

What Happened to Them Days

E-40

Ohh so bad, soo bad
No respect
Yeaaah
What are we going to do?

What happen to them days they gone
When we played outside till the porch light came on
Now you can't get em up out they home
Let alone, come up out they room
Gears of war, Halo, Red Dead Redemption, Xbox or Playstation
On the computer or sex texting, man it's a different generation
Ladies, how you expect a man to make you his misses
When you can't even cook or wash the dishes
Treat your friends betta than you treat ya mama
The one who went through all the drama
Disrespectful hella rude, fucked up attitude
All you do is talk crazy and curse
But when you have yo kids you gone get it three times worse

What happen to them days they gone
When we played outside till the porch came on
What happen to them days... (What happen to em)
What happen to them days... (What happen to em)

When my parents gave me a certain look, I got nervous
But nowadays they call the child protective service
Get on their smart phone and cheat
Run and tell they teacher that they got beat
They feeling get hurt too easy, can't wait to go to prison
They say they hearing me but they ain't listening
Accidentally spilled his drink on him in front of brah the other day
Popped him with the K cause his pride got in the way
Now I don't know what this world is coming to
But they don't wanna fight no mo they wanna shoot
Backed on each other, sneak on each other like a pooch
Spray they face on their shirts and on they back of they suits
Uhh, what happened to them (what happen to em)
Them days are gone (they gone)
What happened to them (what happen to em)
Them days are gone (they gone)

I see most snow than an igloo, more blow than a tissue
Pain hurt and sorrow, my life is a novel
The neighborhood D-Boy was my role model
Wasn't breast feed, drank out the jar not the baby bottle
like Serato, on this Landy not Moscato
Had to walk before I crawl
It's harder to get back up man it's easy to fall
My middle finger yelling out FUCK All Y'ALL
Gotta stay prayed up, please believe it
Please covering me up with the blood of Jesus
My brothas and sistas nephews and nieces and aunties
My parents my mama and daddy uncle cousins and all my love ones
Raised in the mud, in the kingpin
Had to be a hog and good with the hems
And even if you lost and you didn't win
The hood goin respect you (why) cause you fought like a man

No respect, no respect, ain't no respect
No respect, no respect, living in the worst of times
No respect, no respect, ain't no respect
No respect, no respect, what are we gonna do?

No respect
Ooh...
Ain't no respect