

## Broken Hope

### "Back in the Day"

Visit "[Back in the Day](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: little girl]

One, two, we comin' for you  
Cuffie Crime Family, -- for you  
One, two, we comin' for you  
Cuffie Crime Family, is comin' for you

[Chorus: Freemurda (sample)]

Back in the day, before I was a gangsta  
Before I had a two-way, before I had haters  
(What we gonna do right here is go back  
Go-go-go back, go-go-go back)

[Dana Dane]

Back in the day, it's been a while since I've been a child  
But even then, I had impeccable style  
Chugalug, chugalug, three dice in a cup  
Yo, put down one, you can pick up four bucks  
What you know about that, or being in front the building  
Stick ball, punch ball, parents give to children  
Before the New York Lotto, a dollar and a dream  
Runnin' illegal numbers, got young Dane cream  
That's when Puma and Fila was hot in the streets  
I had British and Valley, wallabies on the feet  
God bless Biggie and that nigga Jermaine  
But nobody had the Gucci frames before Dana Dane  
That when hip hop was young and so was I  
You better do what you can now, cuz time flies by  
Fort Green original, Dana Dane the original  
Kangol Crew, '83, respect the original

[Chorus]

[Freemurda]

Yo, 1982, I came through  
August, I burst out my moms womb  
There goes a gangsta from out a dark room  
C.C.F., ain't a cartoon  
On Friday, man this is Cuffie Crime Fam  
We supply yay', we move like the highway  
Real fast, I'm try'nna see some real cash  
Become made like Billy Bath

Back in the days, my niggas would post up  
Adidas suits, my goons was roped up  
Before I had to go to school wit a bow-cut  
Where the whole class laughed, I had to go nuts  
Came back to school wit Dirty's rope chain  
Rockin', no white tee wit no name  
Wit my face on it, that's about to go to post  
Wit my face on it, put your cake on it

[Shacronz]

Before I got dough or had a hot flow  
I used to sip Calvin coolers rock a leases and lottos  
Back flips made mud pies, live the hard one  
Five sixty N.V., Ty Teeney, tart one  
Suck togas out of turn styles wit straws  
Blues jams forced through rocks of the roof kick doors  
Made my verse buckin' Key Food packin' bags  
Takin' bites from the heist, jackin' mags  
Grabbin' ass, no chicks like me  
Stole cars out of parking lots, to see me wasn't likely  
Swept hair in barbershops, summer jobs at Mr. Carter  
spot  
Or go to Miss Cooper, work for housing wit the super'  
Fort Green wreck, high energy, breathe team  
Calvin Klein, AJ, Wranglers and Lee Jeans

"Go back - go back - go-go-go-go-go back"

[Chorus 2X]

"Go back" - scratched until the end

Visit [Broken Hope](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.