

# Memories On 47th St.

## Vic Mensa

Memories, memories

Oh

I am the first son of Betsy and Edward Mensah  
Made love and made a legend, Woodlawn and 47th  
Gunshots outside my window, drug deals out by the Citgo  
But mama always made sure the tooth fairy found my pillow  
My pops was always workin', he put the family first  
Chicago Saturdays in the park and Sundays at church  
Kept me from off the corner where Stones and GDs was warrin'  
And Kings and BDs and VLs all had dreams of bein' Jordan  
Even dope fiends was scorin', swish, tryna be like Mike  
Shootin' through that baseline in their veins tryna reach that height  
I was a little rockstar, dressed up like Jimi Hendrix  
In Hyde park in the good part in the hood like Hemi engines  
Teachers didn't see my vision, had me in IEPs  
Kicked out of kindergarten, they didn't know that I was me  
Tattooed my tears, wrote my story in my skin  
Because even as a boy I always knew I'd be the man  
In my dreams (In my dreams)  
I saw it in my sleep (yeah)  
The city will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine

Memories

On 47th street (yeah)

Sebastian got me high

One day it will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine  
At age 12 I learned the difference  
between white and black

Police pulled me off of my bike, I landed on my back

Back to reality, oops, a victim of gravity

Where they pull you down and keep you there

Dependin' on how you keep your hair

Now it's fuck 'em up and bumpin nothin' but NWA

Smokin' a 7 or an 8th, way before 7th grade

My classmates sellin' yay

Sebastian got me high that first time

In the back of an abandoned truck by Webster Place

Couldn't feel my face

Sprayin' paint to see my name on trains, try not to catch a case

Age 13 at Cam granny house, watchin' him shoot up the Ace

He took the needle out and waved it in my face

If I ain't tell that boy, "Be easy, dog," I coulda died of AIDS  
I started realizin' my talents 'bout the time I was 15  
Tryna take over the world like Pinky and the Brain  
Sellin' kush and hittin' stains, still in True Religion jeans  
16, I was shinin' just like a Stanley Kubrick scene  
Sneakin' into Lollapalooza, I fell off of that bridge  
15,000 volts went through my elbow, fell over 30 feet  
The doctor said I should be dead, still alive and still ain't scared  
In the hospital bed, writin' these rhymes in my head  
In my dreams (In my dreams)  
I saw it in my sleep (yeah)  
The city will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine  
Memories  
On 47th street (yeah)  
Sebastian got me high

One day it will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine  
In a land of desperation we often turn to  
self medication as a coping mechanism.  
Some make a living as hood pharmacists while some just inhale to remove them from hell.  
I watched from the window of a gated community until I grew old enough there was no immunity from allure of  
the life

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