

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

KnowhatI'msayin'? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God what it is?

(What it is like?)

Hah, knowhatI'msayin'?

Yo go 'head, do that shit niggai rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners

Hennessey 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 QueensbridgeComin' out a Queensbridge
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta QueensbridgeThe most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta Queensbridge
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta QueensbridgeThe most dangerous MC is
Me numba won and you know where me from

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>