

A.G. "Leave It Alone / Club"

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[Wali World]

Uhh.. 'nother one of them things
It's another one of them things
Yeah, yeah, feel me
Yeahh, c'mon, ya feel me?
They gon' feel this, check it
One two check me out uhh

We Ghetto Dwellas rollin with "Goodfellas," that's
Power Rule
On tracks, commitin murder like my name was Ja Rule
"Holla Holla," you're out of bounds fuckin with World
And Carter, Carter - you want beef? It's not a problem
Red-dot 'em, cock back, blast and shot 'em
D.O.A., just to show 'em we don't play
Smoke weed all day, me, Craig, and [?]
Catch me in the Benz gettin head in the whip
And not crashin it, while y'all niggaz can't get a date
That be the same reason why niggaz hate
Yo we goin platinum, Wali World out to get the papes
Fuck the album, got niggaz buggin off the snippet tape
I +Dig in the Crates+, and make tracks hotter than lava
One love to Khalid, Kenyatta
And Trigger Tone, when you get home, we got it sewn
Like Bones, I let you rock my three G stones

[A.G.]

Yo word to Arthur Ashe, serve these fools and spark
the hash
Yo World let's get these mills, cut the half
Roll with ladies that pack, plus baby got back
Gotta pay me to rap, the Larry Davis of rap
In fact, my value now is past a mill'
Wanna sign me for half-a-mill I'll give you half for real
Pass the pill, drop hot ones that last until
Straight dirt, y'all pussy niggaz clean with Massengil
Wanna star with a dick attached, I'll show 'em one
Run trizzies like Joe and 'em, I cock the M-1
Get busy when I'm holdin one
So many rounds I get dizzy when I'm loadin 'em
Front, then I'm sober son

[Chorus: Wali World]

Do you got my tape kid, you better get it
Ayyo I got the fat shit, so get with it
Ayyo you got the CD, you better get it
Ayyo I got the fat shit, so get with it, c'mon

[Chorus Two: Wali World]

Don't touch this, ah ah, leave it alone
Play your position when we're rockin on the microphone
Don't stop (don't stop) I'm not finished yet
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug then I jet
Back to the lab (to the lab)

...

Don't touch this, ah ah, leave it alone
Play your position when we're rockin on the microphone

[A.G.]

See me? Throw it up when I rolls up
CD? Twenty-fo' bucks with only fo' cuts
Screw courts, them havocs get cut short like Newports
Out of towners call me New York, Yank hat with a
smooth walk
I came with my niggaz; new topics mixed with blue
chronic
Don't rock it - I'ma blame y'all niggaz
For sleepin on the boobonic, 15 minus two dollars
So hurry and cop it - I entertain y'all niggaz
I spit flames on these other rappers
Lyrically see me as madness, I'll touch them faggots
They don't have it, plus them average, crush them
bastards
With one lines, bust 41 times like one-time
And it'll still be no crime, from Japan back to London
I have 'em runnin cause these raps is stunnin
Honey ass is pumpin, so throw the L's up
And after the show I'm smashin somethin, get dirty
baby

[Chorus: w/ minor variations]

[Chorus Two]

[Wali World]

Don't stop (don't stop)...
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug then I jet
Back to the lab (to the lab)

...

Don't touch this, ah ah...
... microphone
Kick a hole in the speaker...
We're, back to the lab (to the lab)...

Don't touch this, ah ah...

Out of bounds in here
With my nigga A.G. in here
G.D., we get dirty

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