

Memory Lane

O.C.

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Reminisce about my childhood, doin things kids did
Roughhouse, playin in abandoned lots, throwin rocks
Trashcan tops wearin caps in America
That part of time be, tracked in my mind, it never blurs
I sometimes visit my youth
Close my eyes and think to alive, sittin on the stoop
of my crib it's weird, we had the "Our Gang" shit jumpin off
Bring it up to date, a couple are gone
Anyway, we was tight knit, mixed with, Spanish and black kids
Inner-city youth, colorblind
Even though we'd fight and clash, we'd get past the nonsense
With no grown folk intervenin, we conscious
Do it on our own with caution
Punches are thrown, but a hour later we talkin
If things get out of proportion, we adjust the fuss
and turn it to fun, no more sqwakin
Who thought about things like guns and coffins
A child's mind nowadays wanna be flossin
I didn't grow up fast but I knew a hardhead
Left the store fast, 70's child, respect that
'Til this, day and time, them moments I hold precious
Deep in a child's place taught a nigga life lessons
Up until the moment I chose this profession
Work hard but there's no such thing as perfection
I often sit and say to myself this be a blessing
Forseein my callin in my adolescence, destined
to get the cars, the fly clothes, I stand froze
Thinkin back, swingin in the snow, makin angels

[O.C.]

Yeah, yo, harsh reality smacked me in the face as a pre-teen
Some of my mans got caught up in the street dream
Hustlin it wasn't my thing, yet I knew
some who did it and did it well, you know this tale
But there's a slight twist to this ghetto tale I tell
I had a cousin named Orell he was funny as hell
His momma name was Pearl, so I called her All Pearl
Auntie had a job offer in Cali in the San Diego jail
So she packed up her shit and split, from my uncle
They was married a decade and five cent, now fate
Me and my cousin's tight, the youngest out my nanny grandbabies

Let me show ya why life is crazy
When we used to sham people, it never dawns on ya
that ya might not see 'em no more, I could remember
He was 5, I was 8, playin in front of my gate
Momma tellin us to come in cause it's time to ate
Say grace over food my providers was great
Sayin peace to mom and pop still alive today
I recall one of my cousins goin out to California
Comin back tellin us niggaz dyin over colors
He told me 'bout, khaki wearin, jheri curl brothers
Doin drivebys in cars with machine guns bustin
I found it farfetched, thinkin his story is stretched
Findin out later on about the West coast sets
Let me fast-forward the story and tell ya how it ends
They moved to start a new life for his life to end
Come to find out later on he was Blood inducted
From the same set he claimed was the Blood who bucked him

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