

Back

Pac Div

See back in high school used to love to see you out in the bleachers
The reason why I couldn't pay attention to teachers
The first day I seen you, I knew you were a keeper
Fly from your hair to the sole of your sneakers
Your first boyfriend didn't know how to treat ya
You laughed when you heard I put his ass in a sleeper
Cause he didn't deserve you
Cause he had the nerve to
Disrespect ya momma keep you out past curfew
March 31st was the day of my pursue
May 25th was the day of our first woood
June 13th was the day that I hurt you
And all you did was leave me with the trace of your perfume
September 4th the new school year started
And I heard you with Marvin
Well I heard he's retarded
I Conjured up a plan
To break you up with your man
And it all worked well we got back by college
He don't Hit It like I hit it boo
Not like how big Mibbs Do
My connection is Spiritual
I'll be Raising My kids with You
You just keep Your Body Tight
Make-Up Sex every time we fight
I'll get you a ring when the time is right
When your mind is right
And mind is right
Dynamite
I'm in Flight
Feeling is if this feeling is wide open
And I'm Floating
To That wilder light
Hope you wear your tights tonight
You know that's like my favorite theme
Washing up with that maybelline
It's like I'm hearing an angel sing (angel sing)

Thought I was Gone, But Now Baby It's On
(So Glad Were Back Together)
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Please excuse the late Attendance
We Promised We'd Show Up
We Just Had to straightening business
Cause some was hating bitches
We out here chasing riches
Was Plotting on your spot
While Y'all Flossing taking pictures
Cheese!
Cheddar Cheese
Hella Trees

Smell the Weed
We Blowing
We Floating
Seven Seas
Speed Boating
Tell Em' Freeze
We going for the safe
See that weapon he's holding
He's going for the face
Red Dot
Head Shot
We all Up In That Place
Nine Deep
No Line
No Admission
Nice Try, No Permission
I'm Fly, No Magician trick
This is It
Mr.Ritz
Even ferragamo, With some vintage shit
Don't Mention Kicks
Unless It's 808's Or
You Rocking some Classic Shit they don't make boy
I'm a Tell You, I've Been Beasting On These Tracks
These Other Niggas Thinking They Can Rap
Until You Throw Em' in the Pit
And watch them sleeping on they back (Damn)
Bending Corners
Tipping over
Sipping on some Henn & Cola
Only a basketball Champ
Can drop 20 In Some Penny Loafers
Killa Cal
This The Style
Blow them Whistles on ya
Raised where the cops can't wait to pull them pistols on ya

So glad were back together, so glad were back together, and I'll never let y
ou go
(Aw Yea, AW Yeea)