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Slick Money was a popular phrase  
And we learned to let the pistol spark, bark and blaze

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This is for them cats from way, way back  
When every pair of sneakers had to have a hat to match (damn)  
Y'all look good in them sheep skins  
Make noise in the middle of the street all week  
Always had a plan, it only took a dime to reach out and touch a man  
Can't be fuckin up them sneakers while you at ya jam  
Get up on the speakers and your B-Boy stand  
I remember the Beemer, I remember the Cadillac  
I remember the seat broke back  
I remember the chick wasn't legit unless her ass was fat  
Uncle, I remember all that  
When the main reason for squeezin was to let 'em know your got one  
Pop shots at the party to see niggas run  
When the 38 long, was the worst biggest gun  
You niggas had a lotta fun

I used to them lean (lean) hard as fuck  
Hit the scene (scene) hard as fuck  
Spoke rims, white walls, cruisin the block  
In them 98 Oldsmobile wit the rag top  
Try to look these in your BVD  
In the wind, wit ya Kangols, Puma's and Lee's  
Used to drink private stock, Millers and Old Gold  
Had the v-goose sweater when the weather got cold  
Oh (oh) dirty 38's was the tool that'll bless you  
(Saturday Night Special)  
O.G. niggas, God damn I miss 'em  
Pumpin Run-D.M.C. thru the goose neck system  
It don't matter, up or down hill nigga  
Nobody whoop ya ass like a Brownsville nigga  
If you locked down, deceased or up in the bow  
This is M.O.P., shout to your isle, for the love

Back in the days, back in the days  
I love it when we dream about the old, old, old school  
Back in the days, back in the days  
I really want to take it back to the way things used to be