

**S.L.A.B. f/ Z-Ro****"I Remember"**

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[Trae]

I find myself in a daze, sitting watching time fly on by  
I tried to catch a grip, but somehow we keep moving on  
by

We came a long way, from playing hide-and-seek on  
the block

To bleeding corners on the daily, barely missing the  
cops

We turned to grown men, quicker than the blink of an  
eye

Some of us made it some of us didn't, but still we got  
by

What about the good times, ain't too many but I  
remember

Stadium Bowl, the rest of the clubs wouldn't let us in  
'em

We was young, and plus our pants sag like Dubs  
But we ain't care, cause half of the parking lot knew  
who we was

We came from riding on a bike, and graduated to a  
Houpe

Six deep with a grey cassette, trying to swang banging  
Screw

That was the days, but now we only riding with guns  
Only understanding I got, is multiplying my funds  
And moving slow in a drop, pass bops so grimey  
Missing better days, hoping they could come and find  
me

[Hook]

I remember, being kids on the block  
Pennies and my nickels, soon turned to a knot  
I went from playing tag, to me running from the cops  
Went from Tunker Toys, me swanging in a drop  
Flying pass bops

I remember, being kids on the block  
Pennies and my nickels, soon turned to a knot  
I went from shooting water, to me loading up a glock  
I came from the gutter, trying to make it to the top  
Shit don't stop

[Jay'Ton]

I remember kicking it, with my niggaz in Middle School  
In the hall full time, fuck class and all the rules  
Late night, I was with the O.G.'s on the block  
Curfew broke, but I was trying to stack me a knot  
With my nigga Raw-C, Nick and the T-Head  
Can't forget about the J2, and blocks we bled  
Playing tackle football, while we on the concrete  
In the house, imitating everybody we can beat  
From the West to the North, with my nigga Pyrex  
On the hunt for some bops, roaming through the  
projects  
When I turned 16, Trae bought me a car  
Four 15's, so the hood know who we are  
Jay walking, so you know I'm walking it fly  
T-shirt creased up, fuck a suit and a tie  
Them was the days, I'll probably never see him again  
So my main focus now, is for me stacking my ends

[Boss]

I was raised back in the 80's, I can tell ya bout the  
Smurfs  
We was kids, we done traded our nurse for hard work  
I can go back in the day, to playing get like me  
In the hood looking for trouble, can you hit like me  
I was a youngster in the street life, bailing through the  
street lights  
First pair of G-Nike's, ask a nigga what that G like  
I remember playing curve ball, and soccer  
They got most of my homies chained up, in 5-by-7  
lockers  
The days ain't the same, in '79  
Nigga was cool in '94, but now everybody walk in a  
shady line  
25 years of keeping it real, wasn't hard for me  
Living for the moment, to hit the gates for the Lord to  
see

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I done came a long way, from cutting class  
No more ducking hall monitors, now the FED's on my  
ass  
Grown man shit Joseph Wayne McVey, I never thought I  
would say  
That a state jail or prison, is a place I'd have to stay  
I remember Saturday morning, cartoons and basketball  
Half of the niggaz I was hooping with, in a casket y'all  
The streets, is a graveyard  
187's every second, please watch over my days Lord

I'm nothing but a Christian, I'm down with Jehovah  
But this day in time, you ain't gon make it if you ain't a  
soldier  
So God forgive me because I'm strapped, somebody  
might try to do me  
The real world ain't like my block, this shit it like a  
movie  
Make me wanna travel back in time, like Michael J. Fox  
To when all my people was living, and it was love on the  
block  
But ain't nothing but the future, bout to take place  
It'll never be 1989 again, so nigga fuck friends

[Hook]

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