

Hill Cypress

"Memories"

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As I sit in my silver stack thinking about way back
Even before I started blazing the chronic sack
I was a go wild unfocused troublesome kid
Looking up to all the gangsters and the shit they did
I was at unimpressonable age through a faze
An unmentionable stage deranged full of rage
Walking through life in a haze with dark clouds
Hanging over my head being wicked and loud
And sometimes those demons haunt me and taunt me
Follow me pursue me confuse me they want me
They come at me from all angles and dangles
Memories in front of me, but I wont run away
I put the gun away but sometimes my hand ditches
But I don't want to get locked away cause I whack
bitches
I left those ways back in the old days
So go away I don't got no time to throw away
[Chorus]
Memories they haunt me (they haunt me) they follow
me
To the day I die (we fight and we struggle out here so
we can stay alive)

Memories they haunt me (they haunt me) they follow me

To the day I die (got to do what I got to do out her so I can survive)

I got my education on the streets

And I learned how to spit rhymes out with or without beats

To say whatever I went through or going through

Tripping off people who acting like they been knowin you

Learn how some of these record companies be holdin you

Attaching an image in the end controllin you

But we set out to set ourselves apart

And let these people know just what they had from the start

It's like Ghostface said we studied our art form

We turned the mike on and spit a fucking dark storm

People slept on me and doubted my skill level

But I'm tenacious and I got a strong will level

You been introduced to some of the real rebels

Injected with venom from god to kill devils

[Chorus]

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Memories they haunt me (they haunt me) they follow me

To the day I die (got to do what I got to do out her so I can survive)

I remember my days as youth

Teenage gangsters with somethin to prove

See man amuse and we creep and we strew

Catch your ass slipping and dump on their crew

Just -- having fun but you crazy kids

Never thought about no prison beds

Got gang-sters twenty-five and alive

Never see the kids all fucking wild

But that's the game and shit don't change

Get respect for smoking brains

You get a name and you build your rep

You courting fools coming in your set

Before you know we're having fun

Slamming doping and packing gun

Leaving mad traces and blasting their faces

Got a hundred years for all my fucking cases

[Chorus]

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