Memory Lane (Sittin' In Da Park)

Nas

(Check that shit)
Aight fuck that shit, word, word
Fuck that other shit, youknowhatI'msayin'?
We gon' do a little somethin' like this, yaknahmsayin'?(Is they up on this?)
Keep it on and on and on and on and
KnowhatI'msayin'? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God what it is?
(What it is like?)
Hah, knowhatI'msayin'?
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 pieJungle 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, moneywise or physiologyPoetry, 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 rapNo 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-loWith 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'allNow let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queensbridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensbridgeNow let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queensbridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensbridgeOne 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 overdosesLive 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 shoelacesPeoples 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, incorrect bails, for direct sales
My intellect prevails from a hangin' cross with nails
I reinforce the frail, with lyrics that's realWord 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, blackSome 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 stillNever 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 Queensbridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensbridgeNow let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queensbridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensbridgeComin' out a Queensbridge
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta QueensbridgeThe most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta Queensbridge
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta QueensbridgeThe most dangerous MC is
Me numba won and you know where me from

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