

## Tommy Tee

### "Flashbacks"

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Time is short and flies fast  
makes me never forget what happened in the past  
But ten years in a blast,  
i guess thats why some of my memories are vast

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everyknow we knock'em dead  
we never knew who was the knocklehead  
what my belt,bucle said would get me som respect  
suposed to beeing perfect  
my life was always a mess  
thats why i need to get it of my chest,i remeness  
kids with blades robbing snipes from the west  
on the sevententh of may we're arraging faces  
chases by a cop,play inalienness  
we were ininanfamous,myth like the monster of loch  
ness  
nevertheless we kept it going to long  
its hardt to stay strong when two rights make a wrong  
when people live to fast the surely die to young  
and so it drops down on my soul like a bomb  
who'd ever think we kept the beat that rocks  
and represent man,on your person or boombox

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we used to play poker with pocket change pots  
robbin' lockers for pocket change lout cuts  
liftin' shops for levi's and chevin' your jackets  
sneaking out the back door with suprisepackage  
89' that was the time when a bunch of kids  
declared war against the fifth line  
those were the days of growin' up my man  
walk was bombin' every single block up in the

boomdocks  
as my groove move forth  
everybody at the party started trippin' and locked their  
doors  
and when i got my shot i never missed  
cause i never aimed high when i was a little kid  
time flyes but i never forgett the things i did  
and the people that i used to hang with  
remember the trains that we used to bomb emmet  
remember the days outside seven eleven  
someting,somwhen time was faint  
but today i think i spend time efficient  
worse then peace cats,i wish somethings were  
different  
dude,remember we marked cards and played  
blackjack  
so if we lost our money we would that cash back  
flashbacks from the good times of 89'  
no cameras on the station and no guards along the line  
whenever fine,time is short and flyes fast  
makes me never forgett hvat happened in the past

parts and slices of a life that were nice  
were blowing dust of the ancient mices  
mad memories shaped like blades and sharp knives  
you stabbed me in the heart in the great shapes of  
night  
tights the way we used to stick together in my click 92  
we'd be hooking up with the atomic  
free bandits the time caught up with  
i panicked,what i saw i was a grown up kid  
enough said,i never forgett how we did  
i let the past be the past and look ahead

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back in the days  
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back in the days  
in the days,in the days

