

## The Old Days

Phora

Its that type of joint that you burn, put in your system and row to.

I ain't got to spark a blunt I'm keeping it old school  
Just me and my music and my 03 camry, it ain't much but if it gets me to my girl shit I'll be happy

Rolling through my city passing streets I used to walk through.  
Memories of school and all the girls I used to talk to  
Flashbacks to the time when I drank my first mickeys, paint stains on my dickies, freight trains on a quickie.

Graff writers know what the fuck I'm talking about  
Member the very first time you got socked in the mouth? I do.

Every week I used to get my ass beat

All the times I ran from the cops coulda been a athlete.

I ain't tryna have cuffs on my wrists in the backseat...

so I'm running through your backyard like its a track meet

See, I ain't a criminal, just a youngster with problems and I don't show up to school cause the teachers say not to bother

Prolly cause they lost HOPE in our generation.

All I needed was some guidance and some elevation.

But they ain't have it so I tried to act cool and hung with the wrong crowd

Never follow the rules so I bump this song loud.

So selfish I never thought id make mom proud, now she taking pictures from the crowd she need a calm down.

Taggin me on Facebook every 4 minutes.

Never made a song without putting my soul in it

And this is only getting started, this is for my dearly departed, we out here living homieeee

I miss the way it was, reminiscing bout the old days. Miss the good times, back when everything was okay

Cause we had no worries, no cares... but nothing is the same, life just ain't fair

So REST IN PEACE to the peeps ill never see again.

I been seeing grandpa in moods I never seen him in

85 years old, still keeping it moving with a smile on his face saying "there's still room for improvement"

He ain't got a big house, and he still pushing a bucket.

But he taught me how to love life even when I had nothing

I rock my dirty chucks like they were jordans made of gold.

I keep my head to the sky and I never look below

Sip my fourty with a passion, this is for all my people I promised to keep you living till the day I'm in a casket

Life ain't what it was, and its so hard to get used to.

Blues clues and coco puffs, before there was a YouTube

Use to walk to school in the rain, railroads watching trains pass invasion my name on every one of them

All my 90's kids know where I'm coming from.  
Rugrats on Saturday mornings right when the sun is up  
Raised in southern Cali, got that California mind stateeee.  
So don't blame me if I cut you off in trafficcc  
I used to tell girls I'm a rapper over MySpace... even before I  
started rapping  
Yeah homie, I miss them old days, miss cruising through Anaheim  
with pops bumping the old jays  
So all my real niggas put your glass up, you never know if its  
your last one. This is for the old days