

South Park Mexican (Spm) "Reminisce"

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[This song is on SPM's album, but SPM isn't on it, only Rasheed]

[First Verse:]

This weed got my brain burnin',
Learnin' as the World turnin',
Concernin' the truth, I reminisce as a youth,
Mommy fightin' Daddy while I'm developin' in the
stomach,
While he punchin' I'm feelin' it comin' I feel the Mama
hummin',
Numbin' the brain, cocaine flowin' through my veins,
Born addicted and picked it up in this pleasure and
pain,
I guess that's the reason for the natural chip up on my
shoulder,
My children keep me from growin' colder and growin'
bolder,
I bent the block and think about when I was on lock,
Then got my glock and put it back up in the stash box,
So many soldiers doin' life up in the prison system,
A million eyes couldn't list 'em, so I reminisce them,
I miss 'em, as I'm floatin' back to yesterday,
I sure would kiss 'em, if I could see my 'G' again today,
But now I'm up in the studio, with my nigga Ro,
Fat money G's, big T, reminisce 'em 'G'

[Chorus:]

Time and Time again, as I pick up the pen,
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words,
Time and Time again, as I pick up the pen,
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words

[Second Verse:]

I used to ride trains from Philly, to New York State,
But now I'm on planes from Cali to Texas with Lexus
plates,
Hanh, even so though, I wish I could go back,
Granny sittin' while I'm throwin' rocks, on the railroad
tracks,
Blast "Rapper's Delight", Marvin Gaye,
During that time, my Mother and Father, was out the

way,
Damn, and now that I think about it,
We all been to jail, plus my teacher say "She'd never
doubt it",
SCHOOL, what a fool I was,
Skippin' education for the fun to run from the fuzz,
'85, '86, crack cocaine was the crucifix,
Lucifer's mix, another level of the Devil's tricks,
Fifteen on the scene gotta make my green,
Make my weight by any means,
Learnin' my way by street schemes,
Cream, Cash Rules Everything Around Me,
But I learned not to hound the money, but let the
money hound me,

[Chorus]

[Third Verse:]
Nineteen Ninety-Nine,
Here I be, ballin' G,
At the turn of the century, destined for death
eventually,
Was the boy, cuttin' class and breakin' rules,
But now I'm the father makin' sure, my children go to
school,
It's beautiful, but then again it's funny,
Back in the day, somebody told me life was just about
bitches and money,
Damn dummies, misdirected so many,
Used to watch Tom & Jerry,
Not about that Mr. Kenny,
Wash riots, Martin Luther King,
L.A. Riots, down to Rodney King,
Vince is the Mama in the pen, got 'em backed in,
But ten years later I'm doin' the same thing again my
friend,
Lookin' at my sin deep in his eyes
Rivisty headed is the lifestyle that my family lives,
deeply embedded
I have to wait, watchin' this,
I'm hopin' ten years down the line, my daughter or
son'll reminisce,
And miss us

[Chorus]

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