

As I Reminisce

Masta Ace

Yeah
Just sittin' here in the studio, you know
thinking about the old days
and reminiscin about how things used to be
I can remember back then real well

Come in
Oh, what up, yo
Ice U Rock in the house
What's up y'all?
(What's up)
Yo, I was here in the studio, you know
reminiscin about the past and how things used to be
(Word)
You know
Big man Uneek is here, my man Master Ice, you know
Ehm..
Yo Ice, won't you, you know
talk a little bit about the old days from what you can
remember

As I reminisce back growin up around my way
I can't help but think about the games we used to play
We used to play games that would make parents mutter
Like Tag, Spider, and Hot Peas and Butter
We rode our bikes through Prospect Park
Did jumps over hills and came back before dark
We even rode skateboards downtown and back
In fact, we were scared, so razorblades we would pack
Played basketball (?), and we
Played Chinese handball at a park called And he who lost was forced to play
the wall
And then got hit in the butt with the ball
And after we worked up a sweat and got loose
We bought a Hero and a 50 cent juice

Word yo
Uneek, Uneek, remember back in the day?
Yo, let's Ice finish..

Just think about when your moms used to dress you it
hurts
Church shoes and real loud shirts
Feelin dumb, so yourself you redeem
You buy some mocknecks and some tailor-made garbadines
Remember those pants with the pockets on the side
You wore with your Pumas and strutted with every
stride?
The winter months appeared to be (?)
You sported snow boots, leather bomber, then sheepskins
Then when you felt the spring breeze
You bought a name buckle to wear with your Lee's
Campus shorts and shirts in the heat
With a nylon do rag, Adidas on your feet
With real thick laces (Ha!) Am I lying? Shoot
Don't even front, you even had a Hawaiian suit

Haha..

Crazy, I never had a Hawaiian suit, man
Yo Uneek, go 'head

The nineties are here, times are going fast
And it's the perfect time to reminisce about the past
When I think about it, I get a pang
And hear people back then talk with they slang
I hear it now, it sounds corny
When 'give me a pound' was 'lay some skin on me'?!
People wore afros and called it their natural
And if you were soft back then, it meant that you
Were a sucker boy who used to irk me
You never was really down, a jive-time turkey
Most other kids used to joke and diss
It was called a (?) and it'd sound like this
(That's why you got rejects) then the next guy would
say
(But my rejects are new and yours are old, okay?)

Word

Now we sayin Big Uneek

As I reminisce I'll always remember
1984, the month was September
My first year of high school and every fool knows
You had to dress fresh and look hype in your school
clothes
I had the clothes with something added
A gold name plate when a few people had it
Now that was trouble, cause you would get robbed
On the bus goin home, by a crazy large mob
They'd sneak on the back of the bus and they looked
For somethin they wanted, what they found was what they
took
One day they found me, standin in the lane
They didn't hesitate to say, "Shorty, run your chain"
Before I could fight someone snatched it and jettied
Everyone was a victim and I'll never forget it

Word, man

them times were kinda rough, man
Yo Ace, you remember times like that, man?

Yeah, I can remember like back then, son
You didn't have to worry about a knife or a gun
You balled up your fist like a man and fought your
fight
And kept your left up if your brother taught you right
(Word) Back then, a fist was your best weapon
So you threw up your hands instead of just steppin
And if you lost, you lived to fight another day
I heard a brother say now there's no other way
To win a fight except to use a bullet
"The trigger makes me feel bigger when I pull it"
He said, I just shook my head at this
And that's what made me wanna reminisce

Yo come in

Oh yo, it's my dancers, the Big Steps in the house
My man Shawn, S Boogie
My man Glaze in the house
(Always chillin, yo

What's up y'all, how y'all doin man, y'all coolin?)
(Of course, I'm always chillin)
Yo, y'all ain't gon' believe who's in the house
Y'all ain't gon' believe who's in the house
(Oh shit)
Yo, tell em who's in the house
The Big Steps, the Big Steps
The Big Steps, Big Steps, the Big Steps
The Big Steps, the Big Steps
The Big Steps, Big Steps, the Big Steps..
...damn, why you gotta 'motherfucker' on everything?
I don't care
Word up, I ain't havin it
Whose mother you're bonin?
I know you're bonin somebody's..