

# Back In Da Day

Esham

A thug changes, and love changes  
and best friends become strangers  
A thug changes, and love changes  
(yo, uh)

Can it be, that i stayed away for too long?  
Did i leave your mind when i was gone?  
Baby ain't no need to pretend I aint actin live  
I'm like a young-ass Michael from the Jackson Five (HEE HEEE)  
But you don't feel me, the industry for years been trying to kill me  
Me and my niggas stay in the cracks like roaches  
Always runnin from the Raids when the cops approaches  
Man my style is just too ferocious  
Been spitting potent dope for years, that's why I overdoses  
Now I'm gonna tell you how it all began  
Before Eminem  
Before all of them  
I'm a tell you how they tried to play me  
How my city betrayed me, made me fuckin go crazy  
Made me carry the AK in the back with my base

This worlds so cold  
I'm a let you know  
You can't get away with tryin to steal my flow

In eighty-eight I set up shop before detroit had shock  
Kid Rock never rode a bike down my block  
Remember Homie the Clown?  
And thats about the time ICP put it down  
Detroits most wanted, K-Ice and Maistro and Smiley  
I was at the Disk, spendin' bank with Gregg Riley  
Even though we was movin units every day  
Still gots no love or radio play  
Maybe because I won't pay payola  
Known in the streets for moving yoca cola  
Me and my brother, trying to get up out the ghetto  
Take care of my mother, cause I love her  
It was no hip hop shops or freestyle battles  
Only a city full of snakes that rattle  
Remember "Sugar is sugar and salt is salt"  
If they didnt sell records, its not my fault  
I used to watch the scene with Natt Morris  
I dedicate this to Detroit, now I'm a sing the chorus

So high you cant get over it  
So high you cant get over it  
So low thats why i'm holding it  
So low thats why i'm holding it

Boss up  
A real soldier learn to take orders  
So his game is still pulled through in the fourth quarter  
I know you cant believe that you've all been decieved  
Its like a girl sayin her hairs real but its a weave  
Feminem is a style  
She-twelve is an age  
She lives across 8 mile, but still can get gauged

Kill the fetus, please believe this, word to Jesus  
I got niggas with the blowoff in they freezers  
Facts is facts and fictions fictions  
If you cant take the heat stay up out the kitchen  
I remember droppin Hellter Skkkelter  
Before Devils Night, I could of burned down the shelter  
We was bumpin Awesome Dre  
Representing Detroit way before you meant Dr. Gay  
All my underground niggas up at c Notes  
Open mic spitting wicket shit that we wrote  
There wasn't no East to West Coast  
Just Awol, Rap Mafia, DJ Eazy B and Los.

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