

# Memory Lane (Sittin' In Da Park)

Nas

I rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners  
Henessey holders and old school niggas, then I be dissin' a  
Unofficial that smoke woolie thai  
I dropped out of Kooley High, gassed up by a coke head 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 night times, and knife fights invite crimes  
Chill on the block with Cognac gold 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 Ceelo  
With side bets, I roll a deuce, nothin' below (Peace God!)  
Peace God, now the shit is explained  
I'm takin' niggas on a trip straight through memory lane  
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all[Chorus: x4]  
"Now let me take a trip down memory lane"  
"Comin' outta Queensbridge" One for the money  
Two for pussy and foreign cars  
Three for Alize niggas 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 ganja  
Here'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 rank  
Pumpin' for somethin', some up-rise, plus some fail  
Judges hangin' niggas, 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 dingbats  
They 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 lane "Now let me take a trip down memory lane"  
"Comin' outta Queensbridge"  
"Now let me take a trip down memory lane"  
"Comin' outta Queensbridge"  
"Now let me take a trip down memory lane"  
"Comin' outta Queensbridge"  
"Now let me take a trip down memory lane"  
"Comin' outta Queensbridge" "The most dangerous MC is, me number won, and you know where me from"

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