

# What Y'all Niggas Want?

AZ

Yall know what this is  
Niggas wanna, sound like me  
Get down like me  
Wanna eat, fuckin' drink, lounge around like me  
Who dick bigga? Who stay bent? Who piss liquor?  
Who whip sicka? Yall some bitch niggas!  
See I'm still loaded, Still getting that dough  
Who jeeps deep wit drops? Still gettin' at hoes  
Mama bear told me stop slackin', shapin' the mold  
Make these rap niggas get on they toes (Ugh)  
Now I'm more vane, See, I'm more insane  
More and more, everyday the streets calling my name  
I'ma spaz like, who want what? I'm that nice  
With cash like, sheeit, I aint gotta flash twice  
So ball with me, Be grateful the lord sent me  
Absorb in me, Let off the semi 'til its all empty  
Tall or skinny, Small, hardcore, or friendly  
Feast yo' eyes on what the world envy

What yall niggas want nigga?  
Ugh, Fuck yall niggas want?  
You heard? (Uh-huh, ugh, whoa)  
(What yall niggas want nigga?)  
(See, This is Brooklyn, this Brooklyn shit)

Since Sugar Hill, Shit got reala  
Got more illa, more of not givin' a fuck  
More guerilla  
More paper chasin' only means more scrilla  
So, Cross me now and believe I'll kill ya  
More kidnappin' niggas, They snatch ya, come kill ya  
Tape and handcuff up, and cap peel ya  
Its that reala  
Hit ya, back split ya  
Keep that mac wit ya, or get left with the cracks wit' ya  
It's Sos' nigga, Live in the flesh, Up close nigga  
Hope you bought that toast wit' ya (Uh-huh)  
'Cause i'ma move like, so smooth like, whos hype?  
I'm all Brooklyn, and my crews tight  
Benz (ugh) Jags (ugh) Range (whoa) Vogues (uh huh)  
Henny (ugh) Cris (whoa) Remy (uh-huh) Mo (what!)  
Niggas (ugh) Gotta (ugh) Feel this (yea, yea niggas) Flow  
(Ugh, Brooklyn) YOU KNOW!  
What yall know about 60 diamonds in one chain  
4 coupes, 2 cadillacs, and 1 range  
100 mothafuckas all under, one name  
And we aint come to shower, we came to reign!

And it's the Fox to the  
5 niggas got them glocks to ya  
We on ya block, like how not could ya?  
It's the dough and the 6-series, windows tinted  
Flow like whoa! Bitch, mind yo' business  
This is big pimpin', broads stiffen when the teams mentioned  
We comin' through wit' the bling drenchin'  
So test who? Ya whole crew'll get two through they vest too  
So fuck you, Diddy don't dickride now, that slut too

Yall mothafuckas know how Fox and Sos' do (uh-huh)  
It's so true, It's nothin' to post a toast to  
Brook'Nam, Shook ones, Get aired like sitcoms  
Blowin' the X-5, wit' the 20 inches shoes on, NIGGA! (ugh)

Benz (ugh)  
Jags (ugh)  
Range (whoa)  
Vogues (uh huh)  
Henny (ugh)  
Cris (whoa)  
Remy (uh-huh)  
Mo (what!)  
Niggas (ugh)  
Gotta (ugh)  
Feel this glow (yea, yea niggas)  
(Ugh, Brooklyn)  
YOU KNOW!  
What yall know about 60 diamonds in one chain  
4 coupes, 2 cadillacs, and 1 range  
100 mothafuckas all under, one name  
And we ain't come to shower, we came to reign! (UGH!)