

Remember Yesterday

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Good loving, good love
Good loving, good love
Good loving, is so hard to find
I met you woman, and I just can't get enough, yeah
And if you want some this, care right now now now now
Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting on youuuu you you...

Remember remember remember remember yesterday
Do you remember remember remember remember yesterday?
Do you remember remember remember remember yesterday?
Do you remember remember remember remember yesterday?

You know it ain't nothin like family, y'all nigga my dogs
And we gon' be there 'til the end of the road
and stay on the mission to get this dough
Cause we are family, you know we been trues
You know what we've been through, we've got nothin to lose
Y'all call my name and I'll be there
Dawg (dawg) they done lost they mind
Thinkin Bone will divide up and throw this whole vibe away
But we are every day people, every day people
We just niggaz doin what we've got to do
Uh-huh, uh-huh, but still we've got to be united
And try to fight it

Lay down, get down!
You know we really done broke these niggaz down
Ain't nobody been through what we've been through
Ain't nobody gon' watch your back like I do
It's an every day thang, over +Crept and We Came+
Feelin this game, servin this up, that's really that murder mayne
How I rhyme and I flow, I get it straight from my Thuggstaz
When I die I really wanna go right next to my Thuggstaz
Cleveland, Cleveland is where I come from, come from
Leavin, leavin, that's how we came up
Ooh, and can't nobody believe it; yes, you better believe it
Trendsetters in this game and we really ain't leavin
With all my dogs, just admit that we are raw
With all of y'all behind us we will never fall
All-oh-all-oh-all-oh-all-oh-all (what's that)

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And nigga let the world go around and around
Livin out in this strugglin, hustlin just to get down
Some of us need a memoir, and some of us need the crowd
Children of the underground
Remember how we clowned havin fun, rippin and runnin around town, so dumb
But where we from means anything and a gun
Sounds that they hear in the suburbs
And chirpin they birds, my nigga chirpin the suburban
On the curb, Layzie he was rollin up the herb
So superb that ya beat is twirkin
A little nigga earned, feelin broke 'til the motherfucker still splurgin

Snatchin purses and sellin dubs and twurkin, twurkin, twurkin
I was talkin in the church, in the church, in the church
And then everybody dressed up
and you know they was perpin, they perpin, they perpin
They not knowin, they not knowin, knowin

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