

# Reminding Me (Of Sef) (ft. Chantay Savage)

## Common

[Common]  
Yeah yeah what yeah  
Reminding me of Sef what?  
Fat fat thick booty what?  
You say jack that big booty yo  
He say OOH OH  
I heard the boy he said oh  
The party people he said oh  
Check it check it Driftin on a memory brought forth  
From a fifth of Hennesey as in times  
Of eighty nine they envision me  
Warm days and the cold beer chemistry  
Eventually broken up by responsibilities and such  
Sometimes this era mentally I reconstruct  
High school I came out it  
Cats with clout at graduation got they name shouted  
Go to Great America, me and my lady rock the same outfit  
My niggas be fucking girls that she hang out with  
Round then Guy came out with, 'Piece of My Love'  
Arguing over if he said, "Dumb bitch"  
Everyday the same old with rainbow, watching the sun twist  
Cool as a Mig Dry, that in the trunk shit  
After parties in Wendy's parking lot, unfamiliar faces got marked a lot  
Showing off for hoes in bricks and rows had us charged to box  
That demo sorta stopped once A.C. got popped [Chorus: Chantay Savage]  
It's reminding, mmm whoa yeah  
It's reminding, hey yeah [Common]  
Check it  
Before these minds got a hold to some drugs  
And start thinking they thugs  
We'd be at the Bismarck, and the Racquetball club  
Plugged with Gucci promotion so we got in free  
Against the wall me and my guys formed a colony, Ron'll be beating  
Saved my day, dancing on speakers  
Flames snatched I was born this way  
87th Street and Hyde Park was warring  
Over gossip, Kenwood bras was pouring  
Suited in three-quarter Jordan's, pro-models  
And started coach out the back of Beauty Shop Sevalas

Buy the dope, put my name in they verse, EPMD  
I would quote, stolen leathers I'd sell, like a child of broke  
Behind the beat, I took my first shot of Henny  
It hit me in the chest like when them marks shot Benji  
Shame on the girl that left her Fendi around crew  
I'da go through it or, take it, we was bound to  
Traveling like Vice Lords, down to the taste  
Not wanting to bring my lady around crew cause they would snake  
House parties was the lick, behind bars we'd come up  
At em' I did the Hooper dance with my thumbs up[Chorus][Common]  
There go the break  
To get the break go, it go oh  
Yeah, it go oh  
You heard the people they go oh  
Yo, check it, check it Nowadays niggas is fake, like that party at McCormick Place  
I don't draw with em, cause they was born to trace  
At times I contemplate moving to a warmer place  
Then the Lake and skyline, give me a warm embrace  
Reminding me of the pointed parties Moe used to mace  
Six deep in the Hyundai bumping Twilight Tone tapes  
Come home late calling broads hang up on they mother  
If it wasn't nowhere to scrap at then we would fight each other  
Get a room at the Dunes having bakeouts  
We'd eat, at Giadonno's and break out  
Then everybody thought that they could spend  
High rollers had the MCM blazer blend  
Girbauds and Guess jeans we was taking in  
Cranes and freight trains we was breaking in  
Tim a be basin Mike down at I.I.T.  
Remembering numbers depended on how high I'd be  
It's a Deja-Brew, when I see bottles of Gill  
My man Sef passed I feel hollow but still[Chorus]

Songwriters

BROWNLEE, LARRY / REDMOND, GUS / SIMON, FRED / SIMON, JEFFREY / LYNN, LONNIE /  
CRAIG, ANTHONY

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