

Memory Lane (Sittin' in da Park)

Nas

(Check that shit)
Aight fuck that shit, word word
Fuck that other shit, you know what I'm sayin?
We're gonna do a little something like this, you know what I'm sayin?
(Is they up on this?)
Keep it on and on and on and on and..
know what I'm sayin? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God what it is?
(What it is like?) Hah, know what I'm sayin?
You go 'head, do that shit nigga

I rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners
Hennessy holders and old school niggas, then I be dissin a unofficial that
smoke woolie thai
I dropped out of Kookey High, gassed up by a cokehead cutie pie
Jungle survivor, fuck who's the liver
My man put the battery in my back, a differencem from Energizer
Sentence begins indented with formality
My duration's infinite, moneywise or physiology
Poetry, that's a part of me, retardedly bop
I drop the ancient manifested hip-hop, straight off the block
I reminisce on park jams, my man was shot for his sheep coat
Chocolate blunts make me see him drop in my weed smoke
It's real, grew up in trife life, did times or white lines
The hype vice, murderous nighttimes, and knife fights invite crimes
Chill on the block with Cognac, hold strap
with my peeps that's into drug money, market into rap
No sign of the beast in the blue Chrysler, I guess that means peace
For niggas no sheisty vice to just snipe you
Start off the dice-rolling mats for craps to cee-lo
With sidebets, I roll a deuce, nothing below (peace God!)
Peace God -- now the shit is explained
I'm taking niggas on a trip straight through memory lane
It's like that you all it's like that you all it's like that you all

"Now let me take a trip down memory lane" -> "Comin outta Queensbridge"

One for the money
Two for pussy and foreign cars
Three for Alize niggas deceased or behind bars
I rap divine Gods check the prognosis, is it real or showbiz?
My window faces shootouts, drug overdoses
Live amongst no roses, only the drama, for real
A nickel-plate is my fate, my medicine is the ganja
Here's my basis, my razor embraces, many faces
Your telephone blowing, black stitches or fat shoelaces
Peoples are petrol, dramatic automatic four-four I let blow
and back down po-po when I'm vexed so
my pen taps the paper then my brain's blank
I see dark streets, hustling brothers who keep the same rank
Pumping for something, some uprise, plus some fail
Judges hanging niggas, uncorrect bails, for direct sales
My intellect prevails from a hanging cross with nails
I reinforce the frail, with lyrics that's real
Word to Christ, a disciple of streets, trifle on beats
I decipher prophecies through a mic and say peace.
I hung around the older crews while they sling smack to dingbats
They spoke of Fat Cat, that nigga's name made bell rings, black

Some fiends scream, about Supreme Team, a Jamaica Queens thing
Uptown was Alpo, son, heard he was kingpin, yo
Fuck "rap is real", watch the herbs stand still
Never talking to snakes 'cause the words of man kill
True in the game, as long as blood is blue in my veins
I pour my Heineken brew to my deceased crew on memory lane

"Comin outta Queensbridge"
The most dangerous MC is..
"Comin outta Queensbridge"
The most dangerous MC is..
"Comin outta Queensbridge"
The most dangerous MC is..
"Comin outta Queensbridge"
The most dangerous MC is..
Me number won, and you know where me from