

AZ**"Street Life"**

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Street Life
AZ intro
Yea Devine Intervention

Miliato, Begetz, AZ
Quad Money Presents..

Half-A-Mil (R.I.P)

Now the twin towers done blew up,
niggas seen the footage and threw up,
I got platinum bullets for ya ll to chew up,
Mil-latin the dog done grew up,
is it still manhattan I speak street slang arab-a-latin,
my gunz speak rat-a-ta-in,
understand my lingo,
I'm from Albany Afganistan,
fuck Chris Cringo and Christopher Columbus,
I'll shoot scud missles through his kango and spray z
gas,
on ya faggot ass,
Allah you akba, make 767's crash,
smack Jesus Christ and smoke a half a pound of hash,
I keep a half a pound of cash,
I thought I told you cats,
I'm not a rapper,
rock a G on my chest that stands for god,
fuck Dan I'm dapper,
prada from head to toe,
dollars, cherries in the moe,
you fake ass pimps, get my chips,
so I'm burying you and your hoes,
I plant plutonium bombs after each and every show,
so every artist you sign is guaranteed to blow,
I'm guaranteed to flow,
puffin that magic weed,
knowledge itself nigga that's what you need,
so fuck you and those crabs that you feed, tell em holla
at me.

Chorus:

New York New York with blood in your ice,
put numbers on your head killa name your price,
we gets love where ever we go,
cause the street life is all we know,
its all we know

Begetz

I work for a quarter million in dope,
a million dollars in cash,
1.5 under the bathroom stash,
put that little ass gun away nigga,
step up your murder game,
still fuckin wit weed,
step up to heroine,
cardiay diamond links no more gold chains,
vertical doors, candy paint, and woodgrain,
I'm the one to watch niggas don't cover your eyes,
so many eyes on my watch got em hypnotized,
fuckin with hustlers ballin like rap niggas, throwin
money in the air screemin I ain't gotta rap niggas,
the 9 m & m ain't sweet like candy,
got mines on me front row with a grammy,
slugs on the left and lust on the right,
fuck an award boo we'll take you home tonight,
milli gates in the spyder with the glass roof,
damn near crashed in valet off that over proofed shit,
we drunk.

Chorus x2

AZ

I got one son, two guns, a couple of cribs,
just tryin to live,
fuck gettin stuck with a bid,
niggas I fuck with now,
used to fuck with his kids,
slim dude food never stuck to my ribs,
been tried on occasions,
I lie with persuasion,
hustled out of town nearly died in a Days Inn,
breezed on a turnpike,
received then returned kites,
cold D to O.G homie nigga earn strikes,
burnt mics,
left em there to sizzle for shizzle,
you know the dizzle my nizzle,
I'm so visual,
all jewels tiz you paid dues true to the grizzle,
blew a few mil and still official,

BIG we still miss you,
the games real fical,
its two thou and a nickel,
nigga trying to go triple,
until I'm there wit you,
a wheel chair cripple,
its no secret I'm a keep it popin like a pistol.

Chorus x 2

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