Glory Days

Cormega

Yea Spank, what up my nigga
Sup, baby whats happenin'
Yo son man, look at this shit man
Times be fuckin' changin' manKnow what I'm sayin' man
I wish we just go back sometimes
You know what I mean
No doubt son, you know we all wishThat man, but we goin' through transition right now baby
Son as long as I got my niggas with me
But let me reminisce yoI'm about to take your minds on a trip
'Cuz everytime I rhyme I kick 'The Realness'
Remember niggas used to take gold frames and snatch chains
In fact that changed, 'cuz the error of the crack game was realMad nights, I used to daydream
Wishin' I could be the next Alpo? Or Green for Fourth Ring?
I used to be magnetized to fly rides
Had a scheme to get my cream and eventually riseI became a little nigga gettin' money type often
Livin' the ill life, sportin' Nike Delta forces
I saw Scarface and got my first taste for power
I never knew grams of powder could make bags of dollarsI spent hours writin' graffiti
And niggas like Smitty made gettin' rich look real easy
Remember when
Damn son you takin' a nigga back right nowYo, to all my ghetto legends, whether live or in the essence
Facing fed time or in a pearl white Lexus
Sometimes you gotta sit back and just analyze
'Cuz nothin' moves faster than the hands of timeAnd I remember when the whole drug game was hot
Son a cop got shot, in Southside Queens
And tactical narcotics teams making headlines
Being big time could get you fed timeUndercover vibe, pouring out just like red wine
Mega keys, gettin' C's 'bout D's
I heard stories 'bout bulletproof 300 E's
Yo the mind of a analyst is mine so handle itThe way I right rhymes, considered a gift
I used to wish that I could be fly like Black Trent
Rockin' Filas, rhyme was the thing I couldn't deny
I used to read about supplies gettin' busted'Cuz guys that they trusted, made deals with D.A.'s, minds corrupted
The feds estimated Fat Cat was gettin' millions
Black Ratti was the richest nigga in my building
Remember when
Yeah, son was doing his thingTo all my ghetto legends, whether live or in the essence
Facing fed time or in a pearl white Lexus
Sometimes you gotta sit back and just analyze

'Cuz nothin' moves faster than the hands of timeBefore my story ends, rest in peace to Killa Ben
And live niggas memories you live again
Sometimes I close my eyes and just reminisce
And wonder how a lotta cats got so richI can't forget RK, he introduced lots of loose rocks
A few cops, and a lotta sales from rooftops, yea
You shoulda seen the deez when Will bought the red 3-Roller
Memories of those days are goldenYea, for all my ghetto legends
Ever burrough, all my niggas who was thorough
Yea, know meanKnow what I'm sayin' son
Niggas was holdin' it down back then
Fat Cat, Tony Montana, Big Wall, Queen
Niggas for the teamMotherfuckin' my man Supreme Magnetic and Four Green?
All them Brooklyn niggas
Alpo? And all them mobstyle niggas doin' it uptown
Boy George all them Bronx niggasNiggas was seein' money back then son
The Glory Days, know what I'm sayin"
Y'all niggas know what I'm talkin' 'bout, word

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