

Black-Ty f/ Kurupt, The Game

"Ghetto Dayz"

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* Black-Ty is the rapper and Tyrese is the singer

[Kurupt] Yeah, right

[Intro: The Game] + (Black-Ty)
Compton, South Central, Watts
Long Beach, Inglewood, East L.A.
(I'm reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days)
West Coast for life
Live and die for this shit
(I'm reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days)

[Kurupt]
Yeah, when I was young livin life on the run
11 years old, real life, no goals
Sneakin little sips in the cut (in the cut)
I'm takin lil' hits in the cut (in the cut)
Before they even called me Kurupt
ridin down the blocks I'ma tell you how I grew up
I was always in the mix, too young for sticks
Ty, tell 'em 'bout that Watts experience

[Black-Ty]
Yeah, uh-huh...
In Watts, a nigga couldn't wait for the summertime
Backyard barbecues, yeah that'll free your mind
We stay fallin off them ice cream trucks
All my niggaz nickel-baggin it, hustlin bucks
You, could catch me in the middle of the street
Slapboxin with my nigga Porky, ha ha
And as I take you down my memory lane
I'm reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days - let 'em know

[Chorus: Tyrese] + (Black-Ty)
Let me take you back, oh-ohhh-ohhhh
(I'm reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days)
Let me take YOU back, oh-ohhhohohhhh
(I'm reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days)
Let me take you back, oh-ohhh-ohhhh
(I'm reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days)
Let me take YOU back, oh-ohhhohohhhh

(I'm reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days)
No-no no no nooooo

[Black-Ty - over Chorus]
Yeah, to all niggaz doin time
You gon' be home soon though, we family
Yeah, Kurupt in this muh'fucker nigga!
Haha

[Black-Ty]
I ain't change nigga, I'm just busy
Fuck bein broke nigga I'm filthy
Got a problem with me holla at me, I'll be back in six months
I'm on the road gettin my money up
And I remember all the young soldiers in the hood tryin to gang bang
Slang a nickel bag screamin "Money ain't a thing"
For real - I know exactly how y'all feel
I'm reppin black and brown pride; Westside 'til I die, c'mon

[Kurupt]
I got a lot of rider in me, I was thinkin
Couple years older, 14 smokin and drinkin
Thinkin 'bout Uncle Jam's army, the old folks love me
I'm just gettin up in the game, the gang bang {?}
Crenshaw was crackin, doin that they got Schwinns
On Sundays watchin all the big homies spin
I want Dana's, cause that's all I see
That's like the Army, with Dana's you all you could be
I reminisce

[Black-Ty]
I used to love eatin polly seeds and chiko sticks
Watch me jump up in the bush to play, hide-go-get-it,
I'm wit it
And all them hoodrats used to hold us down on the block
Reminiscin 'bout my first piece of cock (hahaha)
Yeah

[Chorus]

[Black-Ty - over Chorus]
Knahmsayin? Take you niggaz back man
You fuck hoes, huh?
You guys don't remember, haha
Kurupt! Dogg Pound Gangstas!
That's what it is my nigga
Westside, let's go, c'mon

[The Game]

Truth is, I ran away when I was 5 years old
Ran 'til my And-1's had holes in the soles
I had three silk shirts, two pair of Girbauds
Spent the night at Boo's house, we was sharin his
clothes
Mom's left me out in the cold
Worse than that my man took five shots and he ain't
lose his soul
I was livin with a blind man's vision
And no matter how hard I tried, I could never see
prison
And to all my dead homies, we don't pour out liquor
We just poke our chest out and say "We miss y'all
niggaz" (R.I.P.)
We were scared of gang-bangers, walked to school in
groups
Argued who was the best MC, Ice Cube or Snoop ('Pac,
'Pac)
Damn, I miss my ghetto days
Whether it was Coca-Cola or straight coke we found a
way
Heyyy, and the memories of Eazy and 'Pac
California, we all we got, we got, we got

[Chorus]

[Tyrese]

I remember when I used to say I wanna rap and sing
All my niggaz used to laugh at me
But nowwww, I'm on top of my game
But nowwww, and ain't a damn thing changed
From ghetto superstar to Coca-Cola
All my people locked down got, nothin but love for ya
Stay stroooong, cause we know it ain't easy
Come hooooome, cause we miss you on the streets
Listen, +Sweet Ladies+, how you gonna act like that?
It's your +Baby Boy+, holla back, back
So let me take you down my memory lane
Reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days, ohhhhhh girl

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Tyrese - over Chorus]

Let me take you back
Down my memory lane, yeah
Said I got somethin to share with you, yeah
Na-nana-na-na-na-na-nahhhh
Down my memory lane baby!
Baby yeah, na-nana-na-na-na-nahhhh

Take you back, yeahhhh
Reminiscin 'bout my ghetto days
Mmmmm, ohhh-ohh-ohh na-na-nahhhh
Oh-ohhhhhhhh...

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