

# 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' man Know what I'm sayin' man  
I wish we just go back sometimes  
You know what I mean  
No doubt son, you know we all wish That man, but we goin' through transition right now baby  
Son as long as I got my niggas with me  
But let me reminisce yo I'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 real Mad 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 rise I 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 dollars I spent hours writin' graffiti  
And niggas like Smitty made gettin' rich look real easy  
Remember when  
Damn son you takin' a nigga back right now Yo, 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 time And 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 time Undercover 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 it The 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 thing 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 time  
Before 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 rich  
I 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 golden  
Yea, for all my ghetto legends  
Ever burrough, all my niggas who was thorough  
Yea, know mean  
Know what I'm sayin' son  
Niggas was holdin' it down back then  
Fat Cat, Tony Montana, Big Wall, Queen  
Niggas for the team  
Motherfuckin' 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 niggas  
Niggas 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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