

AZ**"TRADING PLACES / MANASIA (INTERLUDE)"**

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Yeah, word up

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

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Dreams fulfilled, gave us more room to build
Strong climb made more time for wounds to heal
I can see the sun, must've been blessed to be the one
Set free to run, same baby moms, new seed to come

Breathin' lungs, through the sonogram see the thumb
So regardless, male or female, love either one
G's and tons branched out, coped the ranch house
To plan Martin, needed some space to plot my plans
out

Speak of life, still rock low, plus the sneaker type
Be for kites pushin' a stick make you breeze through
life
See through sites, gun shots, used to run spots
Slung rocks, nearly got rich off of one block

Saw the light, caught a case, couldn't afford to fight
Lawyer white, had to cop out or face more than life
Poison bites, my brain, flyin' high flames
Tryin' to change, trapped between worlds kinda
strange

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Yo, it's either or, used to by girl, Lee Rahol
G's galore, Christian Dior, devils believe in war
Need some more currency, streets observin' me
Third degree, tryin' to see billions before they murder
me

Thoroughly thoughts react, let the Porsche mack
Across tracks catch me in Haiti, ridin' horse back
Seek religion, study life, tryin' to see the vision
Weeks in prison I'll help a wise man peep his livin'

Reach decisions, analyze, scope the game,
With hopes to change before the stress overdose the
brain
Most remain shock waves, I rock stage through the
Tropic Haze
Under Palm Trees, puffin' lye for days

Liver ways, cold chillin', old villan, known for buildin'
Sittin' back, controlin' millions
What's right or wrong? Shorter days, nights is long
Keep ya cipher strong, in case, it might be on

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So what's the remedy, from bein' invaded by your
enemy
Envy me, had a cold heart since infancy
Below freezin', used to flip for no reason
Now beyond that, learned to relax, master slow
breathin'

Blowin' hundreds, spendin' paper's so redundant
I'm from it, most large niggas over and done with
No one to run with, just a few from the old school
Ocean cruise, lain' back soakin' the blues

Scopin' the views, never once, open the news
It's all stress, placed on the broke and confused
So know the game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame

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