

Dave Hollister

"That Was Then"

Visit "[That Was Then](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

I went from ashy elbows, to loungin' on Melrose
Stayin' in the best suites for weeks
In [unverified] sheets, alone while you cryin' at home
By the phone, hopin' I'll call, everyday that I'm gone
(Alright)

Need connections, to make ends meet ma
In both directions, just to stay on my feet
(Huh)
Thinkin' 'bout me when I got mouths to feed
A spouse and two seeds
(Yeah)
They need me to eat
(That's right)

Take out time to check myself
Thinkin' it wasn't really me, silly me
No wonder you can't feel me
Thinkin' while I'm out I'm cheatin'

Wylin' out and freakin', blacks, whites and Peurto
Ricans
While I'm hardly sleepin
(Me and the kids hardly eatin')
Seekin God for help 'cuz we hardly speakin'
(That's right)

If it took God to bring me home
(Uh, huh)
Bring Jerome to see that I was wrong
Now David sing the song

(Uh, huh)

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

Yo, aiyyo I sold drugs, sold coke, weed and dope
(Whattchu need?)
Sold shirts and socks, I even sold soap
Got too small for me, I sold my old coat
(Uh)

Walked in jewelry stores, and stole gold ropes
(Yes I did)
Look around, it's no cops, I wanna shoplift
But who gon' give me a lift to go shop?
(Watch out)

Get my rhyme on, clothes I tried on
And I walked out with, like the ones I got on
(Yeah)
Commitin' crimes, fiends, I was givin' 'em dimes
Under 25 and was still livin' with moms

I just love the dough, I gotta get plenty
(Yo)
Used to trick with strippers with counterfeit twenties
(Whassup)

The streets that kept me hungry and left me bummy
I sold candy for my school and kept the money (alright)
In stolen cars I'm gettin' chased, I had to chill 'cuz
(Dave, I was bout to catch a case!)

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

Yo, I used to go to this chick house

And go to that chick house
(Come on)
Call another chick over, kick the other chick out

I wasn't carin' about, how none of 'em felt
They wanted to hang around me, like one of my belts
(Alright)
But I kept it movin', city to city, kitty to kitty
Throughout the states I was fifty for fifty

Get it with force, she fine; she could get it of course
(Alright)
Niggaz are warned, she married; she could get a
divorce
Stayed up the rest of the night, right after the fight
Went from room to room, I was boom, boom, boom
(Room to room)

Fulfill ya fantasies with Roy Jones Jr.
(What)
Girlfriend or wife, ya better hold on to her
(Uh)
A man's gotta do what he's got to do
She's in my hotel room, why she not with you?
(Alright)

It's like three in the mornin', she just stoppin' through
As she walks in, her trench coat was droppin' too
Light-skinned, long hair, yeah, I popped her too
Yo I'll send her to ya room soon as Hahz get through
That's how we got down, I done stopped now
My Mayne Peri' got a brother on lock down
(On lock down)

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about
Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

That's when I was wylin' out
I couldn't care less about

Someone gettin' hurt
I did my share of dirt

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.