

# Ghetto Dayz

## Tyrese

Yea, right  
Compton, South Central Watts, Longbeach, Engelwood  
(I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz)  
West Coast for life, live and die for this shit  
(I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz) When I was young living life on the run,  
Eleven years old real life no goals,  
Sneaking little sips in the cut,  
Before they even called me Kurupt,  
Ridin' down the block so Ima tell you how I grew up,  
I was always in the mix, too young for sticks  
Ty tell em about that Watts experience In Watts, a nigga couldn't wait for the summer time  
Back yard barbecue yea that'll free your mind,  
We stayed fallin' of them ice cream trucks,  
All my niggas nickel baging it and hustling bucks,  
You could catch me in the middle of the streets  
Slap boxing with my nigga Porky,  
And as I take you down my memory lane  
I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz  
Let em know Let me take you back ooh (I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz)  
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Let me take you back ooh (I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz) I ain't changed nigga, I'm just busy  
Fuck bein' broke nigga, I'm filthy  
Got a problem wit me holla at me I'll be back in 6 months  
I'm on the road gettin' my money up  
And I remember all the young soldiers in the hood  
Tryin' to gang bang slingin' nickel bags  
Screamin' money ain't a thing, for real  
I know exactly how y'all feel  
I'm reppin' black and brown pride  
West Side til I die I got a lot of rider in me  
I was thinkin', couple years older  
Fourteen smokin' and drinkin'  
Thinkin' bout uncle Jame's army  
The old folks love it  
I'm just gettin' up in the game  
And gang bang bubbly  
Crinshaws crackin', durin' the day got schwinns  
On Sunday's watchin' all the big homies spin

I won't dance  
 'Cause that's all I see  
 That's like the army  
 That's all you can be I used to love feedin' polices and cheap coast  
 Watch me jump up in the push  
 And play hide and go get it I'm wit it  
 And all the hoodrats used to hold us down on the block  
 Reminisce 'bout my first piece of cock Let me take you back ooh (I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz)  
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 Let me take you back ooh (I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz) Truth is I ran way when I was 5 years old  
 Ran til my And 1's had holes in the soles  
 I had 3 silk shirts, 2 pairs of jeboses  
 Spent the night at boo's house, we was sharin' his clothes  
 Moms left me out in the cold  
 Worst that that my man took 5 shots and ain't lose his soul  
 I was livin with a blind man's vision  
 And no matter how hard I tried, I could never see prison  
 And to all my dead homies, we don't pour rout liquor  
 We just poke our chests out, and say we miss ya niggas  
 We was scared of gang bangers, walked to school in groups  
 Argued who was the best MC, Ice Cube or Snoop  
 Damn, I miss my ghetto dayz  
 Whether it was Coca Cola or straight coke  
 We found a way  
 Hey and the memories of EZ and Pac  
 California we all we got Let me take you back ooh (I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz)  
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 Let me take you back ooh (I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz) I remember when I used to say I wanna rap and  
 sing  
 All my niggas used to laugh at me  
 But now, I'm on top of my game  
 But now, it ain't a damn thing changed  
 Ghetto superstar to coca cola  
 All my people locked down, got nothin' but love for ya  
 Stay strong, 'cause I know it ain't easy  
 Come home, 'cause we miss ya on the streets  
 Sweet ladies how you gonna act like that  
 It's your baby boy holla back  
 So let me take you down my memory lane  
 Reminisce 'bout my ghetto dayz Let me take you back ooh (I'm reminiscin' bout my ghetto dayz)  
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