

# 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, pitty 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