

## Aziatic (Outro)

AZ

Yeah, yeah  
Realism of life in actuality  
Uh huh,  
Yeah  
I wanna tell you  
Uh huh  
Fuck who's the baddest , only the real could relate  
Bigboys,  
Nothing changed, they know  
The Players of the game  
Realism of life in actually  
The Pioneers  
I wanna tell you  
This is the essence right here  
Fuck who's the baddest, only the real could relate  
AZiatic,  
Nothing changed, they know  
I rep pure realness younahmean?  
I wanna tell you  
For the deceased, and those still carrying the torch  
Hold your head though, ya heard?  
Once again  
I wanna tell you  
Realism of life in actuality  
I wanna tell you  
Fuck who's the baddest, only the real could relate  
Nothing changed, they know  
Realism of life in actually

I know, it get kinda hard sometimes  
we all looking for some kind of, outlet  
to plug into, but ahh,

From the corners of street, in every hood and every ghetto  
Every hood  
I'm the proof of what could be, if you try  
If you wanna try  
It's on you  
All the haters wanna see,  
Uh uhn  
A niggas life in misery  
Uh uhn  
But I'ma keep on doing me, 'til I die

Handcuffed by the wrist and tied in the feet, so stressed  
Wish that I could die in my sleep  
And Lord knows, thru his grace I done tried it wit peace  
But it's like niggas ain't happy 'til they find me deceased  
Feel the grief, of a street, nigga that turned to rap  
And just applied Everything that he learned from crack  
I'm in now, it's life ain't no turning back, it been foul  
So what kinda concerns is that  
Peep the signs of the eyes 'cuz it tell it all  
One of the few in the Streets that was selling it raw  
Made mistakes, but it made me intelligent more  
And how I move, you could still look and tell I was poor  
How can the hate from another man stop my flow

That's like another pimp thinking he can knock my hoe  
I'm here now, just trying to copp and blow, couple of cars and lot's of Doe

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One by one, seen 'em rise, seen 'em fall, you seen one nigga ball  
you done seen 'em all  
Even standup niggas seen 'em lean and crawl  
What makes a man wanna fiend for more  
Life itself is more than a trial or a quest  
Intelligent wise, it's like I done ran with the best  
And very rarely, you can catch me casually - dressed  
I'm more relaxed in a hat and some sweats  
Doing me, been amongst some of the street's most strongest men  
Around for months then they gone again  
Incarcerated, penalized for the love of they acts  
Criminals, cold-hearted, now what's fucing wit that?  
Where we at? hit inside of a life that's rarely exposed  
Spoken in codes for the killers that daily'll dose  
Get yours, hit a quota then get indoors, get legit  
Then hit them stores

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So now it's on y'all, could see, I figured it out  
Only a few could say that they been in my house  
And caroused at my wall color, blend with my couch  
I'm as low as you can go in the south  
When it's too deep, it's hard for the mind to relate  
Some say I'm too street and way too involved wit the snakes  
What make a man bigger that life, I'm twice his age  
Understand I'm a sinner but I'm nice some ways  
Knee deep in what I speak 'cuz I spit the truth  
I become angelic when I sit in the booth  
Just a thought of all the ill sh\*t that lurk in streets  
How can another real nigga wanna work wit police  
Bad enough you got thieves and the beef is rough  
I took an oath just to smoke, eat, sleep and fuck  
Knowledge of self, I'ma do this regardless of wealth  
Regardless of how the deck and how the cards get death

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