

Damnation Lyrics by Acheron

"Remember When"

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(*talking*)

Say L, hold these keys man
What kind of wheels is those brah
(man them boys got 20's dog, Lorenzos)
Man, I ain't never seen shining like that
Say H.A.W.K, what y'all use to do fool
When you was growing up

[H.A.W.K]

I use to sit and watch the Flinstones, Gucci rolls and
herringbones
Bezel sets and baguettes, while talking on my cell
phone
From Bo-Bo's to Air Macs, low cars to horse backs
Hoopties to Cadillacs, water guns to chrome gats
Levis to Guess jeans, black and white to big screens
Six by nine to 18's, Bumsalack to sipping lean
Regals with white walls, 20 inch with screens fall
Michael Jackson off the wall, to MJG and 8Ball
Screw house to wrecking flows, to BET on videos
Zig-zags and yellow bags, to Glad sacks and optimos
Fist fight to gun play, sawed-offs to a.k.'s
Spitting flows at talent shows, as the H-A-W-K
Riding on the Metros, pushing a six double O
Smoking ccess to endo, fill it up with petro
Fixing on my lego, let go of my ego
Get in with my little bro, getting up when the rooster
blow

[Lil Flip]

I remember Kangaroos and afro curls, always running
after girls
Trying to sneak in Natural World, BB gun shooting at
the squirrels
Candy red on tricycles, training wheels on bicycles
Sugar Daddy's, Pixie Stix, peppermints and side pickles
Loaded toes and Scooby Doo, some of the things we
use to do
Roller skate now roller blades, Ivy Leagues to holding
fades
Blow-Pop rings and diamond things, herringbones to

bezeltines
Cadillacs to limousines, ironing jeans to being clean
GI Joes to Tonka toys, eating Willy Wonka boy
Riding in my uncle's car, wanting to become a star
Having dreams to be like Mike, hooping in my all black
Nikes
Flying kites and shooting dice, sneaking in the movies
twice
Staying up and watching Cops, walking outside in
Michael socks
Being afraid of chicken pox, check my bowl on
Magnavox
Running up and down my block, sweating cause the
sun is hot
I use to ride the city bus, now I'm pulling Hummers out

[AP]

I remember brothers getting dumped off, in ditches
and bayous
Boys gave head jobs, and all I saw was hairdo's
Pimps drove Lacs and dob hats, with chrome gats
Hustlers stack paper, with the players and macs
Police burns in the hood, because somebody just got
jacked
Every girl I slam they call, I told em call me back
Haters got backhanded, because they were always
talking smack
Instigators chit chat, and were known for spreading
rumors
Ballers went from stabs, to buying more of consumers
I use to eat on tuna, now it's shrimp and caviar
I use to be a virgin, now I have menage tois
I use to drink on soda, now I'm sipping mixed with bar
I use to stay in the ghetto, now I'm a ghetto superstar
I recall when I couldn't rap, now my rap game's up to
par
From then to now it's funny, Jabos to Armani
AP became a business man, that's all about his money

[Mista Madd]

Back in the days I was young, I'm not a kid anymore
But sometimes, I wish that I could be a kid again
I use to wear a swatch watch, now I only wear Movado
Went from bare foot on a bus, to holding keys to Monte
Carlos
Now it's a big body Expedition, showing my naked ass
provado
Went from hood to all good, shh playing a game like
huh brah
Backyard nickel and dime that, now boys be moving
birds

Use to carry my knife special, now it's gats and
smoking sherm
Use to mix at house parties, freestyling to Whodini
Now I'm signing rappers to paid in full, eating shrimp
and fetichini
Boy I use to ride big wheels, while wearing them Chuck
Taylors
Now it's Jordans, Air Macs, even pink-green gators
Use to be sneaking in Lover's Land, or at the drive-in
movies
Now it's Tinsel Town or Motel 6, where this hoe can do
me
Use to watch freestyle the man, or Rap City on BET
Now I star in sitcoms, movies and got my own video
show on t.v., what

[Redd]

Should of seen it I was right there, when a problem
jumped off
Rounds got dumped off, leaving niggas bumped off
Always trying to get the hook up, leaving your girl
shook up
Women breaking my pager, phone line you can't look
up
We had ice on us, merchandise on us
Busting at other hoods, when they had a price on us
Listening to flow tapes, people saying rewind it
Pulling out my piece, and bystanders get blinded
From winter to summer time, there wasn't no leaving
our block
When the laws made it hot, we was freezing our block
Man we got enough money, to make my neck look
pretty
Cause we done made enough money, to make my
check look pretty
Rapping at talent shows, saying phrase too frequent
though
Niggas talk about Fasachi, we roll that in Regal though
Seein niggas Redd capping on, the comedy bout my
chaperone
My dress code is casual, but all of a sudden I'm
valuable

(*talking*)

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