

# Tyrese "Ghetto Days"

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Yeah, right

Compton, South Central, Watts  
Long Beach, Inglewood, East L.A.  
West Coast for life  
Live and die for this shit

Yeah, when I was young livin' life on the run  
11 years old, real life, no goals  
Sneakin' little sips in the cut  
I'm takin' lil' hits in the cut

Before they even called me Kurupt  
Ridin' down the blocks I'ma tell you how I grew up  
I was always in the mix, too young for sticks  
Ty, tell 'em 'bout that Watts experience

In Watts, a \*\*\*\* couldn't wait for the summertime  
Backyard barbecues, yeah, that'll free your mind  
We stay fallin' off them ice cream trucks  
All my \*\*\*\* nickel-baggin' it, hustlin' bucks

You could catch me in the middle of the street  
Slapboxin' with my \*\*\*\* Porky  
And as I take you down my memory lane  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days, let 'em know

Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days  
Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days

Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days  
Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days

I ain't change \*\*\*\*, I'm just busy  
\*\*\*\* bein' broke \*\*\*\* I'm filthy  
Got a problem with me holla at me, I'll be back in six  
months  
I'm on the road gettin' my money up

And I remember all the young soldiers in the hood  
tryin' to gang bang  
Slang a nickel bag screamin' money ain't a thing  
For real, I know exactly how y'all feel  
I'm reppin' black and brown pride, Westside 'til I die,  
c'mon

I got a lot of rider in me, I was thinkin'  
Couple years older, 14 smokin' and drinkin'  
Thinkin' 'bout Uncle Jam's army, the old folks love me  
I'm just gettin' up in the game, the gang bang  
[Incomprehensible]

Crenshaw was crackin', doin' that they got Schwinn's  
On Sundays watchin' all the big homies spin  
I want Dana's, 'cause that's all I see  
That's like the Army, with Dana's you all you could be, I  
reminisce

I used to love eatin' polly seeds and chico sticks  
Watch me jump up in the bush to play, hide-go-get-it,  
I'm wit it  
And all them hoodrats used to hold us down on the  
block  
Reminisclin' 'bout my first piece of \*\*\*\*\*, yeah

Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminisclin' 'bout my ghetto days  
Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminisclin' 'bout my ghetto days

Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminisclin' 'bout my ghetto days  
Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminisclin' 'bout my ghetto days

Truth is, I ran away when I was 5 years old  
Ran 'til my And-1's had holes in the soles  
I had three silk shirts, two pair of Girbauds  
Spent the night at Boo's house, we was sharin' his  
clothes

Mom's left me out in the cold  
Worse than that my man took five shots and he ain't  
lose his soul  
I was livin' with a blind man's vision  
And no matter how hard I tried, I could never see  
prison

And to all my dead homies, we don't pour out liquor

We just poke our chest out and say, "We miss y'all  
\*\*\*\*"

We were scared of gang-bangers, walked to school in  
groups  
Argued who was the best MC, Ice Cube or Snoop

Damn, I miss my ghetto days  
Whether it was Coca-Cola or straight coke we found a  
way  
Hey, and the memories of Eazy and 'Pac  
California, we all we got, we got, we got

Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days  
Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days

Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days  
Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days

I remember when I used to say I wanna rap and sing  
All my \*\*\*\* used to laugh at me  
But now, I'm on top of my game  
But now, and ain't a damn thing changed

From ghetto superstar to Coca-Cola  
All my people locked down got nothin' but love for ya  
Stay strong, 'cause we know it ain't easy  
Come home, 'cause we miss you on the streets

Listen, sweet ladies, how you gonna act like that?  
It's your baby boy, holla back, back  
So let me take you down my memory lane  
Reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days, ohh girl

Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days  
Let me take you back, ohh  
I'm reminiscin' 'bout my ghetto days

Let me take you back, ohh  
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