

**AZ****"TRADING PLACES / MANASIA"**

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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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