

Children of the Corn

"I Remember When"

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[Bloodshed]

I remember when a fist was the only thing that you
packed
Nowadays all my niggaz is strapped
Back in the 80s, niggaz didn't used to think like that
Growing up in Harlem, where niggaz is known to start
problems
Mad niggaz displayed tumors, most niggaz was afraid
But I kept a blade in the suede Pumas
Three o'clock is when the bell rang, and outside was
courtyard fights
Fronts was flying, niggaz caught hard rights
And everyday inside the gym class, niggaz got
extorted for kicks
I ain't lying y'all remember that shit
And if you caught me in the whole way, it wasn't there
to talk friend
Just hand over the walkman and just keep on walking
The train was full of Decepts, they rolled deep in
Nautica clothes
Stomping niggaz out with 40 belows
Ox or box cutter, yo whatever one that they choose
I supposed they was shiesty, they would store in they
coats
I remember getting frisked yo, and getting dissed
though
I remember getting blitz yo while drinking Cisco
And I remember the first time, I smoked with my Ace
Boon Coon
Who would've known it would be laced boom toom
You have a nigga rekindling, word up I think the shit
was better then
Way back Wu, cause I remember when

[Chorus: Alan Jackson sample]

"I remember when" (Yeah I remember way back when)

different variations

[Cam'Ron]

Before I rode the four train or knew about the dope
game

With cocaine, watched Soul Train, gold caps and rope chains
No misbehaviors, played ball, sweat was my fragrance
Blood came running out the crowd on the flagrants
There was no Hilfigers, and brothers who talked about
the steal trigers
Was "Mobstyle", Harlem, REAL NIGGAS
Steelo, kilo, album cover fishscales
Dice before cee-lo, drugs, guns and c-notes
They made mathematics, static they was the baddest
Hustlers, from the 80s, know the fucking status
Plus they packed the pretty chrome, like they had the
city sewn
AZ, Whimp Whop, Gangsta Luke, Pretty Tone
And Alpo ordered guys to slaughter guys
And the whole Harlem was in tears when Rich Porter
died
Wasn't no bummy crew, had money true, packed
dummies boo
Had niggaz scared to death to even walk passed 1-3-2
And niggaz jocked hardly, investments stopped
smartly
And be careful when they came to any block party
It seem like they robbed banks with clips
And niggaz lost it when they heard 'Kick that Gangsta
Shit'
It was 40s, not bubbles, uptown money was lovely
Niggaz knew about the good, bad and ugly
And the shit that y'all taunted, they would hit and say
"While y'all dye your hair?" fuck trying to do the +Kid,
we Play+

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