

# Remind Me Of

Hoodie Allen

Take 'em back, take 'em back  
Take 'em back, take 'em back now

I take it back on some nostalgic shit, oh you whylin' bitch  
Been doing this since before I was a college kid, let's go  
Oh this shit remind me of, the summer time  
The slip and slide, some bump and grind  
Oh this shit remind me of the parking lot  
And skipping class, and smoking pot  
Oh this shit remind me of parties with the freshman  
Second base on the couch, plus she gave me mouth to mouth  
Oh this shit remind me of tryna make a fake I.D  
Walked into the liquor store, but they ain't selling shit to me  
Oh this shit remind me of riding with my crew  
Water bottle full of booze, breaking in in people's pools  
Oh this shit remind me of acting like a fool  
We was seventeen and we thought it was cool  
What you know about it?

And I know things ain't always gonna go your way  
Cause we got shitty jobs and we got bills to pay  
But I think that the future's looking fucking great  
So get your hands up in the sky let's celebrate

Oh that shit remind me of  
Remind me of, remind me of, remind me of  
Oh that shit remind me of the good times  
This shit remind me of the good times  
Oh that shit remind me of  
(Realest shit I ever wrote)  
Remind me of, remind me of, remind me of  
(If you like it let it go  
That's the shit I miss the most)  
Oh that shit remind me of the good times  
This shit remind me of the good times

Oh this shit remind me of being somber in the club  
Hanging out with tons of girls and they just wanna do some drugs  
Oh this shit remind me of fake handshakes and shoulder shrugs  
Walking into every label, they pretend they gave a fuck  
Said they love my music, think I'm special, and they wanna sign me  
Then I leave, and they gon' say, the same damn thing to the three behind me  
Oh this shit remind me of why I never sold my soul  
Two thousand kids in my city they just wanna see me blow  
Then I went across the country, saw two hundred thousand more  
Oh this shit remind me of everything I wanted bro  
So I won't ever be a rapper that you see complaining  
If you want it, go and take it, step up, word to Channing Tatum  
Damn I go so looney on these tunes, I should be animated  
This is for my English teacher, way back when who always hated  
Okay Mr. Davis, I won't rub it in your face  
But you should turn all of my grades from B+'s into some A's

And I know things ain't always gonna go your way  
Cause we got shitty jobs and we got bills to pay  
But I think that the future's looking super bright  
So let me see your hands up in the sky like one more time

Oh that shit remind me of  
Remind me of, remind me of, remind me of  
Oh that shit remind me of the good times  
This shit remind me of the good times  
Oh that shit remind me of  
(Realest shit I ever wrote)  
Remind me of, remind me of, remind me of  
(If you like it let it go  
That's the shit I miss the most)  
Oh that shit remind me of the good times  
This shit remind me of the good times

Bring it down like  
And you been rocking with the  
The happy camper  
Oh yeah