

Ludacris, Growing Pains

(feat. Keon Bryce, Fate Wilson)

[Fate Wilson]

Okay, I remember the days
High rights, low lefts, Even Stevens and Faze
Troops Lotto and BK's those was the days
High tech boots spray paintin' wit'cha name
T-shirts airbrushed that read the same
They carry long chains
One gone but yo we miss ya'
Harris photos school shots can you remember
Bury him told his bitch go to the prom and die
Didnt lie shot his-self in the head with the 4-5
When she disobeyed hand off clated craze
Just to reiterate dog those was the days
Fo' da invasions of hatas I aint cool to mile around
Use to get down at True Flavas bumpin Key Lo
Walkin' damage cross colored and Paco
While play more step than talent shows
Prom nights tux and cane know its so cool
Fuck them new model cars we ridin' old school (old school)

[Chorus - Keon Bryce]

We were tryin so hard
Hard to survive
Cause eventhough we were young
We had to stay strong
No matter what we went through
It was me and my crew
And thats how it went
When we were kids

[Fate Wilson]

In 3 months we stayed in Jamestown
Hamwood and Diplomats
Played with Transformers, G.I. Joe's and Thundercats
We was lovin' that
Before to started jackin jacks
For notes from Red Oaks had folks scared to come through
College Park after dark
Crown Victorias police unmarked cars
Be aware... Wayne Williams was out there
But we didnt care kids was gettin' stabbed and ditched out there
To busy playin'...Double Dare
You touched shorty on the ass that's a bet
Want ya Kool-Aid and sugar smack ya hands and say sweat
It's mine now place it in my Louie Vaton pouch
Thump a nigga on his knuckles make him say ouch
Slout socks box Chevy Caprice
Hot knees cut da holes Disturbing Tha Peace
Wit no conscience broke niggas call em nonsense
No com-mission this is lil fate payin' homage to College Park

[Chorus - Keon Bryce]

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[Ludacris]

I had a Long John but no Silver
No gold or plat
I was simply red from the years I been holdin' back
With 2 sides to a book I lick stamps and light matches
And set fires in garbage pales and cabbage patches
A child of the corn been wild since I was born
Climbin' over barb wire clothes got torn
Shoes got muddy and my clique turned cruddy
Wherever I go they went they my buddies
I brush teef brush naps and cause treats
Dreamin' of Cadillac with wood wheels and plush seats
Cats with gold teeth and raps with such beats
Macks with no grief and some sacks of green leaf
When I loaded my cap gun I was ready for ACTION!
Starin' at beer cans and a moment to crack one
Wanna hang with the big boys and play with the big toys
And be with the people makin all that goddamn noise

[Chorus - Keon Bryce (x2)]
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