

Memory Serves Me

Skyzoo

Born alone die alone's what the motto is
Lived up to every word, overly proud of it
But knowing there's tag teams when you get to the heart of it
For all of us lucky enough to know where our fathers is
Our father who art in the living room cracking a brew
Know where I'm attached even when I'm attached to the stoop
Thinking I'm doing more than I am 'til you hand me the news
Like I know everything you that you on, I'm actually you
I grew up outside just like the rest of us did, him included
Prayer hands up for all of the ways that I been influenced
Fully loaded, one stick for the crew, stick and moving
14 in my pop's hands, hoping his grip will loosen
But fuck if it didn't, he never would so I was good on a couple decisions
Remember so and so had pulled out a bucket to pitch in
I fell back when I would normally jump in position
Regretted it til they put everyone under the prison
That's like one of 100 times
But feeling obligated to jump up in front the line
Stuck am I between a corner store and a blurried line
Where the shootings' forever and the lobster is butterflied
Stuck am I, down for whatever, nothing rides
But knowing how the end of the movie is underlined
And knowing my pop starred in that movie a couple times
I already knew the script, what a surprise

If memory serves me
I remember wondering what all of that work be
Posted on the same stoop like what the word be
But someone was always standing behind me to curb me
From off where that curb be
If memory serves me
Son I remember jumping off the stoop all thirsty
But being taught that the corner won't ever deserve me
And someone was always standing behind me to curb me
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I was born in Kings County, shooters beside me
My son was born in the same hospital as Blue Ivy
My father was 20, I was 35
I'm still tryna measure up to the world he designed
I'm in a world of a bind, like how worldly am I?
To understand the corner store and the world it defines
But comfy in Carnegie Hall like my world wasn't dire
A world of broadway and a world of suppliers
Bag a nickel bag of funk on the live '96 case
And write a thesis on what you see and how the fix tastes
Stories that they sing when it hits and how it fixates
My average through the roof but still grainy as mixtapes
And po-9 see me the same as who standing next to me
But knowing the drop due to my pop's how I get to be
Giving you all the above as opposed to a sketch of me
And all of the should've could've would've that I could've put up
And now I look up, red cup pour down
Walls full of murals, shit my father tore down
All of this was thought out, whether I was thinking or not
Somebody was thinking in case I ain't think out the box

So stuck am I, down for whatever, nothing rides
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My memory ain't fade yet
I came up out the same door off the same steps
In love with in the same allure
Like what is we waiting for
'Til I'm gone know that I ain't change yet

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