Memory Lane (feat. Andre Nickatina)

E-40

Rolex on my left hand, they blowing up my beeper (beeper)
Fuck the middle man, we got the chill for cheaper (cheaper)
Ballin ass niggas got a choke hold on the game (on the game)
Let me take you down memory lane (memory lane)
Rolex on my left hand, they blowing up my beeper (beeper)
Fuck the middle man, we got the chill for cheaper (cheaper)
Ballin ass niggas got a choke hold on the game (where you take em)
Let me take you down memory lane
E40
From pushin bags of goop in the rain
Rockin up nostril dust
Me and my squad, my gang
Never been no powder puff
Used to blow that puffin stuff in the OAK
In a rental
Luckys our safeway
For supplies and utensils
But thats in the past, im havin my cash, dropping on instrumentals
I wanted to be number one
Not number 2 like the pencil
If it wasnt for my pin, d be in the pen
You cant know where you going if you dont know where youve been
Always been low key ADD, I couldnt sit still I move fast
It was impossible for a nigga like me to sit on my fuckin ass
I had to get that cash
Make that money pile
Build up my brand (what else?)
And boost up my profile
Made it out the game
Smellin like a rose
From the bottom to the top
But im steppin on peoples toes
Blast off , higher than the moon
Been a hustler, since I came out the womb
(biach!)
Rolex on my left hand, they blowing up my beeper (beeper)
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Let me take you down memory lane (memory lane)

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Ballin ass niggas got a choke hold on the game (where you take em)
Let me take you down memory lane
(Andre Nickatina)
Man I take you way back, to tik toks and to jax and new Jackson who dat
Man got the goin on the cutty
And blowin up you beeper bitch, just to get my money
Then hit the state fair with about 6 or 7 buddies
You stay inside on task force Tuesdays,
So what you dont sell dope, dont make this april fools day
This is the town of bedrock and cook rocks and new gats and who dat
They got a lock on the crack sack
Then baby girl starts screamin, where the Macs at
As soon as they came out, the broke bitch steps back
The fat laces in Adidas was religion
And Las Vegas nights taught us all about sinnin
I let the weed burn, had to let the wheels turn
Gotta live well, groomed straight to the orbit room
Nobody dare had job applications
Its three oclock and gotta hit Nations, memory lane
Rolex on my left hand, they blowing up my beeper (beeper)
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E40
(oooahh)
I had a grenada, Disha had a mustang, Beela had a caddy
We was young in the game
Street niggas, young and ambitious
Determined to win, from start to finish
Its the drought season, way too vicious
Call me on the under mayne, hollin at bitches
Haters didnt like it but they had to respect it
They quit the first family and rap to get a gold Lexus
Talk hard cain, but you can call me slaughter cain
Sprinkle me mayne
Captain save a hoe
Andre Nickatina
Man I was in line with scar face, hit the bitch screen
And if the dope was back again, the people call it ice cream

You got paid off a pipe dream
And then first pair of Michael Jordans, first hit the crime scene
You sat low when your team jack and waitin did
I forget to mention yo, they jack them for their gold Daytons
Basketball we watch Gary Peyton
Its when drug dealers really throw dope, brotha no fakin
We wore rings like straight Jamaicans
And yo the rap game was just getting started, for the straight takin
I reminisce yeah, but no pain
Cuz in the fast lane, the slow lane, the whole thang is memory lane
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Oooahh

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