

# 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' muthafuckas 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  
'Cuz 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'all  
It 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  
Muthafuckin' 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 muthafuckin' Vietnam  
Everybody killin', tryin' to make a killin'  
Niggas stealin', muthafuckas 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 'cuz 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 wanna make you think that it's a crack thang  
Or a black thang  
Or some niggas in a muthafuckin' 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  
Muthafuckas had know  
If, yo, livin' situations make you wanna get a gat  
That's 'cuz you livin' in, 'The Dayz of Wayback'

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