The Dayz Of Wayback

N.W.A

What we gonna do right here is go back,
Now this is some shit that's from the Dayz of Wayback,
When niggas in Compton first started to jack.
When the bitches wouldn't give you no pussy if you wasn't sellin' drug,
So many bitches in my neighborhood got mugged.
They always loved that shit. They want a nigga that's sellin' Ks.
But nowadays they workin' at Mickey D's.
But in the Dayz of Wayback
I couldn't be laid back,
Because I needed ends and I made that.
I get the nine from my nigga that he lend me and
Start robbin' motherfuckers, just like cowboys and Indians.
Anything it took to get paid.
A nigga like Ren already had the plane made.
And I was in it to win it and not to lose.
And shit, it start blowin' up, once I lit the fuse.
And police couldn't touch me because I was payin' 'em.
But not with no money, yo, I was frayin' 'em.
And never get caught because nobody is snitch,
But one hoe did, so Ren had to shoot the bitch!
Now she's in a coffin and my life is better off and
'Cause everybody knows who's the bossin'
That black nigga that they call Ren.
You fuck with me, you gotta fuck with a Mac-10.
So listen to me as I reminisce the Dayz of Wayback
So check it out y'allIt was once a time in the Dayz of Wayback
When niggas was gettin' jacked.
In fact it was one I used to pass through up,
And kickin' ass through up.
Motherfuckin' Compton Massacre,
Now let me tell you a little something about Compton
When I was a kid and puttin' my bid in.
Yo, Compton was like still water - just strictly calm.
Now it's like motherfucking Vietnam.
Everybody killin', tryin' to make a killin',
Niggas stealin', motherfuckers willin' to dealin'.
With so many ways to come up
The average nigga didn't give a fuck
About another muthafucka in this game and

Claimin' what he claimin',
Livin' like he livin',
Killin' after killin'.
Murder was a dirty job. To rob a dead man
Was the best plan 'cause a dead man never ran.
But now your best friend is your worst friend.
Greed, cash the fee. Make a me more some of what you holdin'.
So now your shit is stolen
And you and your niggas start rollin'.
Yo, to get your shit back ain't a word of.
Muff? It's more murder, more murder, more murder.
They want to make you think that it's a crack thang,
Or a black thing
Or some niggas in a motherfuckin' gang,
But guns and money they go together like the Ku Klux Klan
A nigga brung up and strung up.
Why do I call myself a nigga you ask me?
Rememberin' the days that's past me,
Yo, never givin' niggas a chance to rest.
The ghetto is like a fuckin' survival test.
And number one way for you to pass,
Yo, get treated like a king and they'll crown your ass.
They never in the wrong though,
So I made a song so
Motherfuckers had know
If, yo, living situations make you want to get a gat
That's 'cause you livin' in the Dayz of Wayback

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