

# Memory Lane

Nas

(Check that shit)  
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 niggaz rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners  
Hennessy 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 smoke  
It'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 ya  
Start 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 bridge  
Now let me take a trip down memory lane  
Comin' outta Queens bridge  
Now let me take a trip down memory lane  
Comin' outta Queens bridge  
Now let me take a trip down memory lane  
Comin' outta Queens bridge  
One 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 bridge  
Now let me take a trip down memory lane  
Comin' outta Queens bridge  
Now let me take a trip down memory lane  
Comin' outta Queens bridge  
Now let me take a trip down memory lane  
Comin' outta Queens bridgeComin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge  
The most dangerous MC is  
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge  
The most dangerous MC is  
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge  
The most dangerous MC is  
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge  
The most dangerous MC is  
Me numba one and you know where me from

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