

Memories

Mac

C-murder talking:
I know the whole world is full
Of a bunch thug niggas and thug figures
The whole world is based upon young
Niggas coming up in the ghetto, in the streets
You now what I'm saying
I'm sitting here reminiscing about the past.
Just want to let y'all motherf**kers know
What a nigga went through and how a nigga
Became what the f**k he is
You check it out
Chorus: c-murder
Motherf**kin memories, as a youngster
Just another thug nigga with thug figures
Motherf**kin memories, as a youngster
Just another thug nigga with thug figures
[c-murder]
I remember way back in my project days
A little dirty motherf**ker dreaming bout a pair of j's
Left alone in this world of crime
Five kids no daddy and my big brother doing time
Now what the f**k I'm I supposed to do
I said give it up to the niggas with the smaller crew
I guess this thug shit is in my blood
Started smoking weed, got my first hit from my nigga 'cause
Me and my bitch we used to cut classes
And me silkk caught our first charges, grand theft and trespassing
I never thought that I would make it out the ghetto
A young nigga living like the motherf**king goodfellas
I wear gun like it was part of my clothes
With them rocks in my socks, running from the po po
>from the block to the motherf**king penitentiaries
I'm reminiscing about my motherf**king memories
Chorus repeat 2x
[mac]
I remember mac, (who?)
The neighborhood nigga who rapped
Little skinny motherf**ker used to get punched and slapped
Little timid motherf**ker never had an older brother
Alone in the street I learned rules of the ghetto
I was scared to die
Junior high running from them niggas on that other side
Who was opening fire
Couldn't tell mom's, couldn't tell pop's
That was the very night I became shell shocked(wooo)
Paranoid, I used to steal and borrow
You gotta respect how I sport the same outfit today and tomorrow
Hand me downs in my closet, roaches in my bed
I couldn't sleep to hard cause one might crawl up in my head
Went to school for the fool, f**k a teacher
Mama gave her last 20 dollars to the preacher
Rap wasn't paying the bills
And that's real
Now I scream murder, murder, kill, kill nigga
Chorus repeat 4xOther Mac songs