

Master P, Things Ain't What They Used To Be

[Mo B. Dick]

Things ain't what they used to be.
Things ain't what they used to be.

Verse 1: [Master P]

I remember back in the days it wasn't like that
Everybody knew everybody, now days it ain't like that
We used to stand on the corners and drink brew
Now days you gotta duck when they drive through
Cause they blastin', life is like plastic
But who would be the next egg took out the easter basket
Is it you, me, or her or she or he?
who would live to see the long age of 23?
Cause once you dead and gone who gives a damn
On your tombstone would read Rest In Peace Sam
But in the ghetto you cooked 'till you dead
Ain't no love when you dead and gone cause you red
Like roaches for the gutter, peanut butter
your life in the gutter , fool cause you fluttered
With this game that I spit, shoot out, don't quit
Now you a victim of society another statistic
I heard the gunshots rain from the middle of the street
The gunsmoke cleared three people on the concrete
I mean it's crazy, slippin' on daisies
Time to call it quits, they done put a bullet in a baby

Chorus: [Master P & Mo. B Dick]

Times done changed things ain't what they used to be
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Verse 2: [Master P]

Watch you back in the ghetto black
Open the box, Mom's ain't nothing to eat
Back in the day, I thought we was a family
My little brother on the street corner selling crack
Only 15 used to be a quarterback
I wish the law would rehabilitate my auntie
I came home try to visit that girl tried to do me
Started tweakin said that she needed crack
Stole my grandma's rent money out her purse black
I stay Tru 2 Da Game you devils' can't see me
I put that on my mom, I put that on my gold teeth
My homies bangin' ,no respect for the American flag
But they kill over that blue and red rag

Chorus:

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Verse 3: [Master P]

I remember back in the day smoking weed was the everyday drug
Now days they shoot heroin and sell blood
Back in the day catchin the clamps was gettin us shot
Now days catch the AIDS and your time will stop
My lil homies doin time, 25 with a L
A victim of the system, I'd rather die and go to hell
I try to be legit and start my own company
'Till these sucker want to bump into P
They point the finger at me for tellin another what to do
How could another person tell you what to do
I could tell you to rob or steal or kill
Thats like pointin' the finger at Jack or Jill
For being the first person on this little earth
Is like askin' Mary why she had to give birth
And who would be the next victim to lose his life
And who would be the next one to make a life
But when you make a life you gotta learn to teach your kid
So one day they can grow up and make it big
But all this gangbangin' and turf wars gotta cease
Cause y'all know we livin in the last days G

Chorus:

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