Memory Lane (DJ Premier Remix)

Nas

Fuck that shit, word word
Fuck that other shit, you know what I'm sayin'?
We gon' do a little somethin' like this, ya know what I'm sayin'?
(Is they up on this?)
Keep it on and on and on and on and
Know what I'm sayin'? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God what it is?
(What it is like?)
Hah, know what I'm sayin'?
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 pie
Jungle 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, money wise or physiology
Poetry, 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 rap
No sign of the beast in the blue Chrysler, I guess that means peace
For niggaz no sheisty vice to just snipe yaStart off the dice-rollin' mats for craps to cee-lo
With 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'all
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensOne 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 overdoses
Live amongst no roses, only the drama, for real
A nickel-plate is my fate, my medicine is the GanjaHere'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 rankPumpin' for somethin', some uprise, plus some fail
Judges hangin' niggaz, uncorrect 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 dingbatsThey 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 laneNow let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensComin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
The most dangerous MC is
Me numba one and you know where me from
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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