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Big K.R.I.T. "Neva Go Back"

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I wish I was a kid again, Running with my friends and them, up and down the street Waiting on the bell to ring, riding on the school bus, drawing on the seats On the phone all night with the girl I like that she claims she's freak It's straight I would neva go back, I could neva go back, but it would be cool to see Rise and Shine get up off my ass and mash for cash No time to procrastinate Yeah. I'd rather drink a 40 but that have to wait I write a bucket it's kinda of rusty but I blast the base On the road again for the pros we in The block used to be sunny but they snowed it in Now the junk is great taste for the dollar menu That's what he said, but the rock is what he really into Gave him a dollar anyway, cause who knows Maybe the dope boy baby needs some new clothes Could we all go and through it, no matter how you view it Slice it, cut it, bring it back or screw it Hot as ever been but I'm cooling it ah They see never works on my window, down

Not worry, kids will reset the days, reminiscence good lord

While I used to run in places sometimes

Sometimes I wish I was a kid again, Running with my friends and them, up and down the street

Waiting on the bell to ring, riding on the school bus, drawing on the seats

On the phone all night with the girl I like that she claims she's freak

It's straight I would neva go back, I could neva go back, but it would be cool to see

Grandma Annie on the go, cooking in the kitchen something good for my soul G.I. Joes on a her living room flow

It seems like yesterday, but she passed so long a go, good heavens I wanna go to church but ain't no good reverends She probably frownin' down on me cause I know better But I push on, searching for some cush on To pay the busing responsibilities that I disown Not a pot to piss in a tree to piss on, the devil come around too much I'm hollering get going But it's hard to get off when you can't get on I brought my life on this wax nobody listens songs So I cruise, me and just my blues Looking at the world through my broken rear view Not worry, cause I pray for better days, reminiscence good lord how I used to run in places sometimes Sometimes I wish I was a kid again, Running with friends and them, up and down the street Waiting on the bell to ring, riding on the school bus, drawing on the seats

On the phone all night with a girl i like and she claims she's freak

It's straight I could neva go back, I would neva go back, but it would be cool to see

Mrs. Linnie outside in her garden My brother his son and his daughter The rap game befo i was spittin Back when Pac and Biggie was livin ooh ooh it would be cool to go back but now where we at with no regrets i'm waiting on whats next

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