

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

[Intro: AZ]

Y'all know what it is...

Brooklyn's finest!

Wild money zone!

AZ... Alchemist!

Doin' what I do best... what y'all can't do!

I'm 'bout to hop on the biggest muhfuckin' boat ever!

The Queen Mary...

'Bout to cross the muhfuckin' Mediterranean.

Y'all motherfuckers at war!

[AZ:]

Cruise ships sail out, - inmates bail out!

D's flipped my day one, dog; we finally fell out!

Identifyin' bodies at morgues, I need rest!

I pro'ly with the faces enforced with weed breath.

Patron out my pores keep you feelin' the vibe, I'm

'noyed!

No hog! I'm concealin' my cries, avoid.

Manic-depress' shit, - Hannibal Lect-ic;

Let off a few shots dip, - ran through the exit!

[Breathing hard] I'm too old for this!

All these diamonds in these wrists-es and my necklaces-es

Supposed to be 9 digits up, - effortless;

But it's like I been possessed by "The Exorcist".

Forgive me! - No Emmy's or roleplay here,

Just a Bentley 2-door with the cold-faced stare;

So, YEAH! (YEAH!) - Cool, whatever.

Blunts, bottles or broads nigga do whatever!

Blood, bullets or war'll be the move forever,

Single solo or crew send them dudes to dead ya!

Yes, sir! Haha! - Professional style,

Truly, I ain't apply my pressure game in a while.

Ruly I'm really moody; - aggress only foul,

Disconnected now, so press redial! - I'm gone!

[Outro: AZ]

Alc'!

It's all good... straight from the heart!

I speak it, I live it, I love it!
New album comin' soon!
AZ... Alchemist..
"Chemistry Files!"
Add it up, dunn! [beat stops]

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