

**AZ**  
**"A.W.O.L"**Visit "[A.W.O.L](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Animal]

It's another interlude motherfucker  
You know it's Animal the Mixtape Bully nigga, MTB  
You know how I do it the way I do it when I do it the way  
I do it  
Motherfucker stab you in your throat with a icepick  
Shoot you in the face with a beebie gun  
Whatever I do to bring you to the concrete I'ma do it, you  
heard?  
My motherfuckin nigga A, it's the closin of the album  
nigga  
I salute you nigga, for never bein a bitch  
For never bein a bitch-ass nigga {\*music starts\*}  
Cryin, retirin, sayin you comin back to the game  
Go findin God and comin back, keep gettin shot and  
comin back  
Niggaz doin mixtapes and comin back  
Lyn 'til y'all caught with guns and comin back  
Keep comin back baby, you in the top five man  
Y'all niggaz pay The Source for mics man  
Cause you don't know how to be an original nigga from  
the streets  
I respect you man, close it out like this, 2-double-oh-5  
Fuck the world, you heard, say what's up A.W.O.L. take  
it

[AZ]

I am one of the flyest, crew is like the Al'Qaeda's  
We war like in the mess halls of Elmyra  
Bodies get caught, predicate spells is higher  
Why talk if you ain't walk through hell's fire  
All-nighters, upscale attire  
In car get new cars you and your mans admire  
Young messiah, back bottom guns for hire  
I am that what the rap contracts require  
Ghostwriter, coast to coast cyphers  
I do this for them grown men in diapers that don't like  
us  
Though, still the nicest, sendin kites to Riker's is  
priceless  
Reminisclin on past life fights with Cypress  
Hung lifeless, sprung from financial crisis

Never ran, I stand amongst the righteous  
AZ-Q, dark denim V suits  
His, arson is lethal, only pardon his people so  
Just ask it open the closed casket  
Coke or the dope acid I'm back on that old Shaft shit  
Got my ratchets, army fatigue jacket  
Fitted cap on backwards with them cats from Flatbush  
Bravehearted, fuck if they say squash it  
We remain the largest, we invade regardless  
Trains to Spofford insane with a brain from Hartford  
It's hard to explain my artwork  
One for the haters, two for the true and the raiders  
I know dudes who eat your food with a razor  
It's major, barbaric, brutal behavior  
Called addict, I talk about the jewelry later  
My respect is for the DL cartel connects  
And the crews that came through and left arise well  
effect  
Finesse, big boys only play with the best  
It's no regrets, bein dead broke and raised in the 'jects  
I'm a vet, cousin Comstock callin collect  
Sayin he just left the box hot annoyed and depressed  
Claimin he stressed did a 3 still facin the stress  
I'm like look this ain't the vote and you ain't facin your  
death  
So save your breath, tie your boots up and bang with  
the rest  
Cause in reality they just incarcerated your flesh  
You know the deal, I pray they process your appeal  
Cause on the real, I still got my hands on the wheel  
And I'ma drive 'til the gas run out  
Either crash or a wrap 'til a smash come out  
We them real niggaz

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