

# Cypress Hill, Memories

As I sit in my silver stack thinking about way back  
Even before I started blazing the chronic sack  
I was a go wild unfocused troublesome kid  
Looking up to all the gangsters and the shit they did  
I was at unimpressonable age through a faze  
An unmentionable stage deranged full of rage  
Walking through life in a haze with dark clouds  
Hanging over my head being wicked and loud  
And sometimes those demons haunt me and taunt me  
Follow me pursue me confuse me they want me  
They come at me from all angles and dangles  
Memories in front of me, but I wont run away  
I put the gun away but sometimes my hand ditches  
But I don't want to get locked away cause I whack bitches  
I left those ways back in the old days  
So go away I don't got no time to throw away

[Chorus]

Memories they haunt me (they haunt me) they follow me  
To the day I die (we fight and we struggle out here so we can stay alive)  
Memories they haunt me (they haunt me) they follow me  
To the day I die (got to do what I got to do out her so I can survive)

I got my education on the streets  
And I learned how to spit rhymes out with or without beats  
To say whatever I went through or going through  
Tripping off people who acting like they been knowin you  
Learn how some of these record companies be holdin you  
Attaching an image in the end controllin you  
But we set out to set ourselves apart  
And let these people know just what they had from the start  
It's like Ghostface said we studied our art form  
We turned the mike on and spit a fucking dark storm  
People slept on me and doubted my skill level  
But I'm tenacious and I got a strong will level  
You been introduced to some of the real rebels  
Injected with venom from god to kill devils

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I remember my days as youth  
Teenage gangsters with somethin to prove  
See man amuse and we creep and we strew  
Catch your ass slipping and dump on their crew  
Just -- having fun but you crazy kids  
Never thought about no prison beds  
Got gang-sters twenty-five and alive  
Never see the kids all fucking wild  
But that's the game and shit don't change  
Get respect for smoking brains  
You get a name and you build your rep  
You courting fools coming in your set  
Before you know we're having fun  
Slamming doping and packing gun

Leaving mad traces and blasting their faces  
Got a hundred years for all my fucking cases

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