

# Growing Pains

Ludacris

Okay, I remember the days  
High rights, low lefts, Even Stevens and Fades  
Troops Lotto and BK's those was the days  
High tech boots spray paintin' with you name  
T-shirts airbrushed that read the same  
They carry long chains  
One gone but yo we miss ya'  
Harris photos school shots can you remember  
Bury him told his bitch go to the prom and die  
Didn't lie shot his-self in the head with the 4-5  
When she disobeyed hand off clated craze  
Just to reiterate dog those was the days  
Fo' the invasions of haters I ain't cool to mile around  
Use to get down at True Flavas bumpin Key Lo  
Walkin' Damage, Cross Colors, and Paco  
While Playboys stepped at talent shows  
Prom nights tux and cane know its so cool  
Fuck them new model cars we ridin' old school (old school)

We were trying so hard  
Hard to survive  
Cause eventhough we were young  
We had to stay strong  
No matter what we went through  
It was me and my crew  
And that's how it went  
When we were kids

In 3 months we stayed in Jamestown  
Hamwood and Diplomats  
Played with Transformers, G.I. Joe's and Thundercats  
We was lovin' that  
Before to started jacking jacks  
For notes from Red Oaks had folks scared to come through  
College Park after dark  
Crown Victoria's police unmarked cars  
Be aware... Wayne Williams was out there  
But we didn't care kids was gettin' stabbed and ditched out there  
To busy playin'...Double Dare  
You touched shorty on the ass that's a bet  
Want ya Kool-Aid and sugar smack ya hands and say sweat  
It's mine now place it in my Louie Vaton pouch  
Thump a nigga on his knuckles make him say ouch  
Slout socks box Chevy Caprice  
Hot knees cut the holes Disturbing The Peace  
Wit no conscience broke niggas call em nonsense  
No com-mission this is little fate payin' homage to College Park

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I had a Long John but no Silver  
No gold or plat  
I was simply red from the years I been holdin' back  
With 2 sides to a book I lick stamps and light matches  
And set fires in garbage pales and cabbage patches  
A child of the corn been wild since I was born  
Climbin' over barb wire clothes got torn  
Shoes got muddy and my clique turned cruddy  
Wherever I go they went they my buddies  
I brush teef brush naps and cause treats  
Dreamin' of Cadillac with wood wheels and plush seats  
Cats with gold teeth and raps with such beats  
Macks with no grief and some sacks of green leaf  
When I loaded my cap gun I was ready for ACTION!  
Starin' at beer cans and a moment to crack one  
Wanna hang with the big boys and play with the big toys  
And be with the people making all that goddamn noise

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(2x)