

Streets

"Memento Mori"

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Ah, what was the question, oh yeah, Memento Mori
It means remember it's inevitable that we will all die
It sounds quite depressing when said so raw and direct
But it means don't hang yourself on a material life

But that gets dropped when I'm bop on shopping day
Am I shallow, am i hung up on such wrong ways
Yes I am shallow and loving every wrong play
If love is blind then why do we all buy lingerie

I've got nothing in my life
Away from the studio
So when I'm loose
I end up consuming dough

Memento Mori, Memento Mori
It's Latin and it says we must all die
I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit
So I buy buy buy

If I start to think of life I have prangs of paranoia
Pull one stripey shirt off a racks or another
Overthink my fate grasping a pastel jumper
Panic buy a flight home, prang though actually sober

Change my mind and fly back into Vegas
Buy more pastel shades and some famous labels
Frame the Ferrari through the day with the Mayhem
Just to forget about the race in my head

I don't really care
About the luck and the look
But driving a Ferrari
Is fucking a book

Memento Mori, Memento Mori
It's Latin and it says we must all die
I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit
So I buy buy buy

I think if I could see me now from my growing past
I'd hate the shirted cunt that seems to be so fucking

flash
I reckon from the threads, I think all I think's about cash
But my manager tells me, I ought to think about cash

It's like people don't know the eighties started
My car just keeps carding with the card machine
You don't regard the old you, driving a Ferrari
Mine's the driving license through Nevada at speed

I never think about money
In fact I have no idea
How much money I have

Memento Mori, Memento Mori
It's Latin and it says we must all die
I tried it for a while but it's a load of boring shit
So I buy buy buy

Chilly 'n Carmen air sips as I'm parting her hair
But I'm an asbo drinker I want to be chilly parkair
But asbo drinkers just don't dig my art and my flair
Even if they dig my asbo driving, past their carlight
flair

Sometimes when I buy my diamond trinkets with my
whores
I know I've strayed a bit from my old sins and my walks
But then I laugh out loud that my car still fucking talks
I feel awful for a bit but at least, I'm not poor

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