

# 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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written by HIMES, TYRUSS GERALD / JACKSON, JOHNNY LEE  
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