

Memory Lane (Sittin' in da Park)

Nas

(Check that shit)
Aight fuck that shit, word, word
Fuck that other shit, youknowwhatI'msayin'?
We gon' do a little somethin' like this, yaknahmsayin'?(Is they up on this?)
Keep it on and on and on and on and
KnowwhatI'msayin'? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God what it is?
(What it is like?)
Hah, knowwhatI'msayin'?
Yo go 'head, do that shit niggas rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners
Hennessy holders and old school niggaz, then I be dissin' a
Unofficial that smoke woolie thai
I dropped out of Kooley High, gassed up by a cokehead cutie pieJungle survivor, fuck who's the liver
My man put the battery in my back, a difference from Energizer
Sentence begins indented with formality
My duration's infinite, moneywise or physiologyPoetry, that's a part of me, retardedly bop
I drop the ancient manifested hip-hop, straight off the block
I reminisce on park jams, my man was shot for his sheep coat
Childhood lesson make me see him drop in my weed smokeIt's real, grew up in trife life, did times or white lines
The hype vice, murderous nighttimes and knife fights invite crimes
Chill on the block with Cog-nac, hold strap
With my peeps that's into drug money, market into rapNo sign of the beast in the blue Chrysler
I guess that means peace
For niggaz no sheisty vice to just snipe ya
Start off the dice-rollin mats for craps to cee-loWith sidebets, I roll a deuce, nothin' below
(Peace God)
Peace God, now the shit is explained
I'm takin' niggaz on a trip straight through memory lane
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all, it's like that y'allNow let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queensbridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensbridgeNow let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queensbridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensbridgeOne for the money, two for pussy and foreign cars
Three for Alize niggaz deceased or behind bars
I rap divine Gods check the prognosis, is it real or showbiz?
My window faces shootouts, drug overdosesLive amongst no roses, only the drama, for real
A nickel-plate is my fate, my medicine is the ganja
Here's my basis, my razor embraces, many faces

Your telephone blowin', black stitches or fat shoelaces
 Peoples are petrol, dramatic automatic fo'-fo' I let blow
 And back down po-po when I'm vexed so
 My pen taps the paper then my brain's blank
 I see dark streets, hustlin' brothers who keep the same rank
 Pumpin' for somethin', some uprise, plus some fail
 Judges hangin' niggaz, incorrect bails, for direct sales
 My intellect prevails from a hangin' cross with nails
 I reinforce the frail, with lyrics that's real
 Word to Christ, a disciple of streets, trifle on beats
 I decipher prophecies through a mic and say peace
 I hung around the older crews while they sling smack to dingbats
 They spoke of Fat Cat, that nigga's name made bell rings, black
 Some fiends scream, about Supreme Team
 A Jamaica Queens thing
 Uptown was Alpo, son, heard he was kingpin, yo
 Fuck 'rap is real', watch the herbs stand still
 Never talkin' to snakes 'cause the words of man kill
 True in the game, as long as blood is blue in my veins
 I pour my Heineken brew
 To my deceased crew on memory lane
 Now let me take a trip down memory lane
 Comin' outta Queensbridge
 Now let me take a trip down memory lane
 Comin' outta Queensbridge
 Now let me take a trip down memory lane
 Comin' outta Queensbridge
 Comin' out a Queensbridge
 The most dangerous MC is
 Comin' outta Queensbridge
 The most dangerous MC is
 Comin' outta Queensbridge
 The most dangerous MC is
 Comin' outta Queensbridge
 The most dangerous MC is
 Me numba won and you know where me from

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