Back In Da Day

Ma$e

A thug changes, and love changes
and best friends become strangers
A thug changes, and love changes
(yo, uh)
Can it be, that i stayed away for too long?
Did i leave your mind when i was gone?
Baby ain't no need to pretend I aint actin live
I'm like a young-ass Michael from the Jackson Five (HEE HEEE)
But you don't feel me, the industry for years been trying to kill me
Me and my niggas stay in the cracks like roaches
Always runnin from the Raids when the cops approaches
Man my style is just too ferocious
Been spitting potent dope for years, that's why I overdoses
Now I'm gonna tell you how it all began
Before Eminem
Before all of them
I'm a tell you how they tried to play me
How my city betrayed me, made me fuckin go crazy
Made me carry the AK in the back with my base
This worlds so cold
I'm a let you know
You can't get away with tryin to steal my flow
In eighty-eight I set up shop before detroit had shock
Kid Rock never rode a bike down my block
Remember Homie the Clown?
And thats about the time ICP put it down
Detroits most wanted, K-Ice and Maistro and Smiley
I was at the Disk, spendin' bank with Gregg Riley
Even though we was movin units every day
Still gots no love or radio play
Maybe because I won't pay payola
Known in the streets for moving yoca cola
Me and my brother, trying to get up out the ghetto
Take care of my mother, cause I love her

It was no hip hop shops or freestyle battles
Only a city full of snakes that rattle
Remember "Sugar is sugar and salt is salt"
If they didnt sell records, its not my fault

I used to watch the scene with Natt Morris
I dedicate this to Detroit, now I'm a sing the chorus
So high you cant get over it
So high you cant get over it
So low thats why i'm holding it
So low thats why i'm holding it
Boss up
A real soldier learn to take orders
So his game is still pulled through in the fourth quarter
I know you cant believe that you've all been decieved
Its like a girl sayin her hairs real but its a weave
Feminem is a style
She-twelve is an age
She lives across 8 mile, but still can get gauged
Kill the fetus, please believe this, word to Jesus
I got niggas with the blowoff in they freezers
Facts is facts and fictions fictions
If you cant take the heat stay up out the kitchen
I remember droppin Hellter Skkkelter
Before Devils Night, I could of burned down the shelter
We was bumpin Awesome Dre
Representing Detroit way before you meant Dr. Gay
All my underground niggas up at c Notes
Open mic spitting wicket shit that we wrote
There wasn't no East to West Coast
Just Awol, Rap Mafia, DJ Eazy B and Los.
This worlds so cold
I'm a let you know
You can't get away with trying to steal my flow

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