

Street Life

AZ

Yea Devine Intervention
Miliato, Begetz, AZ
Quiet Money Presents.

(R.I.P.)

Now the twin towers done blew up
niggaz seen the footage and threw up
I got platinum bullets for y'all to chew up
Mil-latin the dog done grew up
is it still Manhattan I speak street slang arab-a-latin
my gunz speak rat-a-ta-in
understand my lingo
I'm from Albany Afganistan
fuck Chris Cringo and Christopher Columbus
I'll shoot scud missiles through his kango and spray z gas
on ya faggot ass
Allah you akba, make 767's crash
smack Jesus Christ and smoke a half a pound of hash
I keep a half a pound of cash
I thought I told you cats
I'm not a rapper
rock a G on my chest that stands for god
fuck Dan I'm dapper
prada from head to toe
dollars, cherries in the moe
you fake ass pimps, get my chips
so I'm burying you and your hoes
I plant plutonium bombs after each and every show
so every artist you sign is guaranteed to blow
I'm guaranteed to flow
puffin that magic weed
knowledge itself nigga that's what you need
so fuck you and those crabs that you feed, tell 'em holla at me

New York New York with blood in your ice
put numbers on your head killa name your price
we gets love where ever we go
cause the street life is all we know
It's all we know

I work for a quarter million in dope
a million dollars in cash
1.5 under the bathroom stash
put that little ass gun away nigga
step up your murder game
still fuckin wit weed
step up to heroine
cardiay diamond links no more gold chains
vertical doors, candy paint, and woodgrain
I'm the one to watch niggaz don't cover your eyes
so many eyes on my watch got 'em hypnotized
fuckin with hustlers ballin like rap niggaz,
throwin money in the air screemin I ain't gotta rap niggaz
the 9 m & m ain't sweet like candy
got mines on me front row with a grammy
slugs on the left and lust on the right
fuck an award boo we'll take you home tonight

milli gates in the spyder with the glass roof
damn near crashed in valet off that over proofed shit, we drunk

I got one son, two guns, a couple of cribs
just tryin to live
fuck gettin stuck with a bid
niggaz I fuck with now
used to fuck with his kids
slim dude food never stuck to my ribs
been tried on occasions
I lie with persuasion
hustled out of town nearly died in a Days Inn
breezed on a turnpike
received then returned kites
cold D to O.G homie nigga earn strikes
burnt mics
left 'em there to sizzle for shizzle
you know the dizzle my nizzle
I'm so visual
all jewels tiz you paid dues true to the grizzle
blew a few mil and still official
BIG we still miss you
the games real fical
It's two thou and a nickel
nigga trying to go triple
until I'm there wit you
a wheel chair cripple
It's no secret I'm a keep it popin like a pistol