

## 2001 4Dr. Cadillac

Bad Azz

Up early in the morn', the morn  
I'm drinking as I yawn, as I yawn  
What am I gonna do  
Well I should call my crew, I call my crew  
Man what a pretty day, pretty day  
All the women wanna play, to play  
But time is moving fast  
So I should move my ass  
Come on let's go get out  
Let's show 'em what the West Coast's about  
Street life, cars with switches we live on tv's  
Or next to the stars with riches you couldn't see me  
Smashin' in a Bentley coupe through L.B.  
In an expensive suit you tell me  
Me and Sylk-E. Fyne platinum on this Blagtoven beat  
And you're in trouble like when you need a gat to go to sleep  
We hot nicks like Meth and Redman make you black out  
Back that ass up, get to this and throw your back out  
We thug to the bone that's why I keep it all in harmony  
And still I rise, won't you come along with me  
Let's hit the streets and feel the sunshine  
I've been out all day long and I ain't even seen one time  
Let's hit the beach then swerve through the West side  
Let's drink, toast, smoke and give it up for the best side  
I'm waking up early even before the sun crack  
Up collecting my paper in a brown paper bag with my nigga Bad  
Purse fat with a lot of cash  
While them bitches mad, we C Walk and we smash  
Stomp and stampede over the emenies  
Still shining and glistening you can catch me in the streets  
With my thugs, hoodstas and hustle-ahs  
I love my niggaz I'm at the club with my niggaz  
Cause it ain't my fault they say I'm the bossiest  
And it ain't my fault me, Bad and Ras can floss our shit  
Ghetto stars we're our own entourage  
We drive 'em far, cha