

AZ

"I'm Known"

Visit "[I'm Known](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Laid up with this skinny chick, Balley's with the Henny
mix
My man Bond sent me flicks, claimed he ain't seen me
since '96
Since he blew trial for them 3 attempts
Street events, Feds on the sweet, but you see me tense

Chill a lot, niggaz wanna know if I'm real or not, kill or
not
If I'm holdin' it what kind of steel I got
False alarms, tattoos all across my arms
Bail bonds, a while back almost lost my moms

Check that, taking this paper you can bet that
No set backs, shittin' on niggaz wit out the Exlax
Ice showin', Polo sweats all whit glowin'
Blunted, Suzuki 600, twelfth Riech's blowin'

Headline niggas, Fed time niggas
Crime niggas street worth 9 figures

It's a war now, hard to the core for sure now
Raw style, four fours to your door now
Doe chasin', in the race niggas slow pacin'
Temptation, send a bitch to blow your face in

Plans rollin', handsome nigga's hands golden
Stand chosen, pockets on my pants swollen
Plead the Fifth, real niggas don't need to riff
Automatic shit, for fakin' that's what you fagots get

Out of thirty men, know twenty that's worthy men
Ten is friends, the other ten'd probably turn me in
Phone tapped, born in Brooklyn, hold my own gat
Unknown traps keep jail niggas goin' back

Time tickin', young shorty mind flippin'
Blind addiction turn a killer from a fine Christian
Streets ruined from sneaky shit niggas keep doin'
Snakes, that's why I hand shake and keep movin'

World supremest, cook Coke like a chemist

But it's finished, a little jail time helped me replenish
Thank God, almost bagged a rape charge in '86
That's what I get fuckin' a crazy bitch

Rough life, stab wounds, cuts, and bites
Is dice, I guess I was blessed to touch mics
Borciase, my words spreads across tribes
Who live? Made for the system up in your ride

Visit [AZ](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.