

**AZ****"A-1 Performance"**

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Y'all can't be serious, this is A-1 Performance  
Your boy wit' the million-dollar vocal chords  
No more Cristal and DoM P, straight Gatorade  
And they say in death, all life questions shall be  
answered  
But this here started before the womb and will not end  
after the grave  
Y'all can't disturb me

Critically acclaimed, verbally I'm sickly insane  
Officially, I remain the Ripley's of the game  
Believe or not, the hustler's here to retrieve his spot  
From y'all dungaree thieves that mislead the block

No rehearsal, nothing's controversial  
Relax homie, react, one response'll hurt you  
I know death, I was there when souls left  
Froze holdin' my nose, over decomposed flesh

It's deeper, brown reefer, no beeper, low ceaser  
Outta sight, the life make the doe sweeter  
The best Derrick Jeter, veggie-eater, half-ebonizer  
Love leisure, crewed up, in the stretch 11-seater

It's either, move accordin' or, lose an organ  
It's sorta like an abortion, you choose what's more  
important for ya  
Pimp to poet, from prince to heroic to  
Now, King of New York now, as if y'all don't know this

If you think you want it, you know y'all can get it  
Nobody doing it better than AZ, no, no  
If you, if you think you want it, you know y'all can get it  
Nobody doing it better than AZ, no, no, no

I done did the ostriches, the gators, silver foxes  
Silk boxers, rocked ice so obnoxious  
Wore Pradas, Taj Mahal more dollars  
What other motherfucker y'all could call hotter

Street affilly, sweet swisher, switch from Willy  
This so amazing, MJ style the flows Cajun

Connect wit me, absorb, reflect wit me  
Respect I'm so N-Sync, I could sex Britney

Been about it, no comparison, send 'em a stylist  
They too old for gold, and they dress code is childish  
I'm grown music, so I ask don't confuse it  
Consider, I'ma soul food this Howard Hewitt

So's the don, so seductive overdose 'em wit' charm  
Paranoid, sorta, so please approach me calm  
Clothes and money, hydro, hoes among me  
Emphatically, the truth is y'all can't take nothin' from  
me

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Although it's all music, at times we misuse it  
Confuse it, like we back on the block suited  
Born-thugs now get recruited, but listen youngin'  
You still a student I spit twirlin' tricks wit' a toothpick

Taught ya teacher, I'm the source for seekers  
Resurrected like Christ off the cross on Easter  
Zone excessive, seven different home addresses  
So many years lost through tribulations, I've grown  
possessive

I, earned my title, I learned survival  
Self-made, never too concerned wit' idols  
The earth and the moon is one, and I'm the sun  
So all competition is none, get ya gun

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Nobody, doing it better than AZ  
No, no

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