

# Glory Days

Cormega

[Mega] Yea Spank, what up my nigga  
[Spank] Sup, baby what's happenin'  
[Mega] 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  
[Spank] No doubt son, you know we all wish  
that man, but we goin' through transition right now baby  
[Mega] Son as long as I got my niggas with me  
But let me reminisce yo  
[Cormega]  
I'm about to take your minds on a trip  
'cause everytime I rhyme I kick 'The Realness'  
Remember niggas used to take gold frames and snatch chains  
Infact that changed, 'cause 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  
[Chorus]  
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 analize  
Cause nothin' moves faster than the hands of time  
[Cormega]  
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' see's 'bout D's  
I heard stories 'bout bulletproof 300 E's  
Yo the mind of a analist 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' Fi-las, rhyme was the thing I couldn't de-ny  
I used to read about supplies gettin' busted  
'cause 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...  
Yea son was doing his thing  
[Chorus]  
[Cormega]  
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 alotta cats got so rich

I can't forget RK, he introduced lots of loose rocks  
A few cops, and alotta 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, knah mean  
[Cormega talking]  
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