

Memory Lane (Sittin' in da Park)

Nas

Fuck that shit, word word
Fuck that other shit, you know what I'm sayin'?
We gon' do a little somethin' like this, ya 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'?
Yo go 'head, do that shit niggal rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners
Hennessey holders and old school niggaz
Then I be dissin' a unofficial that smoke woolie Thai
I dropped out of Kooley High, gassed up by a cokehead cutie pie
Jungle survivor, fuck who's the liver
My man put the battery in my back, a difference from Energizer
Sentence begins indented with formality
My duration's infinite, money wise 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
Childhood lesson make me see him drop in my weed smokeIt'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 Cog-nac, 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 niggaz no sheisty vice to just snipe yaStart off the dice-rollin' mats for craps to cee-lo
With sidebets, I roll a deuce, nothin' below
(Peace God)
Peace God, now the shit is explained
I'm takin' niggaz on a trip straight through memory lane
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta Queens
Now let me take a trip down memory lane
Comin' outta QueensOne for the money, two for pussy and foreign cars
Three for Alize niggaz 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 GanjaHere's my basis, my razor embraces, many
 faces
 Your telephone blowin', black stitches or fat shoelaces
 Peoples are petrol, dramatic automatic fo'-fo' 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, hustlin' brothers who keep the same rankPumpin' for somethin', some uprising,
 plus some fail
 Judges hangin' niggaz, uncorrect bails, for direct sales
 My intellect prevails from a hangin' 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 dingbatsThey 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 talkin' 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 laneNow let me take a trip down
 memory lane
 Comin' outta Queens
 Now let me take a trip down memory lane
 Comin' outta Queens
 Now let me take a trip down memory lane
 Comin' outta Queens
 Now let me take a trip down memory lane
 Comin' outta QueensComin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
 The most dangerous MC is
 Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
 The most dangerous MC is
 Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
 The most dangerous MC is
 Comin' outta, comin' outta, comin' outta Queens
 The most dangerous MC is
 Me numba one and you know where me from

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