

Ripping heads off all my Barbie dolls  
Toss them to the side, give them convertibles  
Click boom, I like the way your ride's up  
Can't have it all, skip the wanted boy  
Watching from the sidelines, wish that she had it  
She wish that she had it  
Hearing a bad guy, build in a fantasy  
Fuck reality, do you want to know, know, me  
Do you want to know?  
Stuck in Nintendo, get the controller  
Street Fighter sin search  
I'll finish him  
(Down goes Frazier!)  
I'll finish him  
Come Desdemona  
Othello the tragedies  
Shakespearean sorrows  
When do I begin?  
When do we begin?

I got L's on my record  
Weed on the vinyl  
Keys open doors when them keys are albino  
I'll knock on my door when my stars is aline-o  
I've been fishing for a minute for a minnow  
Only I know that a pawn is a trade  
And a rookie for a castle like tuition for a final  
Playin' hooky for a tassle, spend a minute on the minor  
Winds on my window  
Ash on my skin, when the record low temps for the wind blow  
Only write rhythm to the tardiest of tempos  
Only ride shotgun when the car is a limo  
Y'ar see  
My crowd surf in a cypher  
Scuba in my shower, take an uber to my neighbors  
Used to pay the piper, till peter picked it better  
Now the first thing you should tell is where the hell is all the paper  
But memories keep coming back  
All the nights that we used to laugh  
Wanna know how I used to was, how I used to was

x5

Memories keep playing back, all nights we used to love  
Just wondering how we used to was, how we used to was