

# Nas, Memory Lane (Sittin' In Da Park)

(Check that shit)

Aight fuck that shit, word word

Fuck that other shit, youknowhatl'msayin?

We gon' do a little somethin like this, yaknahmsayin?

(Is they up on this?)

Keep it on and on and on and on and..

Knowhatl'msayin? Big Nas, Grand Wizard, God what it is?

(What it is like?) Hah, knowhatl'msayin?

Yo go 'head, do that shit nigga

[Nas]

I rap for listeners, blunt heads, fly ladies and prisoners

Henessey 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 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

Childhood lesson 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 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 ya

Start 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

[Chorus: repeat scratches 4X]

&quot;Now let me take a trip down memory lane&quot; -&gt; [BizMarkie]

&quot;Comin outta Queensbridge&quot;;

[Nas]

One 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 ganja

Here'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 rank

Pumpin for somethin, some uprise, 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 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 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 lane

[Chorus]

&quot;Comin outta Queensbridge&quot; -&gt; [scratched]

The most dangerous MC is..  
&quot;Comin outta Queensbridge&quot; -&gt; [scratched]

The most dangerous MC is..  
&quot;Comin outta Queensbridge&quot; -&gt; [scratched]

The most dangerous MC is..  
&quot;Comin outta Queensbridge&quot; -&gt; [scratched]

The most dangerous MC is..  
Me numba won, and you know where me from