

Juelz Santana "Good Times"

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You know me, yeah you niggaz know me
Been searchin' for good times man
Can't seem to find none, must be lost
We'll get 'em back though

I look around like where the good times at?
I'm just tryin' to bring the good times back, back
I look around like where the good times at?
Man, I'm just tryin' to bring the good times back, come
back

Do you remember? Them good old things
Tag, Skelly, the good old games
Yeah, those was the good old days
Every hustler had good cocaine

'Member New Now
That good old grease, for them good old waves
'Member that good old fade, 'remember that good old
brush
You kept in your back pocket after that good old cut

'Member them good old block parties and cookouts
Everybody on the block party and cookout
Nobody get shot during the cookout
Maybe a fight, niggaz box during the cookout

Niggaz laugh, shout during the cookout
"Damn! How you get knocked out during the cookout"
'Member your good old fam
'Member that one dude you could count on, ya good
old man

'Member that good old jam, that drove you crazy
Made you just wanna hold your lady
'Member goin' to that good old flick, wit your good old
chick
Didn't make you a trick

'Member waitin' for them good old holidays
Broke or not, they was good old holidays
As long as you had your good old Auntie

Your good old Nanny, your good old family, yup

I look around like where the good times at?
I'm just tryin' to bring the good times back, back
I look around like where the good times at?
I'm just tryin' to bring the good times back, come back,
come back

Won't you, won't you come on back to me?
Won't you, won't you come on back to me?
Come back, won't you come on back to me?
Won't you, won't you come on back to me?

Do you remember? Them good old nights
Smokin', drinkin', them good old dice
To the deuce you rolled twice
Ace, damn gotta pay that good old price

'Member them good old Yo! MTV Raps
Man, I hope they bring Yo! MTV back
'Member walkin' through them good old streets
New MJ's on ya good old feet

'Member that good old chain you used to wear
You ain't know if it was fake, you didn't care
'Member that good old money you got
That knot wit the good old 20 on top

Do ya 'member those good things, 'member those
hood things
'Member feelin' those hood pains
'Member them good old fiends you used to have
Pitch for you them good old fiends would make you
laugh

'Member the times you shared with the ones you love
Lost the ones above
'Member all the things you wanted to be
Doctor, lawyer, knew at least one you could be

'Member that good old dream you used to have
Similar to the one Dr. King used to have
'Member everything about those good old days
That make you say the good old's changed

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