

## A Plus "A+z"

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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 it's 'sposed to be  
Takin' ya back, son, take it back  
Check it

Six digit trickin' Coke and Henny mixin', many listen  
Fuckin' give me mine, don't wanna see no penny  
missin'  
It's old tradition how we click and fall in position  
The rap coalition, we gettin' rich an

Poetically I'm deadly like a crucifixion  
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 that's when my style gets wild  
I hang a man in front of a crowd without a trial  
Kapow, yo that's all she wrote, end the quote  
For frontin', a brotha got a dome and his legs broke

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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

Yo, yo, yo, drug connects  
Diamond cut bergets drippin' wet  
My hole is there from Quebec, 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, they've been psyched to slip  
through  
I will abolish MC's, get straight up demolished  
Yo, my mind is like a nine, I load it up wit knowledge

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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

It's all illegal, young juveniles wit the Desert Eagles  
Street sweepers, heaters, soon-to-be retreaters  
It's 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 gon' escalate this  
And get these papers run some capers  
While they catch the vapors  
Yeah, son, don't got no time for no chicken tricken'  
It's the lyrical addiction 'coz me an' AZ be politician'

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