

# Paris, 40 Ounces And A Fool

Back in the day 1986  
Me and Mad Mike puttin' records in the mix  
Doin' party after party highschoools and jam  
Back before the Glock was king  
And brothas sport like men  
Makin' demo after demo tryin' to come up quick  
It's funny how niggas treat you when you aint got shit  
But now i kept on cause pops told me  
Never to let anybody in the way where i try to get  
It was me and D.R. freakin' with the funk  
Had a system in the trunk  
And it was on, Friday night the party's jumpin'  
Summer time hits had the system straight pumpin'  
And belive me even though we had no loot  
Everybody knew that we was fence  
To come up soon  
I still remember them days  
They was crazy but now they gone  
It aint nothin' like it used to be before  
Back in the days...  
1990 fresh out of college  
Public and the media settin' niggas up with knowledge  
And I love it cause without them  
There would be no me  
Took a trip down to Oakland  
Heard the minister speak, felt deep  
And shortly I was in  
On while forever down for my people  
Till the day that I die  
That's when devil made me do it  
It was made  
I still remember the days  
Still remember the rage  
And I was into everyday  
Building, trying to be much more  
Took a trip down to Cuba  
Met Assata Shakur  
Had dinner with the ???  
Talked about old times  
And now America's steady tryin' to destroy minds  
And when I got back it seemed much clearer to me  
And when my cousin went to war he was only 19  
I still remember them days  
They was crazy but now they gone  
It aint nothin' like it used to be before  
Back in the days...  
1992 when i'm a ???  
Cause a couple homies past away  
Before their time  
And even though i'm movin' unity  
Schoolin' better than most and it aint the same  
Cause I still feel pain and I'm tryin' to coup  
And everyday's gettin' clearer to me  
Cause if it aint guns and drugs  
It's the pigs and HIV  
And now i'm lookin' for a way  
To try to fight it back  
But you see it's votin' time  
And now you wanna ban Rap  
Thought I was Butts  
Playin' by your rules  
Sleepin' With The Enemy  
Was album number two  
Let's take a look around

And see which one of you all  
Gotta balls to put me out  
Here's a middle finger off for all you  
Tripped for a minute but before too long  
A young brotha said: "Fuck it!"  
And a label was born  
I still remember them days  
They was crazy but now they gone  
It aint nothin' like it used to be but yo  
Now it's 94 and i'm servin' album number three  
How many fake wanna-be Gees do i see?  
Now we're back to days of the nigga and the bitch  
No deposit, no return, it's a trip, I check my grip  
And realize that it's all in your mind  
Mothafuck you and that fake gangsta shit  
I stays righterous and serv'em with the dope  
Should a truth get a clue?  
Monkey see, monkey do  
Back in the days...