

The Sundays

"Deep in Your Memory"

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[Timbaland]

Whas happenin dude?
Whatchu thinkin about there?
What's goin on? Talk to me
I know you're thinkin
What? Must be a lot on your mind
Express yourself fool
Tell me what you thinkin about, nigga

[Magoo]

Who why whatever, any puzzle I put it together
With any stress I'm copin like a flesh wound I'm open
Still got balls after vasectomies
My anatomy is strictly scientific your life is pitiful
I got no relationships, just hit and then dismiss
My sex is strictly fuck, no man, I do not kiss
Keep my shirt on, I'm quick to dress back up
I'm chargin girls for dick, my dick you stick up
Butt naked, like Adam and Eve on Christmas Eve
Who is God? White the Devil, do you believe?
Scratch your head and think about it for a minute
Is my life a dream and y'all playin parts in it?
You talkin like you drunken, but you flunkin
Classes you be takin, let me bring home the bacon
We been hoodwinked, bamboozled
Led astray, til all our business on rent in late

Somewhere in your mind
And real deep in your memory
You try to hide away
Your true feelings
(repeat 2X)

Am I underrated? Thinkin bout it get me frustrated
I'm elated, that keep it real is outdated
Graduated, from PG now I'm X-Rated
Glad I made it, left you behind, and you hate it
Look into my eyes, do you see a nigga or a person
See I worsen, section eight got to be flirtin
Fuck workin, for eighty-five who you jivin?
Still survivin, lock your fuckin door when I'm arrivin

Surprisin realizin magnetisin
This rhyme bend how I'm risin, hypnotizin
Got comments, put replies in
No lies in, if you do your life will need revivin
When I'm sleep I die, when I wake up I'm born
I leave the Earth each day to get my soul reborn
So to God I pray, I make it through this day
This must be Deja Vu, cause I relive this day

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(repeat 2X)

[Timbaland]
Bring it on it, freak it on it

[Magoo]
Child abused, as a child
Child Magoo, buck-wild
Wel-fare, met the cake
Too much sugar, in the Kool-Aid
Mis-fit, un-til
I fucked Jiil, on the hill
Look, out, heads, up
To the girls, let's buck
Like, night-shade, grows
Workin dope, mind, flows
But, please, I'm on hot
I cook, non-stop
Stick a pin, in some paper
Take notes, play ya later
Praise, God, he, made ya
No, man, but, praiser

Somewhere in your mind
When you think deep in your memory
You try to hide away
Your true feelings
(repeat 2X)

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