

## Ahmad

# "Back in The Day"

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Back in the days when I was young I'm not a kid  
anymore  
But some days I sit and wish I was a kid again  
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Back in the days

When I just a little niggerole, I looked up to my bigger  
bro  
Begged if I could kick it so when he went out with girls  
I could go taggin' along naggin' if she had a sis maybe  
Could mack a baby hood rat

Y'all remember way back then, when it was 1985  
All the way live, I think I was about ten  
One of those happy little niggaz singin' the blues  
That be always tryin' to bag with the shag and karate  
shoes

Sayin', "Yo momma black, his momma this, his  
momma that"  
Then he get mad and wanna scrap  
We stay mad about, ten minutes then it's like back on  
the bike  
To play hide and go get it with the younger hoes by the  
bungalows

Then switch to playin' ding dong ditch, when that gets  
Old and too cold to hack it, threw on a bomber jacket  
You could tell the ballers 'cuz they bell wearin' gazelles  
If they really had money raised be sportin' BK's

And, all the girls had they Turkish link  
If it broke then they made earrings to it, like they meant  
to do it  
But sometimes, I still sit and reminisce  
Then think about the years I was raised, back in the  
days

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Back in the days, but now the year is '87  
'88 that's when my crew and I were in junior high  
In 7th grade, I hated school  
Wish it'd blown up  
No doubt I couldn't wait to get out  
And be a grownup

But let me finish this reminescin' and tellin'  
'Bout when girls was bellin' tight courderoys like for the  
boys  
Basket weaves, Nike court airs, and footsie socks  
And eatin' pickles, with tootsie pops

And it don't stop, I'm glad 'cuz when J.J. fad hit  
Supersonic it was kinda like a sport to wear biker shorts  
Or, to wear jeans and it seemed like the masses  
Of hoochies, had poison airbrushed on they asses

Dudes, had on Nike suits, and the pumas with  
The fat laces, 'cuz it was either that or K-Swiss  
I miss those days, and so I pout like a grown jerk  
Wishin' all I had to do now, was finish homework

It's true, you don't realize really what you got till it's  
gone  
And I'm not, gonna sing another sad song  
But sometimes I do sit and reminisce then  
Think about the years I was raised, back in the days

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Niggerole, I figure that now I'm all grown up  
Because I'm eighteen years old and guess you could  
say I'm holdin'  
Down a steady job and crew steady mobbin'  
You steady bobbin your head and I'm paid, so I got it  
made

But, didn't always have clout, used to live in south  
central L.A  
That's where I stayed and figured a way out  
I gave it all I had so for what it's worth  
I went, from rags to riches which is a drag but now I'm  
first

So Ahmad and the Jones is on our way up  
Yup, we said that we was gonna make it since a kid  
And we finally did, but sometimes I still sit and  
reminence  
Think about the years I was raised, back in the days

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And everybody say  
I remember way back when  
And everybody say  
I remember way back when

And everybody say

I remember way back when  
What?  
Back in the day  
When?  
Back in the day

And everybody say  
I remember way back when  
And everybody say  
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