

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer

"Glory Days"

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[Mega] Yea Spank, what up my nigga
[Spank] Sup, baby whats happenin'
[Mega] Yo son man, look at this shit man
times be fuckin' changin' man
Know what I'm sayin man
I wish we just go back sometimes
You know what I mean
[Spank] No doubt son, you know we all wish
that man, but we goin' through transition right now
baby
[Mega] Son as long as I got my niggas with me
But let me reminisce yo

[Cormega]
I'm about to take your minds on a trip
Cuz everytime I rhyme I kick 'The Realness'
Remember niggas used to take gold frames and
snatch chains
Infact that changed, cuz the error of the crack game
was real
Mad nights, I used to daydream
Wishin' I could be the next Alpo? or Green? for Fourth
Ring?
I used to be magnetized to fly rides
Had a scheme to get my cream and eventually rise
I became a little nigga gettin' money type often
Livin' the ill life, sportin' Nike Delta forces
I saw Scarface and got my first taste for power
I never knew grams of powder could make bags of
dollars
I spent hours writin' graffiti
And niggas like Smitty made gettin' rich look real easy
Remember when...

Damn son you takin' a nigga back right now

[Chorus]
Yo, to all my ghetto legends, whether live or in the
essence
Facing fed time or in a pearl white Lexus
Sometimes you gotta sit back and just analyze

Cause nothin' moves faster than the hands of time

[Cormega]

And I remember when the whole drug game was hot
Son a cop got shot, in Southside Queens
And tactical narcotics teams making headlines
Being big time could get you fed time
Undercover vibe, pouring out just like red wine
Mega keys, gettin' C's 'bout D's
I heard stories 'bout bulletproof 300 E's
Yo the mind of a analist is mine so handle it
The way I right rhymes, considered a gift
I used to wish that I could be fly like Black Trent
Rockin' Fi-las, rhyme was the thing I couldn't de-ny
I used to read about supplies gettin' busted
Cuz guys that they trusted, made deals with D.A.'s,
minds corrupted
The feds estimated Fat Cat was gettin' millions
Black Ratti was the richest nigga in my building
Remember when...

Yea son was doing his thing

[Chorus]

[Cormega]

Before my story ends, rest in peace to Killa Ben
And live niggas memories you live again
Sometimes I close my eyes and just reminisce
And wonder how alotta cats got so rich
I can't forget RK, he introduced lots of loose rocks
A few cops, and alotta sales from rooftops, yea
You shoulda seen the deez when Will bought the red 3-
Roller
Memories of those days are golden
Yea, for all my ghetto legends
Ever burrough, all my niggas who was thorough
Yea, knah mean

[Cormega talking]

Know what I'm sayin' son
Niggas was holdin' it down back then
Fat Cat, Tony Montana, Big Wall, Queen
Niggas for the team
Motherfuckin my man Supreme Magnetic and Four
Green?
All them Brooklyn niggas
Alpo? and all them mobstyle niggas doin' it uptown
Boy George all them Bronx niggas
Niggas was seein' money back then son
The Glory Days, know what I'm sayin'

Y'all niggas know what I'm talkin' 'bout, word

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