

E-40

"Memory Lane"

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Rolex on my left hand, they blowing up my beeper
(beeper)
Fuck the middle man, we got the chill for cheaper
(cheaper)
Ballin ass niggas got a choke hold on the game (on the
game)
Let me take you down memory lane (memory lane)
Rolex on my left hand, they blowing up my beeper
(beeper)
Fuck the middle man, we got the chill for cheaper
(cheaper)
Ballin ass niggas got a choke hold on the game (where
you take em)
Let me take you down memory lane
E40
From pushin bags of goop in the rain
Rockin up nostril dust
Me and my squad, my gang
Never been no powder puff
Used to blow that puffin stuff in the OAK
In a rental
Luckyâ€™s our safeway
For supplies and utensils
But thatâ€™s in the past, im havin my cash, dropping
on instrumentals
I wanted to be number one
Not number 2 like the pencil
If it wasnâ€™t for my pin, â€™d be in the pen
You canâ€™t know where you going if you donâ€™t
know where youâ€™ve been
Always been low key ADD, I couldnâ€™t sit still I move
fast
It was impossible for a nigga like me to sit on my fuckin
ass
I had to get that cash
Make that money pile
Build up my brand (what else?)
And boost up my profile
Made it out the game
Smellinâ€™ like a rose
From the bottom to the top
But im steppin on peopleâ€™s toes

Blast off , higher than the moon
Been a hustler, since I came out the womb
(biach!)

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you take em)

Let me take you down memory lane
(Andre Nickatina)

Man I take you way back, to tik toks and to jax and new
Jackson who dat

Man got the goin on the cutty

And blowin up you beeper bitch, just to get my money
Then hit the state fair with about 6 or 7 buddies
You stay inside on task force Tuesdays,
So what you donâ€™t sell dope, donâ€™t make this
april fools day

This is the town of bedrock and cook rocks and new
gats and who dat

They got a lock on the crack sack

Then baby girl starts screamin, where the Macs at
As soon as they came out, the broke bitch steps back
The fat laces in Adidas was religion
And Las Vegas nights taught us all about sinninâ€™
I let the weed burn, had to let the wheels turn
Gotta live well, groomed straight to the orbit room
Nobody dare had job applications
Its three oâ€™clock and gotta hit Nationâ€™s, memory
lane

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Let me take you down memory lane
E40
(oooahh)
I had a grenada, Disha had a mustang, Beela had a
caddy
We was young in the game
Street niggas, young and ambitious
Determined to win, from start to finish
Itâ€™s the drought season, way too vicious
Call me on the under mayne, hollinâ€™ at bitches
Haters didnâ€™t like it but they had to respect it
They quit the first family and rap to get a gold Lexus
Talk hard cain, but you can call me slaughter cain
Sprinkle me mayne
Captain save a hoe
Andre Nickatina
Man I was in line with scar face, hit the bitch screen
And if the dope was back again, the people call it ice
cream
You got paid off a pipe dream
And then first pair of Michael Jordanâ€™s, first hit the
crime scene
You sat low when your team jack and waitin did
I forget to mention yo, they jack them for their gold
Daytonâ€™s
Basketball we watch Gary Peyton
Its when drug dealers really throw dope, brotha no
fakin
We wore rings like straight Jamaicanâ€™s
And yo the rap game was just getting started, for the
straight takin
I reminisce yeah, but no pain
Cuz in the fast lane, the slow lane, the whole thang is
memory lane
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Oooahh

