

**AZ****"The Game Don't Stop"**Visit "[The Game Don't Stop](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[First Verse] I'ma 80's baby \_Mercedes\_ made me  
Crack money and \_Moet\_ made me crazy Strapped  
hungry wit' no vest they named me \_AZ\_ Amongst the  
militant, too insane to raise me Was \_Swayze\_ Some  
old school pimps embraced me And built real between  
daffodils and daisies amazed me The cars changed,  
switched attire Broads came, partied like \_Richard  
Pryor\_ ? frames, no lens to protect my pupils Thou' their  
hearts changed, love amongst my men was neutral  
Beau'ful We puffed, there was dough to spread Wit'  
enough bread to ? I fled Instead I had a mouth to feed  
19 my queen claimed she handled my seed Do the  
right thing is wise, that's what \_Spike Lee\_ said So  
disguised as a mic fiend, my ties was dead [Chorus]  
The game don't stop 'Til the player gets knocked Or the  
shit flip-flop And you sittin' on top [Second Verse] My  
kid here, career in the bloom I don't live there no more,  
I done moved to the moon Whips is like spaceships that  
zoom on fumes Flooded bracelets they lit like an  
eclipse in june No cartoon I symbolize the coldest itself  
Once told he who hold don't expose his weath But what  
else When one life's faced wit' crisis And you see hate  
replace the holy faith of the righteous I just Handcuffed  
and jailed myself Jammed up and bailed myself Wit' no  
help Made my own V.I.s and mailed myself It's all B.I. I  
had to tell myself I'm on lock The game don't stop 'Til  
the player gets knocked Or the shit flip-flop And you  
sittin' on top Flashin' my wrist watch Like go get cops  
Bitch I'm legit got rich off Hip Hop [Chorus] [Third  
Verse] I'm one man but so many monsters in me Wit'  
one gram had plans on conquering cities So on one  
hand could've signed and launched wit' \_Diddy\_ But I  
ran with my other man, the response was pretty A few  
grams, a few nigga's fiances wit' me New sedans, was  
feelin' like \_Fonzworth Bentley\_ Who the man? My  
homies at the concerts wit' me I was back on my deen  
Then the jacket wit' the jeans Then the hatin' and  
slackin' wit' the team Now I know what it means Things  
ain't always what it seems It's the ones that smoke  
blunts wit' cha Rap wit' cha But really want your black  
ass out the picture Bet the God won't slip I'm indie wit'

the semi on the \_Remy\_ loaded talents in the clips  
Rubber grip Got the silence on the tip So call it what you  
want I'm on my New York shit! [Chorus]

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