

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

{[D.J. & AZ] Intro}

"AZ"

I'm ready.

"C'mon!"

{[AZ] Verse One}

You know the Chronicle,

The shit that if mama knew.

The stress the drama do.

The techs phenominal.

Rapid fire, it pecks through the abdominal.

You basterd liar, it's me who's the honorable.

Bathed and clothed up.

Shaved and closed-cut.

Restrained from temptation was drained from both
nuts. (heh)

Now in the physical form,

verbalize through the scriptures, I was biblically born.

It's Aire, Gerimaia, can see through the blunt fire.

All Kawasakis can wheely up, on one tire.

Well respected, Jail connected.

Got the method for them pretty females, perfected.

For sure, Very few flaws.

Every Chevy's two doors.

Candy painted will give a nigga the blue-balls.

Pause, This's the life I chose.

Then did the 360. The chypers closed. (C'mon)

{[D.J.] Scratch Chorus}

"The Format is real sickenin', Contagious"

"Here I Come"

"AZ"

"There you go"

"Still I don't have to run no game, I've done those
thangs"

{[AZ] Verse Two}

Uh Young and gifted.

My tounge's perlific.

In the beast bungalou is how I'm brung in Christmas.

From the streets, Ima flow from the hungriest districts.

Switch kicks,
Crisp when I come to them picnics.
Played slow.
Paper chased, stacked and layed low.
Range Rov', tinted all black.
The same ol', physic mind, righteous rhymes.
Then turnt a new leaf for my life of crime.
No concerns with new beef, who's as nice as I'm.
It's confirmed from few feet. I'm still a sniper blind.
Built my fame, spilt my pain.
Politicin' daily, still tryin' to milk the game.
It's obvious that I'm real.
Rap skills remain.
I took some change and I'm still the same.

{[D.J.] Scratch Chorus}

"The Format is real sickenin', Contagious"
"Here I Come"
"AZ"
"There you go"
"Still I don't have to run no game, I've done those
thangs"

{[AZ] Verse Three}

Learned the system.
Burnt some 'lsm.
Jotted my jewels down, like journalism.
How I manouv' now, it emerged the wisdom or pilgrim.
Prohizised, Putting words to rythim.
Relating, I add 'em clayton and manifistation.
Patient, meditating with them animals waiting.
Pacing, like an inmate that sealed his fate.
Less in years escape, but I'm still in shape.
I'm chillin', deeply rooted.
A beast with music, from Bedsty to the East.
I'm too at peace to lose it, but love it.
I still does it, breathing off a trump budget.
Fresh out of gloomies with the Loui Luggets.

{[D.J.] Scratch Chorus Outro}

"The Format is real sickenin', Contagious"
"Here I Come"
"AZ"
"There you go"
"How we get down"

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