in hot pursuit
You said "I won't ride until Kendrick drive a new Monte Carlo that cruise"
And that shot my pride, I tried to improv but no freestyle'll ever do
You're lookin for the nigga with the tallest 'fetti
You're overlookin every nigga that ain't quite ready
To make it rain on you like about to break a levee - HOLD UP! That pussy petty
Yeah yo' nails did, yo' hair did, yo' cell phone is selfish
It only got numbers that come with a Hummer, her new primadonna I smelt it
Tried to make you mine hoe, tried to make some time hoe
But I ain't got the time or the patience to stop and wait in line hoe
Her dreams holds Versace, she fall for Armani
Only deal with rich niggaz, fuck you and Mitt Romney
I'm grown now, I'm on my own now, I'm po-o-o-oppin
Change my phone now, when I get home now I got o-o-o-options
Fast forward, wait, is that you? With them big ol' thighs after school?
And yo' three kids and three baby daddies and car note that's overdue?
I know

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