

# Everything's Everything

AZ

Aiyyo, we veterans now,  
AZ, AZ  
And J-O-E

I'm back, no Belve, just bottles of Don  
With the same role plays that's about to go on,  
Any stagnation, I rise beyond  
Get it right, understand ma, ties are strong  
From the streets where it all started, back in school  
To the dough stacks, and nigga start actin' fool  
Who's be the loud type and like to flash the jewels  
Hit something nice then broadcast the news,  
Facts and weed, this slow track that we  
Did it all in the hood, had to leave  
Asthmatic, guess I had to breathe  
Short nigga wait up, suppose to grab the 'vees  
Blasted for few winters, rejuvenated  
Return like you remembered, but more swifter  
Stronger than your malt liquor,  
Money, hoes and clothes, don't let them hoes get cha,  
They not fair

That's how we ball, that's how we bang  
Show them how we are in them thangs,  
Play your part, play the game  
Everything's everything

This is real, believe it I take look for real  
It's perspiration under the booster wheel,  
Trucks and 20's, 'Lacs wit them cocked Zazemi  
You can catch me at Justin's or up in Jimmy's  
Jack them hot, the real never wrestle with pride,  
If you lie, that's the only way I let you inside  
Drop them or not, probably for the love of the block  
See me solo in a photo, hands under my cock  
For face, the white clock and tainted shades  
Take for fake, got a face that just say for raise  
Get in the mix, sittin' up in cinema six,  
Multi-complex, go before the end of the flick  
It's just me, besides I'm just a G  
Wit the O in the front, I know what you want  
Believe... I'm sucka-free

Back up your work, hit the block and pitch  
Don't stop 'til you rich, 'cause shots never snitch  
Stick to the script, tuckin' the chain  
Everything's everything

See times don't stop, and crime won't stop  
So I won't stop til I'm sittin' on top,  
To every home phones and cells get blocked,  
And every hard top get chop til we drop  
If the streets don't get us, the peace gon' get us  
Wait til the lord they don't hit us,  
I'm so iffy, keep the 'dro sticky  
fifty, come and smoke with me  
Bring some cups in the clubs and toast with me,

So small crispy, man I flow sippy  
And the last Griffin, play chef in the kitchen  
Back shots, ass in the air, best position

That's how we ball, that's how we bang  
Everybody do your thang

Back up your work, hit the block and pitch  
Don't stop 'til you rich, but shots never snitch  
Stick to the script, tuckin' the chain  
Everything's everything