

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

AZ:

Yeah son, I know you can hear me man
Shit been crazy in the hood since that happen, hu
But I found out the cat that did that, word to minds
I'ma see him in a minute son, hu, it's on

{Lawrence Fishburn from Hoodlum: "Get ready for
your final thrill."}

AZ:

I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots you cop at
Keep frontin' nigga, showin' ya Roley, getcha watch
snatched
Watch that, know where your moms shop at
Gotcha block mapped and ain't afraid to push ya top
back
That's what you get when you borrow shit, and never
pay back
So nigga say that, frontin' like you can't lay flat
You a rat, plus you started this beef from way back
Cats you sip wit, even feel you on some flipped shit
Thought I was twisted
Beat that, been home since Christmas
Got the word where your bird live, out in L.I.
From this next bitched named Trista sell lye in Bed Stuy
So nigga what now? Got the whole game fucked now
Who you trust now? See you tinted up your truck now
No need to back track, next time know who you blast at
For gettin' black clapped, got your cousin killed and
nap napped
Now the streets know, nuttin' left for us to keep low
Never sleep though, on point and make a nigga reach
low
Up in Brooke Dale, heard my little man took 12
Jagged hook shells, doctors claim he don't look well
Left his mom stressed, now it's time to bomb the
projects
Teflon vest, four pounds could make your palm sweat
Put the word out, so vexed I even curse your bird out
She don't deserve clout, flippin' wit the cotton herb
mouth

On Potterscott, me and Wop, nickel gats cocked
The way we popped up so shocked, niggas made our
backs rock
Broad daylight, y'all hustle fake, and don't play right
Holdin' shit wit broken clips that spit, but don't spray
right
Clothes, cars & ice, hard to remember starvin' nights
Niggas startin' fights, Narcs in the dark, cold cloggin'
pipes
Starvin' wives, used to buy weight at bargain price
Now we scarred for life, clog is desolvin', slowly outta
sight
All illin', navigatin' four wheelin'
Alcohol spillin', marinatin' on your killin'
Like a contest ladders fall, winner takes all
Judges make calls, Kings stand behind the 8 ball (8
ball)

{Tim Roth from Hoodlum: "You're a dead fuckin'
nigger! You hear me?
You're dead!"}
{Lawrence Fishburn from Hoodlum: "Get ready for
your final thrill."}

CHORUS: [AZ]

I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots where you
cop at (yeah)
Keep frontin' nigga, showin' ya Roley, getcha watch
snatched
(get it snatched)
Watch that, know where your moms shop at
Gotcha block mapped and ain't afraid to push ya to
back (uh huh)

I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots where you
cop at
Keep frontin' nigga, showin' ya Roley, getcha watch
snatched
(keep frontin')
Watch that, know where your moms shop at (Wor)
Gotcha block mapped and ain't afraid to push ya top
back

I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots where you
cop at
Keep frontin' nigga, showin' ya Roley, getcha watch
snatched
Watch that, know where your moms shop at
Gotcha block mapped and ain't afraid to push ya top
back

I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots where you
cop at
{Tim Roth piece}
Keep frontin' nigga, showin' ya Roley, getcha watch
snatched
Watch that, know where your moms shop at
Gotcha block mapped, and ain't afraid to push ya top
back

I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots where you
cop at
Keep frontin' nigga, showin' ya Roley, getcha watch
snatched
Watch that, know where your moms shop at
Gotcha block mapped, and ain't afraid to push ya top
back
(top back, top back, top back, top back.....)

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