Throw Back Muzic '86

Kurupt

Yeah, Kurupt Young Gotti, Rider Redemption
Hey Mark, let's take them back in the days, to the real G shit
(back in the days)
Let's make it back!
(back in the days)

'86 golf pads, cocoa sacks, single sacks, nickel sacks, rumble packs, switching back, gunshot!
Throw back music, that throw back music! (back in the days)
Gangster roll R eight sevens, two elevens, one eight sevens, five point o mustang
Throw back music, that throw back music! (back in the days)

Yeah, back in the day, you can remember
Young dumb and full of cum
Horseman, full shades, John Mere bong
Used to live life with no fear
Fresh faced niggas getting thrown off the fence
 trucks motherfucker! Ever get jacked with a truck, motherfucker?
Crenshaw, Sunday nights was on deck
 the homies had curls and combs
The homies used to meet up on Mount Vern
D's push that Y
Riders die, homicide
Triple and double, with the hood to get under
It was all about fellas, banging with straight
And then came K's, and then spray paints
And when K spread, everything stopped!
This was after the 9, and before the Glock
Girls had braids so, so thick
You know we used to flip
Suzuki side kicks
Crack hit the hood, watch us work this game
S curls, K Swiss, Turkish chains
You had to pick a side to ride, rider
Dark blue khakis, black, green or flamed
Purple or dark brown, I tell you the reals!

Nigga, Washington High losing to Hawthorne High!
then they go and get high!
I got the alchool, remember 8-ball?
Every time you drink it, you break a niggaz jaw!
Co-ed Gym, what's the words?
I used to sneak some of the big homie's Thunderbirds!
The Latino homies, they own Budweiser
Mad Dog turning 20 into 22's
Lost in the hood
But it was all good!
Hit off Everything's game, insane in the brain
with the grape Kool-aid!
The big homies stayed, showing us things
Turned 16, started drinking Nitrene
Never gave a fuck, I had to do my own thing
Lost in the hood, couldn't move like I'm crippled
Before that I sipped some of grandma's Ripple!
Summertime, '86 mania
They let the vampires out of Transylvania!

Everybody banged out, everybody's hard
It's all about pushing lines, and pulling niggaz cars!
But one thing I just can't get used to
Is busters, let me show you what we used to do!

Come get high with me! Yeah, Kurupt, the one and only Kurupt Young Gotti
Neil Paul, Vitti, Stallone, The Juggernaut, Mad Deal, Hannibal the 8th, Troy Hood, nigga!
We're going to show you how we do it, this is the West Coast
Back in the days, this is how we used to roll, nigga!
Yeah, deadliest turpentine! Swallow that, you sucker ass niggaz!
We're going to keep it real hood!
Death row Records! Yeah, you know what I've got nigga! Gestapo! Pentagon!
Riders, we're doing this!

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