# Remember Me?

## Hal Kemp & His Orchestra

Remember me? ("There been executions")
Remember me? ("I have no remorse")
Remember me? ("I'm high, power!")
Remember me? ("I drop bombs like Hiroshima")
For this, why it's the X, you retarded?
'Cause I grab the mic and get down, like syndrome
Hide in Rome and to the masses, without boundaries
Which qualifies me for the term "universal"
Without no rehearsal, colleague words is controversial
Like I'm not, the one you want to contest, see
'Cause I'll hit your ass like the train did that bitch
That got "Banned From TV"
Heavyweight get up, watch you're whole head split up
Loco is the motion, weed comin' through
Hollow tips in the lead, the .45 through
Remember me? ("Throw ya guns in the air!")
Remember me? ("Slam! Slam!")
Remember me? ("Nigga back da fuck up!")
Remember me? ("Chka-chka-Onyx!")
Niggas catchin' "no" for an answer, ghetto no
Yeah, I've been told no but it's more like
"No, no, no!!"
Life's a bitch, yeah it'll fuck you if you let her
Better come better than better to be a competitor
This ved is a head, the shit is all redder, you deader and deader
I better extended the cheddars and credda
Instead of vendetta, a mellow beretta from ghetto to gutter
Evidence? Nope! Never leave a shredda
I got the soul of every rapper in me, love me and hate me
My moms got raped by the industry and made me
I'm the illest nigga ever, I told you
I get more pussy than them dike bitches total
Want beef, nigga? Psh better dead that shit
My name should be "Can't-Believe-That-Nigga-Said-That-Shit"
Probably say "he ain't a killa", but I'm killin' myself
Smoke def, fuck bitches raw, on the kitchen floor

So think what I'm a do to you, have done to you
Got niggas in my hood who'd do that shit for a bullet too

What you want to do, cocksuckers? We're glockbusters
'Til the cops cuff us, gonna start ruckus and drop blockbusters
'Round the clock hustlers, you cannot touch us
I'm gettin' wires niggas wantin' me dead
Wantin' my head, you think it could be somethin' I said?
Remember me? ("I just don't give a fuck!")
Remember me? ("Yeah, fuck you too!")
Remember me? ("I'm low down and I'm shifty!")
Remember me? ("I'm shady!")
When I go out, I'm a go out shootin'
I don't mean when I die, I mean when I go out to the club, stupid
I'm tryin' to clean up my fuckin' image,
So I promised the fuckin' critics
I wouldn't say "fuckin'" for six minutes
(Six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)
My baby's mom, bitch made me an angry blond
So I made me a song, killed her and put Haley on
I may be wrong, I keep thinkin' these crazy thoughts
In my cranium, but I'm stuck with a crazy mom
(Is she really on as much dope as you say she's on?)
Came home, and somebody must've broke in the back window
And stole two loaded machine guns and both of my trench coats
Sick sick dreams of picnic scenes, two kids, sixteen
With M-16's with ten clips each
And them shits reach through six kids each
And Slim gets blamed in Bill Clintin's speech to fix these streets?
Fuck that! Psh you fagots can vanish to volcanic ash
And re-appear in hell with a can of gas, and a match
Aftermath, Dre, grab the gat, show 'em where it's at
(Shot)
(What the fuck you starin' at, nigga?)
Don't you remember me?
Remember me?
Remember me?!
Remember me?!

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