

Thank You

AZ

From the scales, jails, sales and the drops niggas lasted
When LL Rock The Bells came out, still a classic
Was young still, scooped on the skill, the silver plastic
I'm chill, but the females feel I'm still a bastard
It's galactic, studied degrees, about to graft it
Mastered, it bugs me to see all the theatrics
Crafted, set career goals recent surpassed it
Streets reps, left in the stress sleeping in caskets
It's backwards, had to untwist it, uplift it, it helps to grip it
Any harm self-inflicted, specifics, spoken direct the dialect
Been designed for the minds with my respect, why object?
So established 80's status, Aziatic
Footwear fanatic, put fear in the average
Mr.Magic, money come, money go
Cigars and Merlot, these front niggas funny though

Hustle mental, to get money, fam, come first
Stay focused, maintain, appreciate patience
Follow the code, stack dough, lay low

Loyalty lay her deep in the roots
It's the truth, still morally, I'm more into Coupe's
Move accordingly, crew all in cahoots
That royalty get orally loose
Prove big boy spitter, don't get no slicker
Bobby Fisher in the mix since I sip more liquor
I differ for doly, hip hop hipster
Rough Denim rocker, fly reebok switcher
Policer, best emceeer, OD'er
Top five, catch a nigga alive in no Kia
Blow cheeba, lounge, pittty the clowns
One with the word Willy, I've really been down

Y'all know what it is, get down, lay down
On the floor face down
It's only a robbery, don't make it a homicide

Back to polly, from cracks to molly
It's the same me that stacked them hundred racks in Raleigh
Shot to Charlotte, wrapped my narcotics in garlic
Whenever hot, had my loot stash box in hiding
Born in the Brook', you either get put on or hooked
Hate the syntetic coke, it took too long to cook
Where the crooks? I'm here, put the kush in the air
Aura rare, skin water clear, they look and they steer
None compare, slipped outta the chokehold
Dipped out on the popo, lick shots for the logo
Dough stacker, jewel dropper, low laughter
Cool posture remind you of no rapper

I ain't done, I ain't done yet
Let me get 'em

Louis mops, too hot to pop shit
Before the props the gossip was on my dick
Did the drops, the tropics and the chopsticks
Water rocks the mink spots in the ostrich

Saw a lot, now I link with akh in the Masjid
Call the cops, that Glock might me on my vib
This how I live my life, what I did
Lover the hybrid, eye low on my eyelids
these freaks are they fuck with voodoo
My niggas do you as deep, leave a meatcleaver through you
Police'll pursue you, you sleep the system'll beat you brutal
Meet the guru, I've been through it, I speak the truthful
My feets are useful, I'm lying hard and my cons the target
But understand that certain niggas they shine regardless
Fine a marker, my nip milk it then keep it moving
Keep recruiting this evolution, peace to students
Keep your eyes open, I'm coming