

## Ludacris "Growing Pains (remix)"

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Okay, I remember the days, high rights, low lefts  
Even Stevens and fades, troops, Lottos, and B K's  
Those was the days, high tech boots spray painted  
witcha names

T-shirts airbrushed that read the same  
Thick herringbone chain, one gold with yo' initial  
Harris Photos, group shots, can you remember?  
Barry him told his bitch go to the prom and die  
Didn't lie shot his-self in the head with the 4-5

When she disobeyed, had North Clayton crazed  
Just to reiterate dog those was the days  
Fo' the invasions of haters, man crews from all around  
used to get down at True Flavas, bumpin' Key Lo  
Rockin' Damage, Cross Colour and Paco  
While playboys stepped in talent shows  
Prom night, tux and Kangol was so cool  
Fuck them new model cars we ridin' old school  
(Old school)

We were tryin' so hard, hard to survive  
'Cause even though we were young, we had to stay  
strong  
No matter what we went through, it was me and my  
crew  
And that's how it went when we were kids

In 3 months we stayed in Jamestown, Hamwood and  
Diplomats  
Played with Transformers, G.I. Joe's and Thundercats  
We was lovin' that before they started jackin' jacks  
For notes from Red Oaks had folks scared to come  
through  
College Park after dark, Crown Victorias police  
unmarked cars  
Be aware, Wayne Williams was out there, but we ain't  
care  
Kids was gettin' stabbed and ditched out there too  
busy playin'

Double dare ya touch shorty on the ass, that's a bet  
Want your Kool-Aid and sugar, smack your hands and

say "sweat"

It's mine now place it in my Louis Vuitton pouch  
Thump a nigga on his knuckles make him say "Ouch"  
Slouch socks, box Chevy Caprice  
Hot Niss, cut da whole Disturbin' Tha Peace  
Wit no conscience, broke niggaz call 'em nonsense  
No comments, it's Lil' Fate payin homage to College  
Park

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I had a Long John but no Silver, no gold or plat  
I was simply red from the years, I been holdin' back  
With two sides to a book I lick stamps and light  
matches  
And set fires in garbage pales and cabbage patches  
A child of the corn been wild since I was born  
Climbin' over barbed wire, clothes got torn  
Shoes got muddy and my click turned cruddy  
Wherever I go they went they my buddies

I brush teeth, brush naps and calm streets  
Dreamin' of Cadillacs, wood wheels and plush seats  
Cats with gold teeth and raps with such beats  
Macks with no grief and some sacks of green leaf  
When I loaded my cap gun I was ready for action  
Starin' at beer cans and a moment to crack one  
Wanna hang with the big boys and play with the big  
toys  
And be with the people makin' all that got damn noise,  
man

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