

I still got orange and white cassette tapes
Tents where my neighbor came to spectate
Niggas that's tough now used to get little in the dark
It's all cool now, we're all little kids at heart
Accident prone Chance, y'all remember 'bout
The time I cracked my head open at Auntie Linda's House
From diapers to outfits to castles to Elmos
From Santas to Grandmas to Gameboys and cellphones
Rocked your world, fourth grade talent show
Jada and Justin's birthday magic show
Games of tips taking niggas to school
Two quarters and I'll bust your ass at pool, on bull
Round here we lose best friends like every week
I like to think we playin a long game of hide and go seek
And one day maybel I'ma find Terrance and I could lead them
Kids of the Kingdom singing about freedom

Heads down, eyes shut, time to play Seven Up
Heads bowed, hands clutched, bottles gone, Heavens up
Smiles come through, though my eyes might cry
When they reminisce over you, my God

Let's take it back like Indian givers
To Indian burns and Jiminy Crickets
To the smell of Pillsbury on biscuit mornings
To puffy wintercoats and Christmas mornings
I used to chill with the kids next door
And SpongeBob came around 'bout four
And then I'd hang with Bart's guys
Around the bend was Smart Guy
Flipping through the picture books
Checking through my archives
Remember the old days, the ones you'll never get back
At the end of parties, passing around gift bags
Now we blow entire O's at one kick back
MY\$FITS and mismatch
That get off like wristslaps

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Remember Jeepers and Odyssey Fun World
Young pimpin' like you oughta see one girl
Mama Jann, mama Charlie, and my mama Lisa
Booster seat used to boost my kitty, Connie's Pizza
And every year we made a Christmas list
And Auntie Linda cooked a Christmas dish
And all of our grandparents made a Christmas wish
Like "Lord, let me see another year like this"

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