

Reminisce

South Park Mexican

f/ Rasheed

(* - This song is on SPM's album, but SPM isn't on it, only Rasheed)

First Verse:

This weed got my brain burnin',
Learnin' as the World turnin',
Concernin' the truth, I reminisce as a youth,
Mommy fightin' Daddy while I'm developin' in the stomach,
While he punchin' I'm feelin' it comin' I feel the Mama hummin',
Numbin' the brain, cocaine flowin' through my veins,
I guess that's the reason for the natural chip up on my shoulder,
Born addicted and picked it up in this pleasure and pain,
My children keep me from growin' colder and growin' bolder,
I bent the block and think about when I was on lock,
So many soldiers doin' life up in the prison system,
Then got my glock and put it back up in the stash box,
I miss 'em, as I'm floatin' back to yesterday,
I sure would kiss 'em, if I could see my 'G' again today,
A million eyes couldn't list 'em, so I reminisce them,
But now I'm up in the studio, with my nigga Ro,
Fat money G's, big T, reminisce 'em 'G'

Chorus:

Time and Time again, as I pick up the pen,
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words,
Time and Time again, as I pick up the pen,

Second Verse:

As my thoughts emerge, these are those words
I used to ride trains from Philly, to New York State,
But now I'm on planes from Cali to Texas with Lexus plates,
Hanh, even so though, I wish I could go back,
Blast "Rapper's Delight", Marvin Gaye,
Granny sittin' while I'm throwin' rocks, on the railroad tracks,

During that time, my Mother and Father, was out the way,
Damn, and now that I think about it,
We all been to jail, plus my teacher say "She'd never doubt it",
SCHOOL, what a fool I was,
Skipin' education for the fun to run from the fuzz,
'85, '86, crack cocaine was the crucifix,
Lucifer's mix, another level of the Devil's tricks,

Fifteen on the scene gotta make my green,
Make my weight by any means,
Learnin' my way by street schemes,
Cream, Cash Rules Everything Around Me,
But I learned not to hound the money, but let the money hound me,
Chorus
Third Verse:
Nineteen Ninety-Nine,
Here I be, ballin' G,
Was the boy, cuttin' class and breakin' rules,
At the turn of the century, destined for death eventually,
But now I'm the father makin' sure, my children go to school,
It's beautiful, but then again it's funny,
Back in the day, somebody told me life was just about bitches and money,
Damn dummies, misdirected so many,
Used to watch Tom & Jerry,
Not about that Mr. Kenny,
L.A. Riots, down to Rodney King,
Wash riots, Martin Luther King,
But ten years later I'm doin' the same thing again my friend,
Vince is the Mama in the pen, got 'em backed in,
Lookin' at my sin deep in his eyes
Rivisty headed is the lifestyle that my family lives, deeply embedded
I have to wait, watchin' this,
And miss us
I'm hopin' ten years down the line, my daughter or son'll reminisce,
Chorus

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