

## Geddy Lee

### "Da Way We Were"

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[Chorus: Mathematics]

It was the good life, we rolled dice, with not much, but  
hung tough  
With grandmas, and grandpas, my Old Earth, my great  
pops  
With hustlers that hustled and pimps that played  
And O.G.'s that never played, Mac ten's that sprayed  
From park jams and projects, parades lead to forty  
Southside seventeen, Sufton bully shorties  
Seven crowns, one eighteen, the Gods we get down  
Lakewood to Inwood, it's all good, it's my town

[Mathematics]

Back in the days: New Birth, Chi-Lites and O'Jays  
Sang the roots, they hit the stage, they hit the stage  
They hit the stage, they hit the stage  
It was set in a mack and mo'  
Yellow Caddy, roof down, deckin' slow mo  
Grim hat to the side, feather in it  
Burgundy, pimpin' on a stroll for a minute, now  
How you doin' this morning, Miss Johnson?  
She's crouchin', snatchin' up the weeds from out her  
garden  
I beg your pardon, and catch you down at the pool hall  
Where we can play a game, smoke a tray and drink  
some alcohol  
Placin' numbers, catch each one as they sprintin'  
And printin', numbers in there heads like it's printed  
Fur coats, minks, and canes, pops givin' me  
Shots on the low, moms blastin' Al Green  
"I'm Still In Love With You", Kool-Aid, hot grits  
New skits, fist fights, black-eyes and fat lips  
Gangs with chains and motorcycles, family rivals  
You fight one, you fight all, if have too  
Afro's and picks, chicks double dutch  
They young, they cry "Black & Strong" as they strut  
No more, we shall overcome, they overcame  
A Black Panther, black liberation army and  
Brothers, who fought to hold the grain  
Sisters who bare these pains so there seeds could  
break these chains

Brain music: Curtis, Marvin and Teddy  
The Temptations, plus The Sweet Inspirations

[Chorus]

[Mathematics]

Ladies sung the blues, Smokey hit the high notes  
Coolie High lost Cochise a while ago  
It's been a long time coming  
Funny how things changed, Superfly Priest just left the  
game  
Cotton came to Harlem, last weekend  
It's peeking, fiends around nottin', creepkin' and  
sleakin'  
Eyes the size of watermelons, grits the size of fists  
Searchin' for the next fame to stick  
Slick daddy with the heroin, dust if you must  
Herb, free basic, you lust  
Goalie left his hoes on the stroll, dipped on the low  
Stabbed Pretty Tone and watched him blow  
James died in a car crash, J.J. felt the blast  
Penny got furnished beneath the cast  
Who seen our moms, last, baby, I'm back though  
What's Happening? Baretta's on the block with the four-  
four  
Him and Kojak fuckin' with Lamont and Rollo  
Some things never change, son, maybe tomorrow  
Or the day after, another chapter  
Wishin', aww shit, Huggy Bear, fuckin' snitchin'  
Chop his throat with them razors they be tuckin'  
That's for talkin', they hung his tongue and kept walkin'  
And headed down to the Bar Lounge  
To hear some soulful sounds, and drown a few rounds

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Mathematics]

What, nigga, what...

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