

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