

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 restThe 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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