

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

[AZ]

Mm

It's that sh\*t right here

It's that big boy music!

Yah mean?

Thinkin of a masterplan me and my man  
hand to hand on the grind since a half a gram  
Understand even then you couldn't pass me hand  
was on the land all geared up and Dapper Dan  
Around the year of them classic jams  
I done seen n\*ggaz get b\*tch slapped and ran  
Word to yam a few got rich and swam  
while I was sunk with they G packs trying to pump  
It's over, no closure cars gave n\*ggaz exposure  
I was carried by Allah on his shoulders  
Sober my first AR in the hood  
Would of stuck a muhf\*cker and bring his truck if I  
could  
Understood I was strong headed  
But them streets and them guns gave me the wrong  
fetish  
Cool whatever, I'm here we can do whatever  
from the cars to clothes to the jewels whatever  
Why worry? I'll rest when I'm dead and buried  
so for now I'ma dress, get head and be merry  
(Muthaf\*ckers)

[Hook 2x]

My minds still in the grind you wouldn't understand  
It's been a long time since we was going hand to hand  
When the block was too hot we had the look out man  
Playing the corners to warn us soon as he saw the blue  
van

[Cormega]

Plans to conquer the street  
branded in my head like the mark of the beast  
My knowledge so ominous I plot in my sleep  
when I eat my n\*ggaz eat  
We take the bitter with the sweet

If I die few'll cry, less'll do a bid with me  
Once intrigued with money and fast cars  
stubbornly I sold crack to my mans moms  
Suddenly it troubles me so I asked God  
forgiveness for pasts wrongs and future sins  
Presently the coop I'm in  
View as heavenly as the roof of ?Sens?  
Like Vince Carter I'm too intense  
for dudes defense to stop me I abuse the rim  
Anybody can ball I do it to win  
Son it's +Doe or Die+, all that other sh\*t aside  
Any sign of betrayal my nine'll improvise  
I spit the sickest rhymes  
Daydream of getting mines  
F\*ck scales and just as I ?tri-beamed to digitize?  
Pure white perrico I cooked over a greasy stove  
From Brooklyn to Queens to O-T  
with keys I sold in a V  
So cold when I hit the street many people froze  
My team deaded the block till it decomposed  
And was under our complete control to each his own  
I don't sleep on n\*ggaz in the street no mo  
Cause when sh\*t hit the fan even Nino told

[Hook 2x]

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