

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 woooo  
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)