

# What Happened To Them Days

## E-40

[J Banks:] Oh so bad, soo bad  
No respect  
Yeah  
What are we going to do?  
(E-40)  
[Verse 1]:  
Uhh  
What happened to them days?  
They gone  
When we played outside  
'til the porch light came on  
Now you can't get 'em up out they home  
Let alone, come up out they room!  
Gears of war, Halo, Red Dead Redemption, Xbox or Playstation  
On the computer or sex texting, man it's a different generation  
Ladies, how you expect a man to make you his misses  
When you can't even cook or wash the dishes  
Treat your friends betta than you treat ya mama  
The one who went through all the drama  
Disrespectful hella rude, fucked up attitude  
All you do is talk crazy and curse  
But when you have yo kids you gone get it three times worse  
[Hook: x2] What happen to them days they gone  
When we played outside till the porch came on  
What happen to them days (What happen to em)  
What happen to them days (What happen to em)  
[Verse 2]:  
When my parents gave me a certain look, I got nervous  
But nowadays they call the child protective service  
Get on their smart phone and cheat  
Run and tell they teacher that they got beat  
They feeling get hurt too easy, can't wait to go to prison  
They say they hearing me but they ain't listening  
Accidentally spilled his drink on him in front of brah the other day  
  
Popped him with the K cause his pride got in the way  
Now I don't know what this world is coming to  
But they don't wanna fight no mo they wanna shoot  
Backed on each other, sneak on each other like a pooch

Spray they face on their shirts and on they back of they suits  
Uhh, what happened to them (what happen to em)  
Them days are gone (they gone)  
What happened to them (what happen to em)  
Them days are gone (they gone)  
[Hook][Verse 3]:  
I see most snow than an igloo, more blow than a tissue  
Pain hurt and sorrow, my life is a novel  
The neighborhood D-Boy was my role model  
Wasn't breast feed, drank out the jar not the baby bottle  
[?] like Serato, on this Landy not Moscato  
Had to walk before I crawl  
It's harder to get back up man it's easy to fall  
My middle finger yelling out FUCK All Y'ALL  
Gotta stay prayed up, please believe it  
Please covering me up with the blood of Jesus  
My brothas and sistas nephews and nieces and aunties  
My parents my mama and daddy uncle cousins and all my love ones  
Raised in the mud, in the kingpin  
Had to be a hog and good with the hems  
And even if you lost and you didn't win  
The hood goin respect you (why) cause you fought like a man  
[J Banks:]No respect, no respect, ain't no respect  
No respect, no respect, living in the worst of times  
No respect, no respect, ain't no respect  
No respect, no respect, what are we gonna do?  
No respect  
Ooh...  
Ain't no respect

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