

# Ghetto Dayz

Tyrese

Yea, right  
Compton, South Central Watts, Longbeach, Engelwood  
(I'm reminiscing bout my ghetto dayz)  
West Coast for life, live and die for this shit  
(I'm reminiscin bout my ghetto dayz)

When i was young living life on the run,  
Eleven years old real life no goals,  
Sneaking little sips in the cut,  
Before they even called me Kurupt,  
Ridin down the block so ima tell you how i grew up,  
I was always in the mix, too young for sticks  
Ty tell em about that Watts experience

In Watts, a nigga couldn't wait for the summer time  
Back yard barbeque yea that'll free your mind,  
We stayed fallin of them ice cream trucks,  
All my niggas nickel bagging it and hustling bucks,  
You could catch me in the middle of the streets  
Slap boxing with my nigga Porky,  
And as i take you down my memory lane  
I'm reminiscin bout my ghetto dayz  
Let em know

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I aint changed nigga, Im just busy  
Fuck bein broke nigga, I'm filthy  
Got a problem wit me holla at me I'll be back in 6 months  
I'm on the road gettin my money up  
And I remember all the young soldiers in the hood  
Tryin to gang bang slingin nickel bags  
Screamin money aint a thing, for real  
I know exactly how yall feel  
I'm reppin black and brown pride  
West Side til I die

I got a lot of rider in me  
I was thinkin, couple years older  
14 smokin and drinkin  
Thinkin bout uncle jame's army  
The old folks love it  
I'm just gettin up in the game  
And gang bang bubbly  
Crinshaws crackin, durin the day got schwinns  
On sundays watchin all the big homies spin  
I won't dance  
Cuz thats all I see  
Thats like the army  
Thats all you can be

I used to love feedin polices and cheap coast  
Watch me jump up in the push  
And play hide and go get it I'm wit it

And all the hoodrats used to hold us down on the block  
Reminisce about my first piece of cock

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Truth is I ran away when I was 5 years old  
Ran til my And 1's had holes in the soles  
I had 3 silk shirts, 2 pairs of jeboses  
Spent the night at boo's house, we was sharin his clothes  
Moms left me out in the cold  
Worst that that my man took 5 shots and aint lose his soul  
I was livin w/ a blind man's vision  
And no matter how hard I tried, I could never see prison  
And to all my dead homies, we don't pour out liquor  
We just poke our chests out, and say we miss ya niggas  
We was scared of gang bangers, walked to school in groups  
Argued who was the best MC, Ice Cube or Snoop  
Damn, I miss my ghetto dayz  
Whether it was Coca Cola or straight coke  
We found a way  
Hey and the memories of EZ and Pac  
California we all we got

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I remember when I used to say I wanna rap and sing  
All my niggas used to laugh at me  
But now, I'm on top of my game  
But now, it aint a damn thing changed  
Ghetto superstar to coca cola  
All my people locked down, got nothin but love for ya  
Stay strong, cuz I know it aint easy  
Come home, cuz we miss ya on the streets  
Sweet ladies how you gonna act like that  
Its your baby boy holla back  
So let me take you down my memory lane  
Reminisce about my ghetto dayz

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