Ghetto Dayz

Tyrese

Yeah, right
Compton, South Central, Watts
Long Beach, Inglewood, East L.A.
West Coast for life
Live and die for this shit
Yeah, when I was young livin' life on the run
11 years old, real life, no goals
Sneakin' little sips in the cut
I'm takin' lil' hits in the cut
Before they even called me Kurupt
Ridin' down the blocks I'ma tell you how I grew up
I was always in the mix, too young for sticks
Ty, tell 'em 'bout that Watts experience
In Watts, a **** couldn't wait for the summertime
Backyard barbecues, yeah, that'll free your mind
We stay fallin' off them ice cream trucks
All my **** nickel-baggin' it, hustlin' bucks
You could catch me in the middle of the street
Slapboxin' with my **** Porky
And as I take you down my memory lane
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days, let 'em know
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
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I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
I ain't change ****, I'm just busy
**** bein' broke **** I'm filthy
Got a problem with me holla at me, I'll be back in six months
I'm on the road gettin' my money up
And I remember all the young soldiers in the hood tryin' to gang bang
Slang a nickel bag screamin' money ain't a thing
For real, I know exactly how y'all feel
I'm reppin' black and brown pride, Westside 'til I die, c'mon
I got a lot of rider in me, I was thinkin'
Couple years older, 14 smokin' and drinkin'

Thinkin' 'bout Uncle Jam's army, the old folks love me
I'm just gettin' up in the game, the gang bang [Incomprehensible]
Crenshaw was crackin', doin' that they got Schwinns
On Sundays watchin' all the big homies spin
I want Dana's, 'cause that's all I see
That's like the Army, with Dana's you all you could be, I reminisce
I used to love eatin' polly seeds and chico sticks
Watch me jump up in the bush to play, hide-go-get-it, I'm wit it
And all them hoodrats used to hold us down on the block
Reminiscin' 'bout my first piece of ****, yeah
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Truth is, I ran away when I was 5 years old
Ran 'til my And-1's had holes in the soles
I had three silk shirts, two pair of Girbauds
Spent the night at Boo's house, we was sharin' his clothes
Mom's left me out in the cold
Worse than that my man took five shots and he ain't lose his soul
I was livin' with a blind man's vision
And no matter how hard I tried, I could never see prison
And to all my dead homies, we don't pour out liquor
We just poke our chest out and say, "We miss y'all ****"
We were scared of gang-bangers, walked to school in groups
Argued who was the best MC, Ice Cube or Snoop
Damn, I miss my ghetto days
Whether it was Coca-Cola or straight coke we found a way
Hey, and the memories of Eazy and 'Pac
California, we all we got, we got, we got
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
I remember when I used to say I wanna rap and sing
All my **** used to laugh at me
But now, I'm on top of my game

But now, and ain't a damn thing changed
From ghetto superstar to Coca-Cola
All my people locked down got nothin' but love for ya
Stay strong, 'cause we know it ain't easy
Come home, 'cause we miss you on the streets
Listen, sweet ladies, how you gonna act like that?
It's your baby boy, holla back, back
So let me take you down my memory lane
Reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days, ohh girl
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
Let me take you back, ohh
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days
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