

# Remember Me?

## Casey Veggies Feat. Ace Creator

Remember me? ("There been executions")  
Remember me? ("I have no remorse")  
Remember me? ("I'm high, power!")  
Remember me? ("I drop bombs like Hiroshima")  
For this, why it's the X, you retarded?  
'Cause I grab the mic and get down, like syndrome  
Hide in Rome and to the masses, without boundaries  
Which qualifies me for the term "universal"  
Without no rehearsal, colleague words is controversial  
Like I'm not, the one you want to contest, see  
'Cause I'll hit your ass like the train did that bitch  
That got "Banned From TV"  
Heavyweight get up, watch you're whole head split up  
Loco is the motion, weed comin' through  
Hollow tips in the lead, the .45 through  
Remember me? ("Throw ya guns in the air!")  
Remember me? ("Slam! Slam!")  
Remember me? ("Nigga back da fuck up!")  
Remember me? ("Chka-chka-Onyx!")  
Niggas catchin' "no" for an answer, ghetto no  
Yeah, I've been told no but it's more like  
"No, no, no!!"  
Life's a bitch, yeah it'll fuck you if you let her  
Better come better than better to be a competitor  
This ved is a head, the shit is all redder, you deader and deader  
I better extended the cheddars and credda  
Instead of vendetta, a mellow beretta from ghetto to gutter  
Evidence? Nope! Never leave a shreda  
I got the soul of every rapper in me, love me and hate me  
My moms got raped by the industry and made me  
I'm the illest nigga ever, I told you  
I get more pussy than them dike bitches total  
Want beef, nigga? Psh better dead that shit  
My name should be "Can't-Believe-That-Nigga-Said-That-Shit"  
Probably say "he ain't a killa", but I'm killin' myself  
Smoke def, fuck bitches raw, on the kitchen floor  
  
So think what I'm a do to you, have done to you  
Got niggas in my hood who'd do that shit for a bullet too

What you want to do, cocksuckers? We're glockbusters  
'Til the cops cuff us, gonna start ruckus and drop blockbusters  
'Round the clock hustlers, you cannot touch us  
I'm gettin' wires niggas wantin' me dead  
Wantin' my head, you think it could be somethin' I said?  
Remember me? ("I just don't give a fuck!")  
Remember me? ("Yeah, fuck you too!")  
Remember me? ("I'm low down and I'm shift!")  
Remember me? ("I'm shady!")  
When I go out, I'm a go out shootin'  
I don't mean when I die, I mean when I go out to the club, stupid  
I'm tryin' to clean up my fuckin' image,  
So I promised the fuckin' critics  
I wouldn't say "fuckin'" for six minutes  
(Six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)  
My baby's mom, bitch made me an angry blond  
So I made me a song, killed her and put Haley on  
I may be wrong, I keep thinkin' these crazy thoughts  
In my cranium, but I'm stuck with a crazy mom  
(Is she really on as much dope as you say she's on?)  
Came home, and somebody must've broke in the back window  
And stole two loaded machine guns and both of my trench coats  
Sick sick dreams of picnic scenes, two kids, sixteen  
With M-16's with ten clips each  
And them shits reach through six kids each  
And Slim gets blamed in Bill Clinton's speech to fix these streets?  
Fuck that! Psh you fagots can vanish to volcanic ash  
And re-appear in hell with a can of gas, and a match  
Aftermath, Dre, grab the gat, show 'em where it's at  
(Shot)  
(What the fuck you starin' at, nigga?)  
Don't you remember me?  
Remember me?  
Remember me?!  
Remember me?!

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