

Reminding Me (of sef) feat. 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

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>