

## Praverb the Wyse

### "Back in the Days"

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I'm an artist that mingles with the crowd like Ron Artest  
And I will conquest, this game one ear at a time I'm  
Goliath on this mic, I put fear in your spine (huh) I been  
new, my spirit's aligned I wannna be at Fat Beats, fans  
cheering in line Walking up the block, still hearing my  
rhymes Blazing from the subs, now you know that's  
love Getting pounds and hugs, probably performing in  
clubs A show deal from Lugz, T-shirts, and coffee  
mugs Never doing drugs cause that would be fiction I  
find myself trapped behind these bars I'm spitting Hip-  
hop dwells in my veins Kane, Kool G, and them cats  
that gave shell toes a name Since I was young, I  
studied the greats It's hip-hop 101, this is nothing you  
can fake [chorus] 2x Let's take it back, back, back in  
the days When hip hop was really real, y'all rap to get  
paid But not me, I love to rap on stage And pour my  
heart out, I'm past that phase I'm an emcee fam, I  
control the vibe On the mic, rhyiming with trapped souls  
inside I'm tired of you phone, fake, poser gus It's Dirk  
Diggler with the flow kid, open wide You can't breathe,  
some dudes tend to hold their sides So I give them  
flow one at a time, like Advil Feeling like Peter Gunz it's  
all Deja-Vu Had to Triumph over you Killa Bees,  
screaming wu I got a crew, that's too live, we Bout It  
man Used to Jump Around, wild out to House of Pain  
Krs-One he spoke about our history Used to listen to  
Chuck D and Public Enemy NWA, Dr. Dre before the  
Chronic Snoop Dogg, and all the west coast riders Big  
L, before he dropped Ebonics Canibus, before he  
started rapping about comets [chorus] 2x

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