

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 chaffeur 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)