

## Estelle

### "Memories"

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C-Murder talking:

I know the whole world is full  
of a bunch thug niggas and thug figures  
The whole world is based upon young  
niggas coming up in the ghetto, in the streets  
You now what I'm saying  
I'm sitting here reminiscing about the past.  
Just want to let ya'll motherfuckers know  
what a nigga went through and how a nigga  
became what the fuck he is  
You check it out

Chorus: C-Murder

Motherfuckin memories, as a youngster  
Just another thug nigga with thug figures  
Motherfuckin memories, as a youngster  
Just another thug nigga with thug figures

[C-Murder]

I remember way back in my project days  
A little dirty motherfucker dreaming bout a pair of j's  
Left alone in this world of crime  
Five kids no daddy and my big brother doing time  
Now what the fuck I'm I supposed to do  
I said give it up to the niggas with the smaller crew  
I guess this thug shit is in my blood  
Started smoking weed, got my first hit from my nigga  
cuz  
Me and my bitch we used to cut classes  
And me Silkk caught our first charges, grand theft and  
trespassing  
I never thought that I would make it out the ghetto  
A young nigga living like the motherfucking goodfellas  
I wear gun like it was part of my clothes  
With them rocks in my socks, running from the po po  
>From the block to the motherfucking penitentiaries  
I'm reminiscing about my motherfucking memories

Chorus repeat 2X

[Mac]

I remember Mac, (Who?)  
The neighborhood nigga who rapped  
Little skinny motherfucker used to get punched and  
slapped  
Little timid motherfucker never had an older brother  
Alone in the street I learned rules of the ghetto  
I was scared to die  
Junior high running from them niggas on that other  
side  
Who was opening fire  
Couldn't tell mom's, couldn't tell pop's  
That was the very night I became shell shocked(wooo)  
Paranoid, I used to steal and borrow  
You gotta respect how I sport the same outfit today and  
tomorrow  
Hand me downs in my closet, roaches in my bed  
I couldn't sleep to hard cause one might crawl up in my  
head  
Went to school for the fool, fuck a teacher  
Mama gave her last 20 dollars to the preacher  
Rap wasn't paying the bills  
And that's real  
Now I scream murder, murder, kill, kill nigga

Chorus repeat 4X

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