

Memories

Cypress Hill

As I sit in my silver stack thinking about way back
Even before I started blazing the chronic sack
I was a go wild unfocused troublesome kid
Looking up to all the gangsters and the shit they did
I was at impressionable age through a faze
An unmentionable stage deranged full of rage
Walking through life in a haze with dark clouds
Hanging over my head being wicked and loud
And sometimes those demons haunt me and taunt me
Follow me pursue me confuse me they want me
They come at me from all angles and dangles
Memories in front of me, but I won't run away
I put the gun away but sometimes my hand ditches
But I don't want to get locked away cause I whack bitches
I left those ways back in the old days
So go away I don't got no time to throw away [Chorus]
Memories they haunt me (they haunt me) they follow me
To the day I die
(we fight and we struggle out here so we can stay alive)
Memories they haunt me (they haunt me) they follow me
To the day I die (got to do what I got to do out her so I can survive) I got my education on the streets
And I learned how to spit rhymes out with or without beats
To say whatever I went through or going through
Tripping off people who acting like they been knowin you
Learn how some of these record companies be holdin you
Attaching an image in the end controllin you
But we set out to set ourselves apart
And let these people know just what they had from the start
It's like Ghostface said we studied our art form
We turned the mike on and spit a fucking dark storm
People slept on me and doubted my skill level
But I'm tenacious and I got a strong will level
You been introduced to some of the real rebels
Injected with venom from god to kill devils [Chorus: x2] I remember my days as youth
Teenage gangsters with something to prove
See man amuse and we creep and we strew
Catch your ass slipping and dump on their crew
Just, having fun but you crazy kids
Never thought about no prison beds

Got gang-sters twenty-five and alive
Never see the kids all fucking wild
But that's the game and shit don't change
Get respect for smoking brains
You get a name and you build your rep
You courting fools coming in your set
Before you know we're having fun
Slamming doping and packing gun
Leaving mad traces and blasting their faces
Got a hundred years for all my fucking cases[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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