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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