

QUARTER CENTURY

Sammie

Lately, I've been thinking
About having some babies
With my wife in the crib
On the hill, yeah a big old house

And lately, the same damn thoughts
Been taking a nigga down
Cause I don't how I'm a do it

I done met the baddest in the whole wide world
But a nigga still solo
Popping bottles with the models up in vip
But my spirit is solo, solo
So I take a shot back, shot back
It helps ease my mind
But when I sober up, the truth remains inside
I'm running out of time, time, time,
I'm running out of time, time, time
I'm bout to lose my mind, my mind, my mind,
My mind, my mind, my mind, whoa
I'm only 25

Baby, where are you?
Did I pass you up for a one night stand?
For a one night stand, oh damn
Baby, I need you
Cause every single girl I meet, repeat
It's the same old thang

I done met the baddest in the whole wide world
But a nigga still solo
Popping bottles with the models in the vip
But my spirit is solo, solo
So I take a shot back, shot back
It helps to ease my mind
But when I sober up, the truth remains inside
I'm running out of time, time, time,
I'm running out of time, time, time
I'm bout to lose my mind, my mind, my mind,
My mind, my mind, my mind, whoa
I'm only 25

Quarter century, whoa, whoa,
Damn look, what you did to me, oh whoa, oho
Quarter century, oh no, no
Look what you did to me
I'm out of time, time, time, time
I'm running out of time, time, time,
Why do I feel like this?
I'm bout to lose my mind, my mind, my mind,
My mind, my mind, my mind, whoa
I'm only 25, oh, uh, oh, whoa,
What do I feel like this? Oh damn
I'm only 25, yeah, yeah, yeah well
Quarter century
Look what you did to me
I'm only 25.