

## AZ "So Sincere"

Visit "[So Sincere](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[AZ Talking]

I'm about to get on some Norman Bates shit, and go psycho  
Shit, get the right speakers  
Let me start a little early, that's what I do

[rapping]

You know my persona, let me kindly remind ya  
The Gucci, Garbana, the New-E, the Low, Evisus,  
designers  
How I post up, probably amongst pirahnas  
I'm the urban version of that turban-waving Osama  
Last of a genre, there's nothing to mash your mind to  
Y'all trash, I'll leave half of y'all niggaz in trauma  
So I laugh, cause I'd rather clam in vagina  
Splash a few grands on some high sand in the sauna  
Usually ponder when I puff my little ganjas  
Somber, feeling like Don Cheetah in the Hotel Riwanda  
You know karma, increase when you cease your drama  
It's deep, but you sleep when you feel there's peace  
upon you  
Keep that armor, I formerly greet as a charmer  
But beneath is more than mystique, I'm a monster  
Came to conquer, no games I came to regain my honor  
No lames, it's the same as the brain can conjure  
Why launder, when I can outsell the bomber  
Miskel, tell Mel, he'll be out of jail by Kwanza  
From Tompkins to Guanias, to the hills in Brownsville, I  
sponsors  
Nothing to cock back the Black P-80 Launcher  
Any hate can haunt you, I'm straight from the L.I. gates  
of Yonkers

Down to the Southern states to Great Lakes in Tonker  
Young, majestic, the beams from the Sun reflect it  
Numb before Bush Senior's son was elected  
Eclectic, world respected, like Brother Ube from Dure  
But hey, what you expected, perfected, connected  
So exit, or have it all in here  
We can war when we're, nigga I'm so sincere

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

