

## Young A.Z. "Illegitimate"

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Yeah, back up in this bitch  
Night of the living dead,  
Much love for mob star

It's time to ride married to the mob  
My nines my bride I'm schizophrenic  
Out on the mike Call me Mr. Hyde  
Bust that money mob shit still off the rap  
My nut sac slaps the chin of a hood rat  
A good rat only my niggas understood that  
I'm isolated in the Jones with a fifth of jack  
I waged a war between good and evil up in my head  
I am on the front lines with the furious of the living  
dead  
Screaming do or die sip gin keeps me high  
Strolled the holy land murder eighth street Pakistan  
My cream bling in the eyes of a dope fiend  
Hit the crack scene with seventeen in my magazine

Illegitimate Ritalin look its baby Ben  
Life hanging by the thread of his foreskin  
The morphine got me numb now I can't breath  
I slap a clip in my ruger let the trigger squeeze  
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Let's hit the bar spit that game drunk as we are  
Superstar in my own right come the late night  
Order a drink or two mind if I buy you one  
I couldn't help but notice your eyes  
I am the locksmith hun  
What's your name where you from  
What do you like to-do?  
Have I seen you once before it's almost dÃfÃ©jÃfÃ vu  
Beer after beer shot after shot caine, after bomb  
Jealous hoes stop and say I throw up ????  
Your five seven what looks out of this world  
I remember my first love and it was a white girl  
You remind me of that smoke your crack back  
I suck on your clit and you attack my bozac

Exchange numbers I don't think it would be wise  
I spend a lot of time thinking about my own demise  
I spend a lot of time thinking about what could have  
been  
I spend time off Ritalin pseudo-amphetamine  
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Back to the drama premeditated like the Dali lama  
Part like Osama a throw way in my first time bomber  
Five hundreds get to call it death  
I put it down for my folks with the dank on my breath  
The drank on my breath I stay up like crystal meth  
Retaliate so I can rest all the while still obsessed  
Stress yeah I get a little something  
I hit the house party drunk think about dumping  
Imagine me ride and die for the next four days  
Like a ritual sacrifice it I make it all official  
My nut mind works overtime  
Leave niggas riggamortis like ??? stones on ???

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