

## Le\$ "Hindsight"

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Yeah, flicking ash, thinking bout the past  
Yeah, flicking ash, thinking bout the past  
Just a whole lot of kush and a little hash  
Digit dash, rally stripes, on the late night  
SS, loud pipes with the paint white  
Mind right, man I'm way up in another zone  
Baby leave me alone, I'm tryina get blown  
Valet take the keys, don't scratch shit  
I'm headed to the top floor with a bad bitch  
And hindsight, she only want me cause the lime light  
Boppers light bugs only want you when you shine bright  
See the game for what it is, never lost in it  
Staying true to who I am, man it's authentic  
Eyes low, still see the bigger picture  
Best way to win it's with the ones who struggle with you  
Staying high, we ain't never coming down  
Head up in the sky, but my feet upon the ground

[Hook]

Somebody take me inside, so I can see what's going on  
Somebody valet my ride, I'ma be here all night long  
You know we get high, don't plan on coming down  
I've been looking through my hindsight  
Now it's time I get my mind right

Getting paid to do what I love is a blessed feeling  
Shit, but family time is the best feeling  
Look, weed rolled up big chillin  
Shit, young niggas tryna touch the ceiling  
Not a worry in the world, posted with my lady boys  
Act fly, but when it's show time, these niggas swayze  
Medical marijuana loner that can't wait till it's on  
I get love on the road, but ain't no love like home  
Point me straight to the vip, couple pre rolled spliffs  
Just shook hands with the owners, so they ain't gonn  
trip  
Long hours on the road, rocking turnt up shows  
Can't wait to get home so I can cool with my bros  
Breaking down og on the sunset strip  
Close my eyes take one more hit, shit  
A nigga highed up, living the high life

When I ride up, using my hindsight

[Hook]

Somebody take me inside, so I can see what's going on  
Somebody valet my ride, I'ma be here all night long  
You know we get high, don't plan on coming down  
I've been looking through my hindsight  
Now it's time I get my mind right

Ordered me a bottle, told him keep the glass  
Turning bottles up, turning pages on the past  
Haters try to judge, couldn't walk a mile in mine  
12 years in and my star still shine  
Flow still jazz, 16s like wine  
Starch in my girbauds ... so it's like old times  
But new number, new jersey, new team  
25 lighters in the booth where I steam  
Take a hit then a sip, then I sit  
Drifting on this instrumental write without a pencil  
I just focus in this scribble on the walls of my mind  
A pharaoh with these lines, pyramids are flows  
That I compose when it's time  
They call it jazz rap like a trumpet when I rhyme  
Mo better black, leather buckets on recline  
Top floor we high, head line tonight  
We blessed in hindsight

[Hook]

Somebody take me inside, so I can see what's going on  
Somebody valet my ride, I'ma be here all night long  
You know we get high, don't plan on coming down  
I've been looking through my hindsight  
Now it's time I get my mind right.

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