

Glory Days

Cormega

[Mega] Yea Spank, what up my nigga

[Spank] Sup, baby what's happenin'

[Mega] Yo son man, look at this shit man

times be fuckin' changin' man

Know what I'm sayin man

I wish we just go back sometimes

You know what I mean

[Spank] No doubt son, you know we all wish

that man, but we goin' through transition right now baby

[Mega] Son as long as I got my niggas with me

But let me reminisce yo

[Cormega]

I'm about to take your minds on a trip

'cause everytime I rhyme I kick 'The Realness'

Remember niggas used to take gold frames and snatch chains

Infact that changed, 'cause the error of the crack game was real

Mad nights, I used to daydream

Wishin' I could be the next Alpo? or Green? for Fourth Ring?

I used to be magnetized to fly rides

Had a scheme to get my cream and eventually rise

I became a little nigga gettin' money type often

Livin' the ill life, sportin' Nike Delta forces

I saw Scarface and got my first taste for power

I never knew grams of powder could make bags of dollars

I spent hours writin' graffiti

And niggas like Smitty made gettin' rich look real easy

Remember when...

Damn son you takin' a nigga back right now

[Chorus]

Yo, to all my ghetto legends, whether live or in the essence

Facing fed time or in a pearl white Lexus

Sometimes you gotta sit back and just analyze

Cause nothin' moves faster than the hands of time

[Cormega]

And I remember when the whole drug game was hot

Son a cop got shot, in Southside Queens

And tactical narcotics teams making headlines

Being big time could get you fed time

Undercover vibe, pouring out just like red wine

Mega keys, gettin' see's 'bout D's

I heard stories 'bout bulletproof 300 E's

Yo the mind of a analyst is mine so handle it

The way I right rhymes, considered a gift

I used to wish that I could be fly like Black Trent

Rockin' Fi-las, rhyme was the thing I couldn't de-ny

I used to read about supplies gettin' busted

'cause guys that they trusted, made deals with D.A.'s, minds corrupted

The feds estimated Fat Cat was gettin' millions

Black Ratti was the richest nigga in my building

Remember when...

Yea son was doing his thing

[Chorus]

[Cormega]

Before my story ends, rest in peace to Killa Ben

And live niggas memories you live again

Sometimes I close my eyes and just reminisce

And wonder how alotta cats got so rich

I can't forget RK, he introduced lots of loose rocks
A few cops, and alotta sales from rooftops, yea
You shoulda seen the deez when Will bought the red 3-Roller
Memories of those days are golden
Yea, for all my ghetto legends
Ever burrough, all my niggas who was thorough
Yea, knah mean
[Cormega talking]
Know what I'm sayin' son
Niggas was holdin' it down back then
Fat Cat, Tony Montana, Big Wall, Queen
Niggas for the team
Motherfuckin my man Supreme Magnetic and Four Green?
All them Brooklyn niggas
Alpo? and all them mobstyle niggas doin' it uptown
Boy George all them Bronx niggas
Niggas was seein' money back then son
The Glory Days, know what I'm sayin'
y'all niggas know what I'm talkin' 'bout, word