

## Mic Geronimo

# "Things Ain't What They Used To Be"

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[Royal Flush Intro]

Word... Things ain't what they used to be out here, man  
Ain't no more easy living, no more man  
You best to recognize, man, it's a struggle out here,  
man

We forced to do, what we got to do, to survive  
It wasn't nothing like this back in the days, man  
Word, shit got to change

Verse 1 [Mic Geronimo]

Increasing murders, Three-strike life servers, burners,  
informers

Guiliani's crews on us

The heat's just like the guns that we bust shot up  
Poisoning the little ones, now they grow corrupt  
It's different stages, environment got most vision  
tainted

Murals on the corner, Rest in Peace now a painting  
Haters seeing the dehumanization of a being  
But worst of all most of y'all don't know what I'm  
meaning

And strange days, time seems to move so fast  
Only concerns is the cash, and a whip to match  
See this life is like a bid but it won't do me  
And it's funny nothings really like it used to be, one,  
two

[Chorus, with Marvin Gaye singing]

Well things ain't what they used to be

4x

Verse 2 [Mic Geronimo]

The epidemics, narcotics, paramedics  
Everybody eager at a party just to wet it  
And felonies, armed robberies, and sprees  
Higher rates on a key, ghetto love disease  
More discreetly you choose, who to fucking trust

Nowadays bulletproof, and a Phills a must  
Most of us serving, or peeling the yardage on the  
charges  
Incarcerated cut-off from the world, disregarded  
Crack babies retardly born, dis-formed  
And fathers known for shooting China-White inside  
they arm

Desert Sickness, planet Earth at it's illest  
Strategically the illest, plan a man in specifics  
Life is like a bid, but it won't do me  
Mentally these are the things that I should not see  
And I'm standing here, counting all the casualties  
Cause things ain't nothing really like they used to be,  
one, two  
[Chorus] 4x  
Verse 3 [Mic Geronimo]  
Like a night sky  
saw the darker levels, leading teams of rebels  
And steaming these streets, just like kettles  
Dime minds can rarely walk the concrete, eroded  
Playing, I made a folding, off the cards I was holding  
Young, Stand between you, from the phantom, ghetto  
backs drops a cannon  
Life at understanding, a maturity stage  
Still a thug, and some will stay the same, for most of  
his days  
Flushing to South Jamaica raids, saw the time change  
hands  
Caravans go to MP's after that Lex Lands  
And it's bugged just the product of  
I came to be, and it's funny nothings really like it used  
to be, one, two  
[Chorus]

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