Back In The Day

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Brothers and sisters
Brothers and sisters, I don't know what this world is coming to
Whassup Missy? Timbo
This is another, Missy
Hip-hop, yes
Elliott, exclusive
Yes, uhh
One for the butters, I came from the gutter
No I came from my mother but y'all know what I mean
Hov' is here to stay like permanent crease in your jeans
Me and Missy be the new tag team
"Whoomp, there it is"
We like, Rae and Ghost, A.G. and Showbiz
We "Public Enemy no. 1," our "Uzi weighs a ton"
This is our house, run
What happened to those good old days?
(Ha)
When hip-hop, was so much fun
Ohh, house parties in the summer y'all
(C'mon)
And no one, came through with a gun
It was all about the music y'all
It helped, to relieve some stress
(Ha)
Oh, we was under one groove y'all
(Y'all)
So much love between north and west
(Ha)
Go back in the day
British knights and gold chains
Do the prep and cabbage patch
And wear your laces all fat
Back in the day, hey hey hey
Hip-hop has changed
Remember when we used to battle?
(Uh-huh)
On the block before the lights came on
(Ha yeah)
Oh mama said, "we would be straight a kids")

(C'mon)
If we did our homework, like we knew those songs
Salt-N-Pepa, Rakim, and P.E.
(Ha)
D.M.C, and heavy D
Yes daddy Kane, slick Rick too
MC Lyte opened, doors for you and me, c'mon
(Paper thin)
Go back in the day
British knights and gold chains
Do the prep and cabbage patch
And wear your laces all fat
Back in the day, hey hey hey
Hip-hop has changed
(Young J. Bizzy, let's do it again nigga)
Grew up the way it oughta be from day K.R.S. one all the way
Up to "Nineteen naughty three"
To M.O.P., we "Cold as ice"
Nigga we rock it from the "Dre day" to the suge knight
So fuck chuck Phillips and Bill O'reilly
If they try to stop hip-hop, we all gon' rally nigga
Post biggie and 'Pac, I gotta hold down the city
Make a nigga wanna 'Holla' like Missy but fuck it
Just let a nigga M.C.
The best rapper alive, unquestionably
If you rip on your E.P., you gonna need an M.D.
So "You gots to chill" 'cause I "Kill at will"
Like solid water dude, y'all niggaz don't get it
"Kill at will," solid water? Ice cube
Ha ha, that's how hip-hop has evolved
Jay-Z's for President, I'm namin' ras the national God
Me and jigga, jigga j-j-jay-hova
I rocks the mic right whether I'm pissy drunk or sober
Misdemeanor fo'-finger ringer I'm stupid fresh
I've been hot since L L rocked the Kangol hat
Yes yes, the yes yes, the yes y'alln
(C'mon, oh yeah, oh yeah)
Okay, me, that nigga jigga, fresh dressed in the mornin'
(C'mon, oh yeah, oh yeah)
Go back in the day
British knights and gold chains
Do the prep and cabbage patch
And wear your laces all fat
Back in the day, hey hey hey
Hip-hop has changed

I wanna, go back in time
(Let's go)
Feels like I, I wanna, go back in time
Feels like I
(Y'all remember self destruction)
I wanna, go back in time
(Where all the rap artists got on a record together)
Feels like I, I wanna, go back in time
(I used to love them days, no tension, let's go)
Go back in the day
British knights and gold chains
Do the prep and cabbage patch
And wear your laces all fat
Back in the day, hey hey hey
Hip-Hop has changed

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/