

I was reminiscing in the kitchen drinkin thinkin about the past
Lookin for some records just diggin in the trash
Searching for something to ease a young little mind
Other little kids they run up on me from behind
They was laughin and point callin me out by my name
You nasty little nigga boy you need to be ashamed
I had no vinyl but I knew they knew where I live
They followed me and bothered me all the way to the crib, sayin
g

I-HI, I-HI
I-HI, I-HIIA

I ran up in my room took a look through my stack
Some of them where kool some were crick and some were cracked
Created a way to playem my technique was so alive
An nickel on a head to heel that scratched 4, 5
A lot of warped LP's look at how they swerve
Do you know what you listenin it's some shit you never heard
We was dancing swingin movin to the groove
But it's kinda hard to try to party when they lookin at my shoe
s, sayin

Did it again, yes you did motherfucker
I saw that everybody saw that, you fucked up

It's still the same ain't shit really changed
Some people gonna complain if you grown just gone and do your t
hang
Either rap or sang, but there's a chill
Take a chance if you will, try and enjoy everyday
When you're at work with no play
Cause either way somebody's gonna say