

# A

## "A Z"

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Featuring AZ]

Yeah yeah

Word up (Yeah son)

Yeah yo how this goin down nine-six

How we livin son (exoticness)

Nine-six exoticness (representin)

Know what I mean? (A )

A (yo how we livin?)

This is New York City

Ninety-seven Sosa

A to Z up in the spot representin

Takin it back from here its sposed to be

Takin ya back son take it back

Check it

[Chorus]

Six digit trickin coke and henny mixin many listen

Fuckin give me mine dont wanna see no penny missin

Its old tradition how we click and fall in position

The rap coalition, we gettin rich an

[A ]

Poetically Im deadly like a crucifiction

Buddha addiction

Dismissin competition when they roll wit friction

My whole crew be schemin flippy

Like ixing for that chicken

Smith brothas and A on ya Mason-Dixon

Who want the steel cap feel the real rap

Patiently my whole crew waited and we rock

premeditated

Chucked underground like the rap genie

And watch the shore by the rising tide now the whole world can see me

When they get foul thats when my style gets wild

I hang a man in front of a crowd without a trial

KAPOW, yo thats all she wrote end the quote

For frontin, a brotha got a dome and his legs broke

[Chorus: 2X]

[A ]

Yeah son I want it all your crib, cars and beepers

Wit hundred dollar sneakers my sounds blowin ya speakers

Burgundy landcruisers chrome rims on blue rugers  
Lyrical hollow tip slug point trugers

[AZ]

Yo yo

Yo drug connects

Diamond cut bergets drippin wet

My hole is there from Cu-bec got her flippin checks

What, I push a black Lex with gold on my neck

You rockin wit a vest tryin to catch a hole in ya chest

Firm official, exotic girl but wanna be the ritual

Leavin lights shine light theyve been psyched to slip  
through

[A ]

I will abolish

MCs get straight up demolished

Yo my mind is like a nine I load it up wit knowledge

[Chorus: 2X]

The realism must continue where I live is like a  
battlefield

We all poor but on my block is like a half a mil

Surrounded by the most criminal type of elements

Blunts, stunts, gunshots, broken-down developments

Its all illegal, young juveniles wit the desert eagles

Street sweepers, heaters, soon-to-be retreaters

Its routine, people seem to go through a cycle

So confused, to choose between the bible or the rifle

Watch em stifle

Yo me an son gone escalate this

And get these papers run some capers while they catch  
the vapors

Yeah son, dont got no time for no chicken trickin

Its the lyrical addiction

Cuz me an AZ be politikin

[Chorus: 4X]

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