

## Memories Back Then

T.I.

Ay, in my apartment a long time ago  
I knew a bad bitch, but she was kind of slow  
Still gave it up when it's a few of us  
She let me finger fuck her on the school bus  
We used to cut school with her and run train  
She want to hang with us, we want one thing  
Just penetrating that throat dog  
She choke on it like Smoke Dog  
But whenever I fucked up my re-up  
In a dice game I go see her  
She'll give me enough to buy a quarter ounce  
And then blow a blunt of that reefa'  
She used to buy a nigga new sneakers  
Pay the bill on my beeper  
Just so she can pay to put a "69"  
And I know what time to go freak her  
Then one day I just asked her  
"Why you always give your ass up?  
I mean damn these hoes get paid  
All you do is get laid, this shit don't add up."  
She said, "Tip, all I wanna do is feel love  
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's fucked up, she's so trill  
I need somethin', she go steal  
When the trap hot and police ride  
Nigga, guess where we go chill?  
For 'bout four years she held dope  
And my four pounds till' it goes down  
I remember shawty, she stayed down  
I won't say her name because she married now

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I think of all the madness in my head oh  
All of the things that I did back then  
Oh when I'm in my bed  
I think of all the memories I've had oh  
All of the things that I did back then

She would always turn heads when she'd fall through  
She would always make moves how a boss do  
And she never gave any nigga time of day  
But she the chick all the niggas tried 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'd 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 a license, couldn't even drive  
I was going back and forth with these flights  
Another show after show, each night  
She became so suspicious of these other bitches  
She'd go through my phone and we'd fight  
Talk about torn between the two

Wasn't really much more that we could do  
Wasn't really much space for us  
But she stayed down with every tour she seen me do  
But I guess one night I had a few  
Huh, one night I had a few  
Yeah, 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  
And my common sense neglected  
And two months later next thing I know  
I got a text that said "I'm pregnant"  
And you can almost bet she kept it  
That's the reason why you left me  
On top of all that, it wasn't even mine  
I went and got paternity tested, damn!

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Wait, hold up, is that you?  
With them big ol' thighs after school?  
Jay 3-0-5 had gave me high five  
When I said I'm in hot pursuit  
You said I won't ride until Kendrick drive  
A new Monte Carlo that cruise  
And that shot my pride, I tried to improv'  
But no freestyle I never do  
You looking for the nigga with the tallest 'fetti  
You overlooking every nigga that ain't quite ready  
To make it rain on you like about to break a levee  
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 Hummer  
Her new prima donna I smelt it  
Tried to make you mine, ho!  
Tried to make some time, ho!  
But I ain't got the time or the patience  
To stop and wait in 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 po'ppin'  
Change my phone now  
When I get home now  
I got o'ptions  
Fast forward, wait is that you?  
With them big old thighs after school?  
And your 3 kids and 3 baby daddies  
And car note that's overdue? I know

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