

# Yesterday

Baby Bash

Ref.

It seems like yesterday, my mama told me  
Boy don't you go and throw your life away

Now it seems like yesterday I was on the block running  
Yelling at the top of my lungs, that the ice cream man was coming

And if and never, I only had a buck fifty  
I made sure, all the little homies act with me  
Shooting Stars, Fudge Bars and them Drumsticks  
Having fun with, playas that I run with  
Generation as weed and cess  
Fast money, fast cars from the valley or the projects  
And what's next for a miss got to greet you  
But having heart, ain't something they can teach you  
Playing ball, hoping one day to see the pros  
And little roes saying peace to rest of shows

It seems like yesterday, my mama told me

Boy don't you go and throw your life away  
It seems like yesterday, me and the homies  
We rode our bikes down to the school to play

Now I done seen a lot of gang fights never end trueted  
It wasn't my thang, even though I was heavily recruited  
I got blue ones caught up, and it's tragic  
Doing ten years trying to stack some of that magic  
And man I sure do miss him  
And man I got warrants, so I can't even go visit him in prison  
And I don't ride enough now I'm tripping  
Shed a tear, now it's dripping I ain't bullshitting  
One love, one life is your path right  
Trying to maintain even on a bad day  
Do your thang, stay away from the drama  
I hear my mama, looking out for my karma

Ref.