

Remember Me

Z-Ro

Hell yeah nigga, ay yo

Remember me, when I use to write my rhymes in class
At Dick Dall Middle School, all them niggaz would laugh
Telling me I would never make it, cause I rap too fast
I was desperately trying to find out, how to go from scraps to cash
Remember, how y'all use to chase me home from school
Just cause I sported corduroy britches, and Pro Wing shoes
I use to have a lunch card, cause them times was hard
Since the seven people living in one house, with no cars in the yard
I remember stressing so hard, I couldn't keep my focus
My only love was for extras, and overs
Fuck all you niggaz, don't make me slap the fuck out all you niggaz
If it ain't related to making paper, I ain't calling you niggaz
I bet Mo City remember, when I took it over with rapping
51-11 Ridgevan, moving that crack bitch I was stacking
Residuals redeemingly, I was raw mayn raw caine
Rapidly running my neighborhood, I was the law mayn
'Member when I dropped my first album, in '98
Fucking with Herman Fisher, but now that nigga hate me he's a cake
Suppose to be mad at me, tal'n bout I owe him some change
Nigga just mad cause they can't eat with me, I eat with Lil' James
Rap-A-Lot Mafia my man, y'all remember the Maab
This isn't Den-Den and Z-Ro, y'all better remember the squad
Two different labels but the same cable, remember we connected
Woodfair to Missouri City, two block of Screwed Up Texas

Remember me, I'm the one they laughed at in all my classes
They use to rank on my low budget clothes, and my glasses
Remember me, the same one they use to call egghead
Now I play with fed bread, and sleep on Gucci bed spreads
(2x)

I remember the winters in the hood, no heat cold nights
No gas no lights, a ghetto low life
So my flow twice as strong, from the memories
I remember when my closest homies, turned to enemies
See niggaz tend to be, down when your bread up
But when you in the quicksand, they frown cause your legs stuck
Yeah I remember that, so you remember this
Hard times be my fuel, so I ain't finna quit
I vividly, R-E-M-E-M-B-E-R
Craig up in the E-R, bloody getting CPR
So before, the reaper come and turn me to a memory
I endlessly spit the heat, for the people to remember me
Me P.O.P., so many forgot bout
But not I, this for those who remember little Popeye
And I remember hot guys, ridiculed the flow
Now I'm front and center nigga, haters finna do me so

Remember me, I'm the one they laughed at in all my classes
They use to rank on my low budget clothes, and my glasses
Remember me, the same one they use to call egghead
Now I play with fed bread, and sleep on Gucci bed spreads
(2x)

Shit I remember back in the game, it was tough

No matter what a nigga had, it was never enough
See if I had five I wanted ten, and if I had ten I wanted twenty
Fuck having some, shit I wanted plenty
Back in the gap, when I first hit the block
With my first 25, and a hand full of rocks
Posted up at Samantha house on the West, on the porch
Ready to give my nigga some work, or give him the torch
I remember telling my T, I wasn't going to college
And was headed to the streets, to get the rest of my knowledge
That broke her heart, and for that I had to go
So I went from the sidelines, to starring in the show
Everything came slow, and nothing came fast
Most times I was out of luck, and dead on my ass
But with the heart of a hustler, and the mind of a G
I came up, now I'm something to see Bun B