

Memories Back Then

"T.I."

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[Verse 1: T.I.]

Aye, in my apartment a long time ago
I knew a bad bitch, but she was kind of 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 want to hang with us, we want one thing
Just penetrating her throat, dawg
She choke on it like smoke, dawg
But whenever I fucked up my reup
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 reefa
She used to buy a nigga new sneakers
Pay the bill on my beeper
Just so she can pay to put a "69"
And I know it time to go freak her
Then one day I just asked her
"Why you always give your 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
And then never call back, I still fuck"
And that's fucked up, she's so trill
I need somethin', she go steal
When the trap hot and police ride
Nigga, guess where we go chill?
For 'bout four years she held dope
And my four pounds till' it goes down
I remember shawty, she stayed down
I won't say her name because she married now

[Hook: Kris Stephens]

When the lights go out
And I'm in my bed
I think of all the madness in my head
All of the things that I did back then
When I'm in my bed
I think of all the memories I've had

All of the things I did back then

[Verse 2: B.o.B]

She would always turn heads when she'd 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 niggas tried to talk to
But when it came to me, she had a thing for me
When we kick it she roll up the weed for me
And we'd both cut class post up in the cut steady
Watching just to see if the police coming
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 going 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 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 little 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
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!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]

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 I never do
You looking for the nigga with the tallest 'fetti
You overlooking every nigga that ain't quite ready
To make it rain on you like about to break a levy

Hold up, that pussy petty
Yeah your nails did your hair did
Your cell phone is selfish
It only got numbers that come with a Hummer
Her new prima donna I smelt it
Tried to make you mine, ho!
Tried to make some time, ho!
But I ain't got the time or the patience to stop and wait
in line, ho!
Her dreams holds Versace, she fall for Armani
Only deal with rich niggas
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 old thighs after school?
And your 3 kids and 3 baby daddies and car note that's
overdue?
I know

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