

I Remember

C-Murder

Ha Huh man I'm tripping out right now
thinking about my motherfucking brother K-L
that nigga used to talk about going to the motherfuckin NBA
and doin this and doin that nigga I'll never forget

I remember in the days how we used to dream
Now a days my life just ain't the same 2X

I remember growin up, with 5 kids we ain't have nothin,
but each other and i think damn i miss my brother
I give a shout to my mom she was there for me,
even though sometimes i felt she never cared for me
Packin pistols wasn't even in my frame of thought
We had a problem it was understood that we fought
And Money wasn't even on my most wanted list
It wasn't really necessary just to pull a check
And even though I didn't have a dad,
I used to thank the lord everyday for everything I had
To all my lost thugs i miss ya well,
I can't forget ya I got ya picture in my cell
and uh I never use ya name in vane,
but its a shame how you'll never get to share my fame, my nigga
You never saw your son face to face but rest a sure that ya fam
ily straight
cause i remember

I remember sittin in the hallways of school teachers lookin at
me funny,
"Magic why you ain't in class", cause I'm tryin to make some mo
ney
Watchin koochie pass waitin for the bell to ring,
cause i got a pocket full a dirt that I'm gonna blow on my frie
nds
I'm headin straight to the streets where i learn the game,
me and my niggas rushin home where we stashed our cane
I went from student to dope dealer hangin out with straight kil
lers,
i did better til i met the Millers
I remember livin lies slowly doin so bad so broke i had no wher
e to go
I was wearin the first pair a Jordan's after the fourth pair ca
me out
I messed around and dropped out tryin to make me some clout
I never worried about my education I was confused
I thought thugs ran the nation until I got on probation,
I remember that's why i thank the lord every day
took me out the game showed me the right way to get paid
I remember