

Dred Scott, Back In The Day

Yeah, ahh yeah
Back in the days (3X)
Back in the days (2X)
Back in the days of eighty-three
Breakdancin at the crib with my man Dupri
When the Saturday nights was LIVE in the West
When honies were fly, the flavor was good but
on the burnt side, was where it took place
On the cheap sound system without no bass
Coolin with my man DayDay, the DJ Machete
I want a record deal, but I knew I wasn't ready
But back then I still had more fun
I even rode around my guy the rookie named Michael Jordan
Long before Tag Team and 95 South
Real Planet Rock shit used to funk the house
But the schoolyard Crips and PPD's were too rowdy
Some of them started rollin to the ?dotua? parties
My dance group called the Frat Boys was winnin
The parties was live cause General Lee was spinnin
When the summer came I was off to the Ridge
With my pen and my pad, I met new kids
Marty Mar, a.k.a. the Big Mo
Big Ben, Af Rock, yo we stole the show
Makin tapes all the time, it's like I couldn't quit
But when I listen to em now I'll admit
That it wasn't alla that in fact we was wack
But every now and then, huh, I wanna go back
Back in the days
I wanna go back in the days (4X)
I wanna go back (2X)
Spring eighty-seven, down with the four man crew
Kool Kat, Disco, and my man Steve Blue
No record deal, but I was still rhymin
Big Mo hooked me with a kid named Diamond D
Not the one from the East he went to school in Arizona
said he liked the way I rocked the microphone-a
We knew our, producer, but he was a flake
That lived in the projects, said we had to wait
Sittin in the car for hours at a time, buckin bullets down
But that's how bad I wanted to rhyme
Back when the hip-hop shit always had the airplay
The best station in nation which was KDAY
I got serious about my flow
Hooked up with a brother that they call Domino
And Diamond quit and left the twelve, over at my crib
I hooked it up to my cassette player, tell you what I did
I would pause mix breaks, whatever it would take
I only had three records couldn't dig in any crates
And there was times when I wanted to stop flowin but my
best friend and lover Ajay, yo, she said to keep goin
When all we had to eat was cup of noodles in the six pack
Cause I went and spent all my ducats on the six track
On the real, no food in the fridge
But when I won the rap contest at Northridge
Everybody flipped, yo we didn't know how to act
Daaam, I wanna go back
I wanna go back
I wanna go back in the days (6X)
Bill Duke, a well known deep brother
Hooked me with the soundtrack on Deep Cover
That's how I met Belial, from the Bronx
He had more beats that house niggaz got conks
Showed me all kind of beat makin tricks
Just like Machete showed me how to pause mix

and I was married to the shit like a husband to a wife
But when I tried to rhyme up at the Good Life
Yo I got dissed I couldn't buy no respect
But in two years I came back to catch wreck
On the set and jet, cause that's how it had to be
And my man Tragedy became amazed at me
So he put me inside, the Cadillac
The chauffeur drove off, and now I can't go back
Hahaha, back in the days
I wanna go back in the days (6X)
I wanna go back (4X)