

# Back To My Ways Again

Dej Loaf

(John G)

They can get high  
Is you just like a summer ride  
Pretty blue butterfly  
They can get high  
Should you, just like a summer ride  
I fightin' for your love  
Don't fight the one you love, yeah  
They thought I was washed, washed like dishes

Gotta be able to take everything that you dishin'  
If you gon' out for the ride gotta get you a ticket  
Where did she go? End up missin'  
I'm from where it snow, fogged up, Cartier lenses  
And I got bitches  
On the marathon back-to-back we was with Nipsey  
I asked him if it was possible to do it in your city  
He said, "Yeah it's possible, do it in your city"  
Get off your momma couch, get off your momma titty  
I do it with a passion, everything in me  
You looking at my spot, like everything litty  
Everything is transparent, like Benny

Back to my ways again, fuck being humble  
Back to my ways again, I will never fumble (Fuck it)  
Back to my ways again, niggas thought that I would crumble (What)  
Back to my ways again, I'm getting loaf, I'm gettin' money, yeah  
Back to my ways again, yeah

There Dej lil' crazy ass, yeah  
You can't even do the math, I can't even tell you half  
Either I'm fire or I got to fire the whole staff (Staff)  
One or the other, I'm a lucky motherfucker  
I dreamt I'd be your liver, I dreamt I'd be your lover  
I figured I'd get back to you when I get lil' tougher  
Anyway, Thanksgiving was straight, Mama made dressin'  
He gon' take me to his family, he knowin' that I'm special

You get the best of me, you keep me away  
You keep me away, you keep me away  
You get the best of me, you keep me away  
You keep me away, you keep me away (Woah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
There go Dej lil' crazy ass  
You can't even do the math (Oh, oh, hmm-mm, yeah, oh, oh, hmm-mm)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah" (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Back on my shit again