

Reminiscing (feat. A Boogie Wit da Hoodie)

Kodak Black

Off the head, shit, you know what I'm saying?
Off the dome man, nah mean? 22 hours locked down, ain't shit to do but think
I remember like it was yesterday, was drinkin' out the sink
I'm sittin' back plottin', I'm just sittin' back vibin'
A nigga can't complain, I had to use my time wisely
I'm sleepin' in a dorm, but they ain't send me off to college
I still got money buried from that lick I hit in Raleigh
I'm book smart but the streets gave me all my knowledge
So there ain't nun' for you when you comin' out the projects
So there ain't nun' for you when you comin' out the slum
A mouth full of gold teeth, they think a nigga dumb
I got a headful of dreads, think a nigga illiterate
But I know when I go to talk, a nigga'll reconsider it
I know you niggas just tryna benefit
I ain't fuckin' with you a little bit
I ain't fuckin' with you at all
I ain't fuckin' with you at all
I was sellin' weed in middle school, just meet me in the halls
Right now I'm goin' in, but I was just behind the wall
This jail got me thinkin', I feel like everybody flawed
I got too much to lose, but I'll still go at a nigga jaw
I'm down for the count, I'm never down for the cause
I made a million dollars off of shows and goin' hard I love money, I can't go back to the bottom 'cause I
Hate it at the bottom, try to stop thinking about it
But, I'm reminiscing, yeah
I'm reminiscing, yeah
Fuck your problem, it's too late to tell me sorry
I pulled up in a 'rari, it don't come with no apologies
I'm reminiscing, yeah
I'm reminiscing, yeah I remember everythin', I done been through everythin'
I remember who shitted on me, or who been in the paint
Like Ray J, got a bitch from the Bronx givin' me brain
Like Ray J, I done walked through the motherfuckin' rain
Right now I done got too far to give a motherfucker a feature
I'm the freshest man in high-school, but I'm a motherfuckin' senior
Lil' shawty want to kick it, I told her I don't play FIFA
I jumped up out the Beamer, now I'm slidin' in the Regal
That pussy so tight but I be tryna go deeper
If she can make moolah, she a motherfuckin' keeper

Reminisce about my niggas, reminisce about my homies
I'm thinkin' 'bout my niggas, I'm thinkin' 'bout my whoadies
I don't fuck with Fooly no more but I still fuck with Cody
Got a booger in my nose, A Boogie on the chorus
A young nigga, I jumped off the porch, run Forrest
I'll lose it about that money, I'll go dumb for it
I'm workin' like a Mexican, fuck around and get deported
I bought my mama a crib, thirty clip in my forty
She said that my baby, I told that bih let's go to Maury
Lame niggas get extorted, if it ain't foreign then it's borin'

Songwriters

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