

Paris "Back In The Days"

Visit "[Back In The Days](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Back in the day 1986
Me and Mad Mike puttin' records in the mix
Doin' party after party highschoools and jam
Back before the Glock was king
And brothas sport like men
Makin' demo after demo tryin' to come up quick
It's funny how niggas treat you when you aint got shit
But now i kept on cause pops told me
Never to let anybody in the way where i try to get
It was me and D.R. freakin' with the funk
Had a system in the trunk
And it was on, Friday night the party's jumpin'
Summer time hits had the system straight pumpin'
And belive me even though we had no loot
Everybody knew that we was fence
To come up soon
I still remember them days
They was crazy but now they gone
It aint nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days...

1990 fresh out of college
Public and the media settin' niggas up with knowledge
And I love it cause without them
There would be no me
Took a trip down to Oakland
Heard the minister speak, felt deep
And shortly I was in
On while forever down for my people
Till the day that I die
That's when devil made me do it
It was made
I still remember the days
Still remember the rage
And I was into everyday
Building, trying to be much more
Took a trip down to Cuba
Met Assata Shakur
Had dinner with the ???
Talked about old times
And now America's steady tryin' to destroy minds
And when I got back it seemed much clearer to me

And when my cousin went to war he was only 19
I still remember them days
They was crazy but now they gone
It aint nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days...

1992 when i'm a ???
Cause a couple homies past away
Before their time
And even though i'm movin' unity
Schoolin' better than most and it aint the same
Cause I still feel pain and I'm tryin' to coup
And everyday's gettin' clearer to me
Cause if it aint guns and drugs
It's the pigs and HIV
And now i'm lookin' for a way
To try to fight it back
But you see it's votin' time
And now you wanna ban Rap
Thought I was Butts
Playin' by your rules
Sleepin' With The Enemy
Was album number two
Let's take a look around
And see which one of you all
Gotta balls to put me out
Here's a middle finger off for all you
Tripped for a minute but before too long
A young brotha said: "Fuck it!"
And a label was born
I still remember them days
They was crazy but now they gone
It aint nothin' like it used to be but yo
Now it's 94 and i'm servin' album number three
How many fake wanna-be Gees do i see?
Now we're back to days of the nigga and the bitch
No deposit, no return, it's a trip, I check my grip
And realize that it's all in your mind
Mothafuck you and that fake gangsta shit
I stays righterous and serv'em with the dope
Should a truth get a clue?
Monkey see, monkey do
Back in the days

Visit [Paris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.