

Paris "The Days Of Old"

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Verse 1

Reminisclin' back when I was only a child
Back in the days of livin' carefree lifestyles
As long as we wasn't caught bein' bad was cool
and we were never at a loss for something to get into
Children in the neighbourhood down at the park
Sunny days when we played at the old schoolyard
where kickin' it live was a familiar scene
Kenny M. and Big Gene know what I mean
But nowadays it seems life just ain't the same
Everybody's involved in the game or a gang
and when we die, it seem like nobody cares
It ain't no love in they cold-hearted stares
Thinkin' of payback, of makin' a hit
Now Cowboys and Indians become real-life shit
and life means nothin' when the heart is cold
It ain't the same as the days of old.

Yeah...it ain't the same as the days of old.

Verse 2

It's a unity thing, much love for my people here
But what good is love if the people don't really care?
The triggers are cold at the O.K. Corral
but it ain't O.K. when my people live foul
Another sad case of the black-on-black
It's a fact, some of our people don't know how to act
Can't go to the club, can't to the store
Can't chill with your girl, can't go to the show
Can't do anything without some fool actin' up
You start to believe that black folk are savage but
before you do, allow me to say
that in the old days we didn't act that way, see
Kings and Queens were the names of the righteous
but the sons of slaves are insane and we might just
self-destruct and erupt without a chance to grow
This ain't the days of old.

Damn...this ain't the days of old.

I don't know...c'mon.

[Sound bite of George Bush]

There is no match for a united America...a determined
America...an
angry America...our outrage against the ploy unites us,
brings us
together behind this one plan of action - an assault on
every front.

Better wake up...

Verse 3

So I say, what will it take before we change up?
Some more of us dead, or more of us locked up?
Or maybe even more of us will blame the white man
before we understand now the problem's not him
What I'm tellin' ya is actual fact
I'm ain't pro-human cuz all humans ain't pro-black
Remember in your mind that there still exists
a plan to bring down a black fist
See the struggle is uphill, life's at a standstill
Jack popped Jill now he don't act real
And every livin' moment got her singin' the blues
Her sole provider can't afford the baby's shoes
That's the cycle so many of us go through
America's black holocaust continues
and I just hope we wake up soon before we fold
I miss the days of old.

Damn...I miss the days of old.

Listen...it ain't the same as the days of old

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