

The Game Don't Stop

AZ

I'm a 80's baby
"Mercedes" made me
Crack money and "Moet" made me crazy
Strapped hungry with' no vest they named me "AZ"
Amongst the militant, too insane to raise me
Was "Swayze"
Some old school pimps embraced me
And built real between daffodils and daisies amazed me
The cars changed, switched attire
Broads came, partied like "Richard Pryor"
frames, no lens to protect my pupils
Thou' their hearts changed, love amongst my men was neutral
Beau'ful
We puffed, there was dough to spread
With' enough bread to I fled
Instead I had a mouth to feed
19 my queen claimed she handled my seed
Do the right thing is wise, that's what "Spike Lee" said
So disguised as a mic fiend, my ties was dead

The game don't stop
'Til the player gets knocked
Or the shit flip-flop
And you sittin' on top

My kid here, career in the bloom
I don't live there no more, I done moved to the moon
Whips is like spaceships that zoom on fumes
Flooded bracelets they lit like an eclipse in june
No cartoon
I symbolize the coldest itself
Once told he who hold don't expose his weatlh
But what else
When one life's faced with' crisis
And you see hate replace the holy faith of the righteous
I just
Handcuffed and jailed myself
Jammed up and bailed myself
With' no help
Made my own V.I.s and mailed myself
It's all B.I. I had to tell myself
I'm on lock
The game don't stop
'Til the player gets knocked
Or the shit flip-flop
And you sittin' on top
Flashin' my wrist watch
Like go get cops
Bitch I'm legit got rich off Hip Hop

I'm one man but so many monsters in me
With' one gram had plans on conquering cities
So on one hand could've signed and launched with' "Diddy"
But I ran with my other man, the response was pretty
A few grams, a few nigga's fiances with' me
New sedans, was feelin' like "Fonzworth Bentley"
Who the man? My homies at the concerts with' me

I was back on my deen
Then the jacket with' the jeans
Then the hatin' and slackin' with' the team
Now I know what it means
Things ain't always what it seems
It's the ones that smoke blunts with' cha
Rap with' cha
But really want your black ass out the picture
Bet the God won't slip
I'm indie with' the semi on the "Remy" loaded talents in the clips
Rubber grip
Got the silence on the tip
So call it what you want I'm on my New York shit!