

Lovely Daze / Memory Lane

Jim Jones

Ok, ok, (heeeeyyyy) yeah
We back in this bitch (Lovely Daze like this...)
Jim Jones nigga (you know!), Capo Status (COOFIE SMACKA!)
A.k.a Jim Caso (lovely painter), and I jus love it man (Lovely Daze like this...)
I love paintin' these pictures for the hood, you dig
(that's where I'm at Eastside)
Its Dip-Set, Eastside (come on!), lets ride

They got me livin' like (what!), I aint worried 'bout my well being
I used to hurry up and sell fee (2 for 5!)
Like I aint worried for the jail scene (fuck cops)
'Til I got knocked, yeah observed in my cell C (ya honor)
I was young and was restless
Run around wit' my gun and my vestes
Yeah I'm hungry and reckless (what)
But no one better test us (no way)
Cause I got nuttin to lose, suttin to prove, I'm screamin' EASTSIDE
(EASTSIDE!!!)
While I dump on you dudes (Dip-Set!)
And what we live by (yeah), what we gon' die by (Dip-Set)
So these rules I abide by
I'm duckin' shots on a driveby, finger the cops, yeah when they ride by
(Byrdgang!)
Squally, is what they scream, fuck it
As I polly wit' my team puff it
We on the scene rugged
Yeah, we get our green thuggin'
Fuck it, I scream out, yo I'm uh G, fuck it

Lovely Daze like this, I miss I miss
(Lovely Daze man. When I say Lovely Daze I'm talkin' bout.)
Lovely Daze like this, I miss I miss
(Fresh in High School, fresh with that freedom. You know explorin' the streets nigga)
Lovely Daze like this, I miss I miss
(You know, takin' no prisoners man, ready to do whatever whenever)
Lovely Daze like this, I miss I miss
(Fuck what they talkin' bout man, you jus doin you man. Find yaself!)

You know how kids scheme (how they shceme?), we had big dreams (yeah!)
Of coppin' them Benzez up on big scene (bling bling)
All glittered in jewels just like Liberraci (mmm!)
Look at my dipped posse (yeah!)
Look how this shit done got me (Crazy!)
I'm some paranoid shit (yop!)
Its kinda scary I carry the 4 fifth (who want it!)
Its kinda brazy that it be like that
Aint no play me and you be right back
You better blaze me if it be like that (get me nigga!)
They got some issues with views I got (uh huh)
I carry pistols when I cruise my block (lets ride!)
Its uh issue if I cruise ya block
My dogs 'ill get you, know the rules or not (wut up now fool!)
Uh, yeah, we will cruise ya parameters (where they at?)
You caught slippin', no rules or parameters (where they at?)
Fuck the crews, fuck the cameras (fuck police)

I tell you now, aint no dudes that can handle us (bllllddddtaat!)

Lovely Daze like this, I miss I miss
(Ok, now it done got lovlrier, you know. We done did the hustlin' thing)
Lovely Daze like this, I miss I miss
(We done had fun on the streets. Now we entered the game and we gettin
millions)
Lovely Daze like this, I miss I miss
(What's more lovlrier than that? I'm tellin you I'm loving this shit. It
aint no taking me back man)
Lovely Daze like this, I miss..
(I'm tellin you man. Its Lovely Daze from here on end, you hear me.)

Can't forget about my born pos' (Nope!)
Can't forget about my night gangs
Bet it all to the dice game (yea)
Bet I brawl wit' my light frame (Fo' sho)
I get it on like I'm Ty-sane (Lets Brawl!)
And every year more niggaz deceased (R.I.P.)
I shed a tear and pour liquor on streets (jus 4 u)
And burn a fear to raw spliffs of the leaf (and get high)
And say a prayer, Lord where's the relief (my dudes)
I'm burnin' purple jus' watchin my ghetto birds (ok)
And peep the circle Ill tell you its several birds (peep game)
We gettin' guac, we hustlin' peddle birds (that yae)
And fuck the cops, we bustin' our metal birds (Desert Eag'z)
We from the block we love our Stiletto birds (hey baby!)
That's why we hustle and grind
So we can pluck us a dime
And feed her some game and fuck up her mind
And she give me brain, I'm puffin' my lime
So lovely (Dip-Set!)

Lovely Daze like this, wit my Dips, with my Dips
Fuckin wit my Dips, wit my Dips, gettin' chips
Fuckin wit my Dips, my Dips, buyin' whips
Jus fuckin' wit Dips, my Dips...

Haha ha, yeah, its Lovely Daze man (that's right). Jim Jones, fuck it
shit, Capo Status. What's fuckin wit that man (Coofie smacka). For my
Dip-Set, from hear on end its Lovely Daze. That's what this song is
about. For my riders, ride out.....
Fireman

'Cuse me ma, we cruise around this strip down Memory Lane
Lets take this time to rekindle
Puffin on this purple, sippin Hennessy, thats trippin like Dame
Pour out ya liquor, light ya candles

I was rippin and runnin while I'm grippin my gun (outdoors)
And I use to, play wit my heat I was waitin to bust (fuck that)
And I say, fuck the police they better take me in cuffs (til I go)
Cause I'm in, love wit the streets yea I'm shakin my nuts (hold it tight)
And it was, regular shit havin fun wit my troops (uhh huh)
Yeah, get in the party have our guns in boots (stash that)
And, New Years 'ill come we bustin guns off the roof (you got that)
Cause, we pissy drunk up off that 100 proof (twisted)
Plus, we pitchin packs jus to get us some sneakers (paper)
While, we sippin yak and we twistin up reefa (gettin right)
Youthful offenders on the stoop gettin bent up dodging police in them
juvenile centers, my life is brazy (ooooo!)
Teenagers are wild, they charged like adults we pray it loud "Dear God
we in Hell", Lord can you save me

One of the pictures that he stuck in my brain
As I'm cruisin down the strip of ghettos Memory Lane

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