

AZ**"Omega"**Visit "[Omega](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[AZ talking]

Its so simple....life...death...

[Verse- AZ]

I am one of the flyest my crew is like the Al Qaeda's

We war like in them mess halls of Elmyra

Bodies get caught predicate's bails 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 them rap contracts require

Ghostwriter coast to coast cyphers

I do this for them grown men in diapers that don't like
usThough still the nicest sending kites to Riker's is
priceless

Reminiscing on plaza fights with Cypress

Hung lifeless sprung from financial crisis

Never ran I stand amongst the righteous

AZ-Q dark denimy V suits

His arson is lethal only pardon his people so

Just ask it open or closed casket

Coke or the dope bastard I'm back on that old Shaft
sh*t

Got my ratchets army fatigue jacket

Fitted cap on backwards with them cats from Flatbush

Bravehearted f*ck 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 car addict I talk about the jewelry later

My respect is for the CL 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 being dead broke and raised in the jects

I'm a vet cousin Comstock calling collect

Saying he just left the box hot annoyed and depressed
Claimin he stressed did a 3 and still facin a stretch
I'm like look this ain't the row and you ain't waiting 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'm a drive til the gas run out
Either crash or a wrap til a smash come out
We them real n*ggaz

It don't get no more gangster than this...rap it up
daddy...yea

[Beat until fade]

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