

## XTC

### "Memory Lane"

Visit "[Memory Lane](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Check that shit)  
Aight fuck that shit, word word  
Fuck that other shit, youknowhat!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..  
Knowhat!msayin? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God what it  
is?  
(What it is like?) Hah, knowhat!msayin?  
Yo go 'head, do that shit nigga

[Nas]  
I rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners  
Henessey 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 differencem from  
Energizer  
Sentence begins indented.. with formality  
My duration's infinite, moneywise 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

Chorus: repeat scratches 4X

"Now let me take a trip down memory lane" ->  
BizMarkie  
"Comin outta Queensbridge"

[Nas]  
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 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 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  
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

Chorus

"Comin outta Queensbridge" -> scratched

The most dangerous MC is..  
"Comin outta Queensbridge" -> scratched

The most dangerous MC is..  
"Comin outta Queensbridge" -> scratched

The most dangerous MC is..  
"Comin outta Queensbridge" -> scratched

The most dangerous MC is..  
Me numba won, and you know where me from

Visit [XTC](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.