

T.i.**"Memories Back Then"**Visit "[Memories Back Then](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse]

[Verse]

In my apartment a long time ago,
I knew a bad bitch but she was kinda slow
Still gave it up when there's a few of us
She let me finger fuck her on the school bus
We use to cut school with her and run trains
She wanna hang with us we want one thang
Just penetrating that throat dog
She choke on it like smoke dog
But whenever I fuck her my re up
In a dice game i go see her
She give me enough to buy a quarter ounce
And blow a blunt of that reefer
She use to buy a nigga new sneakers
Pay the bill on my beeper
Just she can page me for the 69
And I know what time to go freak her
Then one day I just ask her
Why you always giving ass out
I mean damn a ho get paid all you do is get laid
This shit don't add up
She said Tip all I wanna do is feel is loved
Even if I know it ain't real love
Even if I know a nigga only finna hit it
Then never call back I still fuck
And that fucked up cuz she so trill
I need some she go steal
When the trap hot and police ride
Nigga guess where we go chill
Bout 4 years she held dope
My 4 pound till it go down
I remember shorty she stay down
I won't say her name cuz she married now

[Hook]

When the lights go out and I'm in my bed
I think of all the men that's in my head
All of the things that I did back then
Oh when I'm in my bed
I think of the memories I've had

All of the things that I did back then

[Verse]

She would always turn heads so she fall through
She would always make moves how a boss do
And she never gave any nigga the time of day
She the chick all the niggas trying 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 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 license couldn't even drive
I was going back and forth with each flight
Another show after show each night
She became so suspicious of these other bitches
She go through my phone and we fight
Talking bout torn between the two
Wasn't really much more that we could do
Wasn't really much space for us but she stay down
With every tour she see me do
But I guess one night I had a few huh
One night I had a few right
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
With my common sense neglected
Two months later next thing I know

I get a text that say I'm pregnant
And you can almost bet she kept it
And that's the reason that you left me
On the top of all that wasn't even mine
I went and got paternity tested damn

[Hook]

[Verse]

Wait hold up is that you
With them big old thighs after school
J305 gave me high five when I said I'm in high pursuit
You said I won't ride untill Kendrick drive
A new Montecarlo that cruise
And that shot my pride try to improv
But no freestyle I never do
You looking for the nigga with the tallest fetti
You over looking at every nigga that ain't quite ready
To make it rain on you like you bout 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 humma
Her new pre Madonna I smelt it
Tried to make you my ho
Tried to make some time ho
But I ain't got the time or the patience to stop and wait
in the 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 pop pop popping change my phone now
When I get home now I got op op options
Fast forward wait is that you
With them big old thighs after school
And your 3 kids and 3 babies daddies and car note
that's overdue
I know

[Hook]

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