

Common "Reminding Me"

Visit "[Reminding Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[featuring chantay savage]
[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 ooh oh
The party people he said ooh oh
Uhh uh uh uhh yo yo yo
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 niggaz be fuckin girls that she hang out with
Round then guy came out with, 'piece of my love'
Arguin over if he said, "dumb bitch"
Everyday the same old with rainbow, watchin the sun
twist
Cool as a mig dry, that in the trunk shit
Afterparties in wendy's parkin lot, unfamiliar faces got
marked a lot
Showin 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 remind-ing... mmm whooahhh yeahhh
It's remind-ing... heyyeahhahh, uh-huh
[common]
Check it
Before these minds got ahold to some drugs
And start thinkin 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 beatin
Saved my day, dancin on speakers
Flames snatched I was born this way
87th street and hyde park was warrin
Over gossip, kenwood bras was pourin
Suited in three-quarter jordans, 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
Travellin like vice lords, down to the taste
Not wantin 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 ooh oh
Yeah, it go ooh oh
You heard the people they go oh oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh
Yo, check it, check it
Nowadays niggaz is fake, like that party at mccormick
place
I don't draw with em, cause they was born to trace
At times I contemplate movin to a warmer place
Then the lake and skyline, give me a warm embrace
Remindin me of the pointed parties moe used to mace
Six deep in the hyundai bumpin twilight tone tapes
Come home late callin 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 havin 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 takin in
Cranes and freight trains we was breakin in
Tim a be basin mike down at i.i.t.
Rememberin 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

Visit [Common](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

