Good Timez

Big Syke

[Syke talkin']
Yeah..... yeah,
The good times,
When you was a little kid
Playing in the yard, you know,

Verse 1:

It seems like yesterday I used to play around the way
Those were the good timez,
Growing up as a child, carefree,
Momma said I was wild by three
Even pops showed me love he was there
I remember hanging out playing truth or dare
Cowboys and indians, ring your bell and run
When the only thing we sprayed was water guns
We didn't have much so we made the best of,
What we could afford but we had love,
Tryna be grown might snick and curse
One tv set gotta cut it on first,
Back in the good timez and the Jeffersons
When ya next door neighbour was ya best friend
Those are the days I miss and reminisce...
So I steady wish, for the good timez

Chorus:

Nothing but the good timez on my mind, can I rewind,
The time back to my early days, as children play,
On the road to tomorrow, some passed away,
So my future feels hollow

Verse 2:

I'm thinking back on my history, in my elementary
I wonder do they still remember me?
That little bad as kid,
The boy that wanted someone to help him, but they never did
So off to the office I go, you know,
A problem case from the get go

Will I ever change before it's too late?
I need to study harder and get my life straight,
Moms and pops praying for the best for me
I was blind and I couldn't see
But they told me friends come and go as you grow
Focus in, play to win, or you will live low,
So I tried to do my best, failed every test
My life was becoming a mess
Even though the past years are far behind,
They in my mind... considered as a good time

Chorus

Verse 3:

I remember playing in the street wid my lil bro
Kickin' it wid Mental and Big K-Dog where you go?,
Dizzy D, Big Chip, rest in peace
Nissy T and all my other people de-ceased,
Can't let my memories slip away
No I ain't okay, cause I haven't seen you today,
Nothing but good timez, on my mind, can I rewind?
The time back when I used to have a seventy-nine 'Lac,
Wid a black phantom and I bought 'em selling crack,
I want 'em back, my teachers Miss Satedon, Miss Nor-ville
Encouraged me, and wished me well,
To excel in life, it's a high price,
Good advice, summer nights fist fights
Saying, things wouldn't be so bad,
If we got the things we never had

[Syke talks]
I ain't mad, huh-ha-ha
I'm thinking 'bout the good timez,
I'm thinking 'bout the good timez

Chorus ('til fade)

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