

Tyrese "Ghetto Dayz"

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(feat. The Game, Kurupt)

[Intro]

Yea, right

Compton, South Central Watts, Longbeach, Engelwood

(I'm reminiscing bout my ghetto dayz)

West Coast for life, live and die for this shit

(I'm reminiscin bout my ghetto dayz)

When i was young living life on the run,
Eleven years old real life no goals,
Sneaking little sips in the cut,
Before they even called me Kurupt,
Ridin down the block so ima tell you how i grew up,
I was always in the mix, too young for sticks
Ty tell em about that Watts experience

In Watts, a nigga couldn't wait for the summer time
Back yard barbeque yea that'll free your mind,
We stayed fallin of them ice cream trucks,
All my niggas nickel baging it and hustling bucks,
You could catch me in the middle of the streets
Slap boxing with my nigga Porky,
And as i take you down my memory lane
I'm reminiscin bout my ghetto dayz
Let em know

Let me take you back ooooooo (I'm reminiscin bout my
ghetto dayz)

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I aint changed nigga, Im just busy
Fuck bein broke nigga, I'm filthy
Got a problem wit me holla at me I'll be back in 6
months
I'm on the road gettin my money up
And I remember all the young soldiers in the hood

Tryin to gang bang slingin nickel bags
Screamin money aint a thing, for real
I know exactly how yall feel
I'm reppin black and brown pride
West Side til I die

I got a lot of rider in me
I was thinkin, couple years older
14 smokin and drinkin
Thinkin bout uncle jame's army
The old folks love it
I'm just gettin up in the game
And gang bang bubbly
Crinshaws crackin, durin the day got schwinns
On sundays watchin all the big homies spin
I won't dance
Cuz thats all I see
Thats like the army
Thats all you can be

I used to love feedin polices and cheap coast
Watch me jump up in the push
And play hide and go get it I'm wit it
And all the hoodrats used to hold us down on the block
Reminiscin bout my first piece of cock

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Truth is I ran way when I was 5 years old
Ran til my And 1's had holes in the soles
I had 3 silk shirts, 2 pairs of jebose
Spent the night at boo's house, we was sharin his
clothes
Moms left me out in the cold
Worst that that my man took 5 shots and aint lose his
soul
I was livin w/ 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 rout liquor
We just poke our chests out, and say we miss ya
niggas
We was scared of gang bangers, walked to school in

groups
Argued who was the best MC, Ice Cube or Snoop
Damn, I miss my ghetto dayz
Whether it was Coca Cola or straight coke
We found a way
Hey and the memories of EZ and Pac
California we all we got

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I remember when I used to say I wanna rap and sing
All my niggas used to laugh at me
But now, I'm on top of my game
But now, it aint a damn thing changed
Ghetto superstar to coca cola
All my people locked down, got nothin but love for ya
Stay strong, cuz I know it aint easy
Come home, cuz we miss ya on the streets
Sweet ladies how you gonna act like that
Its your baby boy holla back
So let me take you down my memory lane
Reminiscin bout my ghetto dayz

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