Trick Daddy
''Back In Da' Days''

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(Chorus)
Back in the days
It wasn't no AIDS
It wasn't no AK's
More afros than braids
Wasn't nuttin for a boy to get a straight fade
But not no mo
Niggaz done twist up the fro
Let it lock and grow
Quick to go to gunplay bout that fro
Nigga you don't know

And I'm thinkin bout when
Round the time i was ten
And way before the pen
The worst thing i ever remember seeing
Was a boy get his whole head bashed in
But now they gettin blown off
Whole chest torn off
Whole block roped off
Two clips in his house for fuckin round
Runnin off at his damn mouth
Yep back in the days it wadn't bout fame
And it wudn't bout a name
Plus it wudn't no thang
To kill a nigga and do the rest of ya life in the chain
gang
But na shit done changed
And I know it seem strange
But I'm a maintain
So I'm a stack my flow and say "fuck you hoes"
stay the fuck out the chain gang

(Chorus)

Some hoes no shame
Other hoes play games
See they'll fuck ya for the fame
And when the heat is on and they cant hang
Theyll give them crackers yo name
Thell say it under oath

And swear to tell the truth
Run down what ya do
How ya clown wit ya crew
Along with that a list of shit like who fucked in who house
Tell a ho about ya spot
Where ya threw away the glock
But every bitch that ya shot
Every key that ya caught
And every car that ya drop
The ninety-seven drop tops
And them Carolina trips
And then they grill you the flip
Time and date when ya dip
Every deal you done dealt
And every crib you done built
With no muthafuckin guilt
Back in tha days
It wudn't none a this
Ya couldn't pay a bitch to snitch
It just goes to show that
Fuck niggaz and slimy hoes make the world flip the script

(Chorus)

See back in the days
All pimps got paid
And all hoes got slayed
Alot a money got saved
And every playa had it made
In Dade
We was slayed before then
Boys was made before then
Way before them
Raisin poor men
With no choice
Way before them
But na shit done changed
I mean a nigga done came
Ya done took our name
We done peeped yall game
Ya ovalooked our pain
Man, and we aint tryin to be friends
Ya wudn't tryin back then
Had a problem with my skin
Got together with ya clan
And send a young poor black man
Straight to the pen
Ya had beef with the blacks
But na the blacks got the gats

So if a cracker talk slick his ass gon get whacked
And you can bet that
See nigga
Back in the days
I was young and afraid
So dumb in a way
I was trapped in a maze
So hey

(Chorus)