

Memories On 47th St.

Vic Mensa

Memories, memories

Oh

I am the first son of Betsy and Edward Mensah
Made love and made a legend, Woodlawn and 47th
Gunshots outside my window, drug deals out by the Citgo
But mama always made sure the tooth fairy found my pillow
My pops was always workin', he put the family first
Chicago Saturdays in the park and Sundays at church
Kept me from off the corner where Stones and GDs was warrin'
And Kings and BDs and VLs all had dreams of bein' Jordan
Even dope fiends was scorin', swish, tryna be like Mike
Shootin' through that baseline in their veins tryna reach that height
I was a little rockstar, dressed up like Jimi Hendrix
In Hyde park in the good part in the hood like Hemi engines
Teachers didn't see my vision, had me in IEPs
Kicked out of kindergarten, they didn't know that I was me
Tattooed my tears, wrote my story in my skin
Because even as a boy I always knew I'd be the man
In my dreams (In my dreams)
I saw it in my sleep (yeah)
The city will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine

Memories

On 47th street (yeah)

Sebastian got me high

One day it will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine
At age 12 I learned the difference between white and black
Police pulled me off of my bike, I landed on my back
Back to reality, oops, a victim of gravity
Where they pull you down and keep you there
Dependin' on how you keep your hair
Now it's fuck 'em up and bumpin nothin' but NWA
Smokin' a 7 or an 8th, way before 7th grade
My classmates sellin' yay
Sebastian got me high that first time
In the back of an abandoned truck by Webster Place
Couldn't feel my face
Sprayin' paint to see my name on trains, try not to catch a case
Age 13 at Cam granny house, watchin' him shoot up the Ace
He took the needle out and waved it in my face
If I ain't tell that boy, "Be easy, dog," I coulda died of AIDS
I started realizin' my talents 'bout the time I was 15
Tryna take over the world like Pinky and the Brain

Sellin' kush and hittin' stains, still in True Religion jeans
16, I was shinin' just like a Stanley Kubrick scene
Sneakin' into Lollapalooza, I fell off of that bridge
15,000 volts went through my elbow, fell over 30 feet
The doctor said I should be dead, still alive and still ain't scared
In the hospital bed, writin' these rhymes in my head
In my dreams (In my dreams)
I saw it in my sleep (yeah)
The city will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine
Memories
On 47th street (yeah)
Sebastian got me high
One day it will be mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine
In a land of desperation we often turn to self medication as a coping mechanism.
Some make a living as hood pharmacists while some just inhale to remove them from hell.
I watched from the window of a gated community until I grew old enough there was no
immunity from allure of the life

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