

## Ritchie Valens

### "I Remember"

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"Yo Nate, shit is crazy, I shook hands with mad dead niggas yo, all the niggas that used to be on the block, Ill Will, Marty, Black Ed, yo Son, mad niggas is gone, rest in peace though."

Verse 1:

Fifty-Two blocks, Gazelle frames  
bald heads and heavy chains  
somehow caught in the game  
back in '83, before cable TV  
when these so called thug niggas played in the street  
I used to hear the stories  
live niggas here before me  
like the Rich Porters, the Fat Cats, the Pauly's  
outlaw league, from the street to the Pen  
eyes glossy, niggas only speak when they bent  
off the perfect mixture  
forcin' down herbs and liquor  
only hot slugs 'll hurt ya quicker  
think it out and elevate, I gave years to the state  
as a 92-R-7478, it set me straight  
the changing of a stubborn cat  
the one that used to hustle on the block mad hard and  
loved to rap  
in goose down coats and wool hats, the youth in me  
I guess life on the streets ain't what it used to be.

Chorus

I remember! (echo)  
When niggas used to live it up, live it up  
flashin' dough all night  
I remember! (echo)  
when niggas didn't give a fuck, gettin' drunk  
shootin' guns all night.

Verse 2:

Straight shots of Hen with no chaser  
mo' paper, stubborn, hard headed like Joe Frazier  
the Gremlins, the pack that I come with  
keep gats by the stomach

act up and stack hundreds  
niggas don't want it, see me I be the ring leader, Lion  
tamer  
do the bankhead and Macarena  
a black entertainer, bottom line  
ya'll niggas know who got the hottest rhymes  
face it, I got the whole globe on some Nate shit  
straight from the corners to the covers of the latest Rap  
Pages  
turn the Projects to black Vegas  
Don Kingin' niggas, make 'em sign blank papers  
It's the American way, do my enemies pray or is it just  
me?  
hustlin', hopin' the fiends trust me  
talkin' to us, hold up, let me walk you through this  
wannabe pimps, hoes, often shooters  
niggas need to know what the truth is  
fuck the sarcasm  
I miss my nigga Mark but God has 'em  
when I see his flics I start spazzin'  
I learned to let it go  
but I guess livin' this life a nigga never know.

Chorus

Verse 3:

I used to love Starters, thug garments  
boppin' into Spofford, R.O.R. on drug charges  
writin' on walls, florescent markers and krylon  
savin' my loot to buy a firearm  
broken safety, borough hall and Jay street  
hopped the train not knowin' that a fall awaits me  
problems came when I started slingin'  
late night I hear revolvers ringin'  
the echos cause cops to start Rodney Kingin'  
many riots, is there any silence?  
everybody sipped Henny, hustled with many clients  
growin' up on the same block my Pops was raised  
rocked waves, blend tapes playin' on hot days  
brought the speakers out  
police made us put the wrieffier out  
peep it, I was too young to leave the house  
I'm tryin' to see the World, runnin' the streets without a  
care  
I remember it well 'cause I was there.

Chorus

