

Streetz Illustrated

Bad Azz

Yeah, come on
Bad Azz is here
Come on
All year
Mister 2000
All year
Millennium music
Mister twenty first century

Its like race car lights
Its just like shakin' the dice
Just pray for your life ain't always makin' it right
I'm safe in the light
The subjects to the dangers of all
They aimin' at cha'll
And we the ones mostly involved
It's most of why'all
Trust me, they don't know me to ball
See the truth is I don't feel they owe me at all
The focus is small
A nigga either broke or he ball
And me, I smoke til I choke and I cough, drink til I barf
Sometimes I ain't thinkin' at all
But I don't pray to take my eyes of why'all
These streets don't brawl
(stick 'em up!)

Don't nobody hesitate to drop a body
Karate can't do nothing to me
I got a shawty if anybody need to penetrate 'em
Now you can die while in the streetz of illustrated
This world was given to me I went here to make it
Now you gon' relate to this, or you either hatin'

We be in 'em streetz, every single day
We be in 'em streetz, every single day
We be in 'em streetz, every single day
(See we just write about it, but you can die about it)
We be in 'em streetz, every single day
(Now you can be a see about it nigga G about it)

Lyrical Rembrandt
Spend that
Nigga we put that Henn that
Since fourteen been makin' green where you want to go and spend that?
I grin that, hoes
Now I'm all up in that
'Bout fifteen min-at
Car done Lieutenant
Me and Bad Azz is makin' that dash
Smokin' that hash
Spendin' the cash
If they ask
Willin' to mash
When we pass we gon' blast
Who gon' last this aftermath?
Who gon' rock shit after that?
Comin' from a gang bang habitat

Nigga can't even have that
Motherfucker didn't even have a gat
Who the fuck do you think we laughin' at?
Youse a bitch, youse a snitch, youse the nigga that I have to jack
I'm the man, gat in hand, didn't think that I'd have to pack
But I do, fuckin' you, how's your life, can't have it back

These streetz illustrated
(And I know they hate it)
These streetz illustrated
(And you know I'm hated)
These streetz illustrated
(Lyrics nigga play it)
These streetz illustrated
(Rhymes X rated)

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But you can die about it
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Streetz illustrated, nigga

Its that West Coast slug, that crip shit
That thuggin' heavy with yo head to get yo grip quick
We here to claim our own gold Daytonas
To slide through in the lak with the ray chrome on 'em
Jump to it, and I ain't never gotta, bounce back
I count stacks
Just cop with me and ounce sack
Announce back
You big mouth hater, you, we hit back
We got slugs in exchange for you
You underminded, we a keep ya here and change the truth
If you can find us we got drugs in exchange for lute
The cops got pictures of our mugs and our gangsta suits
Traffic ain't shit ta niggas like us with a 20 proof
We make it really hot
And those that really cops
Somebody that really shot
See how much you really got
The streetz'll eat you up
If they don't catch you first and beat you up
Nigga the little kids'll eat you up!

We just write about it
But you can die about it
Now you can be a see about it nigga G about it

See we just write about it
But you can die about it
Now you can be a see about it nigga we about it

I'm low life'n with this nigga wit an attitude
Just low life'n with this nigga wit an attitude
Just low life'n with this nigga wit an attitude
Just low life'n and I might point my gat at you

Motherfucker
Take a picture, trick!