Growing Pains

The Vaqueros

Okay, I remember the days, high rights, low lefts
Even Stevens and fades, troops, Lottos, and B K's
Those was the days, high tech boots spray painted witcha names
T-shirts airbrushed that read the same
Thick herringbone chain, one gold with yo' initial
Harris Photos, group shots, can you remember?
Barry him told his bitch go to the prom and die
Didn't lie shot his-self in the head with the 4-5
When she disobeyed, had North Clayton crazed
Just to reiterate dog those was the days
Fo' the invasions of haters, man crews from all around
used to get down at True Flavas, bumpin' Key Lo
Rockin' Damage, Cross Colour and Paco
While playboys stepped in talent shows
Prom night, tux and Kangol was so cool
Fuck them new model cars we ridin' old school
(Old school)
We were tryin' so hard, hard to survive
'Cause even though we were young, we had to stay strong
No matter what we went through, it was me and my crew
And that's how it went when we were kids
In 3 months we stayed in Jamestown, Hamwood and Diplomats
Played with Transformers, G.I. Joe's and Thundercats
We was lovin' that before they started jackin' jacks
For notes from Red Oaks had folks scared to come through
College Park after dark, Crown Victorias police unmarked cars
Be aware, Wayne Williams was out there, but we ain't care
Kids was gettin' stabbed and ditched out there too busy playin'
Double dare ya touch shorty on the ass, that's a bet
Want your Kool-Aid and sugar, smack your hands and say "sweat"
It's mine now place it in my Louis Vuitton pouch
Thump a nigga on his knuckles make him say ?Ouch?
Slouch socks, box Chevy Caprice
Hot Niss, cut da whole Disturbin' Tha Peace
Wit no conscience, broke niggaz call 'em nonsense
No comments, it's Lil' Fate payin homage to College Park
We were tryin' so hard, hard to survive
'Cause even though we were young, we had to stay strong
No matter what we went through, it was me and my crew

And that's how it went when we were kids
I had a Long John but no Silver, no gold or plat
I was simply red from the years, I been holdin' back
With two sides to a book I lick stamps and light matches
And set fires in garbage pales and cabbage patches
A child of the corn been wild since I was born
Climbin' over barbed wire, clothes got torn
Shoes got muddy and my click turned cruddy
Wherever I go they went they my buddies
I brush teeth, brush naps and calm streets
Dreamin' of Cadillacs, wood wheels and plush seats
Cats with gold teeth and raps with such beats
Macks with no grief and some sacks of green leaf
When I loaded my cap gun I was ready for action
Starin' at beer cans and a moment to crack one
Wanna hang with the big boys and play with the big toys
And be with the people makin' all that got damn noise, man
We were tryin' so hard, hard to survive
'Cause even though we were young, we had to stay strong
No matter what we went through, it was me and my crew
And that's how it went when we were kids
We were tryin' so hard, hard to survive
'Cause even though we were young, we had to stay strong
No matter what we went through, it was me and my crew
And that's how it went when we were kids

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