

Nas

"Memory Lane"

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

(Check that shit)
Fuck that shit, word word
Fuck that other shit, you know what I'm sayin'?
We gon' do a little somethin' like this, ya know what I'm
sayin'?
(Is they up on this?)
Keep it on and on and on and on and
Know what I'm sayin'? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God
what it is?
(What it is like?)
Hah, know what I'm sayin'?
Yo go 'head, do that shit nigga

I rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners
Hennessy 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 difference from
Energizer

Sentence begins indented with formality
My duration's infinite, money wise 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

Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge

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

Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens bridge

Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge
The most dangerous MC is
Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens bridge
The most dangerous MC is
Me numba one and you know where me from

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