

## Still Alive

AZ

Okay, if you in a club  
I advise you to put your drinks down, and head to the dance floor  
Anywhere else will be uncivilized  
If you're in a car, pull over  
put the hazards on and let the windows down  
This is something the world needs to know  
Let's go

Yes I'm Brooklyn's best till I'm put to rest  
I heard tales a nigga sin to shells to cook my flesh  
No jail, never stale homie look how fresh  
I'm low key like them old G crooks out west  
As far as poetry Nas, Biggie, Jay, Mos Def  
Rakim, Gucci, Rap, Kane, KRS  
Like Common and Kanye I could say I'm blessed  
Peace to Ghost, Raekwon and Ron Artest  
This is hunger, I'm obsessed with summer  
I'm for what runners is gunnin' them young boys will gun ya  
But any nigga icey your own wifey will warn ya  
There's no wonder, every fronter wanna be stunner  
I spit thunder, I'll miss when I'm six feet under  
Legit, I'm just tryina shift G-Unit numbers  
Even rich niggaz slip for the slumber  
Shit happens but believe I'm back blastin a number

This is not a life that we in, this is hell  
This is not a stoop that we on, it's a cell  
Life is not a gift in the hood, it's a charge  
Because I made it out, so that makes me a God

Yes my flows elite, I know the streets  
I'm the cold ?cheeks? of the East Coast I blow on beats  
I create the aucoma state how I doze to sleep  
I keep dozing but never doze six feet deep  
I'm out for presidents to represent me  
Say what, I haze up 'fore haters hopin' I gave up  
It's either you stay tough or you copin' to ?cage cuff?  
From cold player to cold savor to host favor  
Who's the most underrated, G Rap, AZ, and Jada  
Allah savior, bark but sharp as a razor  
With street smarts in a Jedi heart like Darth Vader  
Hearts behavior, puffin a Garcia Vega  
The god see the haters be the larceny is greater  
Pardon the player, I'm crunk with some defeats  
Some have somebody somewhere don't want me to eat  
I'm war with the streets, I'm wanted and I'm comin' for keeps

And it's a must I live it, the trucks is kitted  
Too many peoples in the ?pee? now so duck or visit  
Show it off when I freestyle, who fuckin' with it  
A final song for song as long as the hustlers get it  
as long the jewels on all is custom fitted  
Diamond cut for cut the cluster ups the digits  
Enough is enough with the trust I hush the critics  
Buck for buck, yeah I'm buck while I must admit it  
The dough done did it, I'm the flow is vivid  
You know me, low key homie, only expose the snippit

So prolific, so sincere, so gifted  
So melodic, ya'll got it so twisted  
Sip the E-40 the had a few brought it back to the sewers  
True this no duets, no collabs, no regrets  
you just here tryina cash some little checks