

I was reminiscing in the kitchen drinkin thinkin about the past  
Lookin for some records just diggin in the trash  
Searching for something to ease a young little mind  
Other little kids they run up on me from behind  
They was laughin and point callin me out by my name  
You nasty little nigga boy you need to be ashamed  
I had no vinyl but I knew they knew where I live  
They followed me and bothered me all the way to the crib, sayin  
g

I-HI, I-HI  
I-HI, I-HIIA

I ran up in my room took a look through my stack  
Some of them where kool some were crick and some were cracked  
Created a way to playem my technique was so alive  
An nickel on a head to heel that scratched 4, 5  
A lot of warped LP's look at how they swerve  
Do you know what you listenin it's some shit you never heard  
We was dancing swingin movin to the groove  
But it's kinda hard to try to party when they lookin at my shoe  
s, sayin

Did it again, yes you did motherfucker  
I saw that everybody saw that, you fucked up

It's still the same ain't shit really changed  
Some people gonna complain if you grown just gone and do your t  
hang  
Either rap or sang, but there's a chill  
Take a chance if you will, try and enjoy everyday  
When you're at work with no play  
Cause either way somebody's gonna say