

## Rebecca Wheatley

### "Back in the Day"

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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)

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