

Buddha Monk f/ Mr. Tibbs

"Missing You"

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[Intro: Buddha Monk]

Another Frank B. production, huh?

I miss them days... oh, oh, oh, oh, you know what?

I miss them days, days

I miss them days, days

[Buddha Monk]

I remember them days, where everyone used to play

Had to sit in my window and watch them play

It was one of them hot days, where you can sit, and
watch girls legs

But mom didn't play, she had me doing grown men
things

Michael, Mums and Marvin, too

Those were my dogs from 1-7-0, New York Avenue

We used to, run down the halls, knock on people's
doors

Run down the stairs when they opened up they doors

Get a dollar fifty, head to the Chinese store

Get three fifty cent rices with lots of duck sauce

Play back tag, your it, ain't that a bitch?

Went and got quarters, who didn't play, didn't snitch

Ma, throw down some money, the ice cream man is
coming

Loved banana splits, where my ice cream kept running

I miss those days, I treasure those days

If I could do it all again, I wouldn't change a thing

[Chorus: Mr. Tibbs]

I'm really missing you... I'm not a kid anymore...

I'm really missing you... Son, speak ya mind...

I'm really missing you... I'm not a kid anymore...

I'm really missing you...

[Buddha Monk]

It was the life of Levi jeans and name plate rings

All Day I Dream About Sex was the thing

At three o'clock, it was Run-Run Sharp

A soda and a hero, watching who got killed, dog

After that, we run all back outside

Trying backflips, playing good and bad guys

Matchbox cars, flipping baseball cards
Scouting we cadets, and believing in God
Who can forget Mr. Spacey, who gave me my first job
Selling beef patties to Tracey and Rob
He told me, rush heavy, love life, if I can do that
Then why he wouldn't teach me how to touch a girl right
That's why I love hanging with the older gods
They taught me love, honor, respect, any woman that's
mine
If I could turn back the clocks, just one more time
I wouldn't change nothing, just have fun times

[Chorus]

[Buddha Monk]

As we get a little older, yeah things do change
The life of a thug cat, with a plan for big things
Fam ain't ya fam, homies ain't ya homies
Your girl ain't ya girl, she be sleeping with Tony
Watch the news, Bin Ladin blew the World Trade
Flags are everywhere, yeah we live another day
Gas is high just like acid's high
You gotta run down on it, nigga, just to get by
Drop top Benz, suburban in the wind
White wall tires with them twenty inch rims
I miss those days, I love those days
If I could it all again, I wouldn't change a thing

[Chorus]

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