

AZ**"Everything's Everything"**

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(Joe)

Aiyyo, we veterans now,

AZ, AZ

And J-O-E

(AZ)

I'm back, no Belve, just bottles of Don

With the same role plays that's about to go on,

Any stagnation, I rise beyond

Get it right, understand ma, ties are strong

From the streets where it all started, back in school

To the dough stacks, and nigga start actin' fool

Who's be the loud type and like to flash the jewels

Hit something nice then broadcast the news,

Facts and weed, this slow track that we

Did it all in the hood, had to leave

Asthmatic, guess I had to breathe

Short nigga wait up, suppose to grab the 'vees

Blasted for few winters, rejuvenated

Return like you remembered, but more swifter

Stronger than your malt liquor,

Money, hoes and clothes, don't let them hoes get cha,

They not fair

(Joe)

[Chorus] 2X

That's how we ball, that's how we bang

Show them how we are in them thangs,

Play your part, play the game

Everything's everything

(AZ)

This is real, believe it I take look for real

It's perspiration under the booster wheel,

Trucks and 20's, 'Lacs wit them cocked Zazemi

You can catch me at Justin's or up in Jimmy's

Jack them hot, the real never wrestle with pride,

If you lie, that's the only way I let you inside

Drop them or not, probably for the love of the block

See me solo in a photo, hands under my cock

For face, the white clock and tainted shades

Take for fake, got a face that just say for raise
Get in the mix, sittin' up in cinema six,
Multi-complex, go before the end of the flick
It's just me, besides I'm just a G
Wit the O in the front, I know what you want
BelieveÂ... I'm sucka-free

[Chorus] 2X

(Joe)
Back up your work, hit the block and pitch
Don't stop 'til you rich, 'cause shots never snitch
Stick to the script, tuckin' the chain
Everything's everything

(AZ)
See times don't stop, and crime won't stop
So I won't stop til I'm sittin' on top,
To every home phones and cells get blocked,
And every hard top get chop til we drop
If the streets don't get us, the peace gon' get us
Wait til the lord they don't hit us,
I'm so iffy, keep the 'dro sticky
(???) fifty, come and smoke with me
Bring some cups in the clubs and toast with me,
So small crispy, man I flow sippy
And the last Griffin, play chef in the kitchen
Back shots, ass in the air, best position

(Joe)
That's how we ball, that's how we bang
Everybody do your thang

[Chorus] 2X

(Joe)
Back up your work, hit the block and pitch
Don't stop 'til you rich, but shots never snitch
Stick to the script, tuckin' the chain
Everything's everything

[Chorus and Joe's verse] til music fade

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