

Ayumi Hamasaki

"What Ya'll Niggas Want"

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[Talking]

Y'all can't be serious, this is A-1 performance
Your boy wit' the million-dollar vocal chords
No more Cristal and DoM P, straight Gatorade
And they say in death, all life questions shall be
answered
But this here started before the womb
And will not end after the grave
Y'all can't disturb me

[Verse One]

Critically acclaimed, verbally I'm sickly insane
Officially, I remain the Ripleys of the game
Believe or not, the hustler's here to retrieve his spot
From y'all dungaree thieves that mislead the block
No rehearsal, nothing's controversial
Relax homie, react, one response'll hurt you
I know death, I was there when souls left
Froze holdin' my nose, over decomposed flesh
It's deeper, brown reefer, no beeper, low ceaser
Outta sight, the life make the doe sweeter
The raps Derrick Jeter, veggie-eater, half-ebonizer
Love leisure, crewed up, in the stretch 11-seaters
It's either; move accordin' or, lose an organ
It's sorta like an abortion, you choose what's more
important for ya
Pimp to poet, from prince to heroic to
Now, King of New York now, as if y'all don't know this.

[Chorus]

If you, If you think you want it
You know y'all can get it
Nobody doing it better than AZ, no, no, no [2x]

[Verse Two]

I done did the ostrige, the gators, silver foxes
Silk boxers, rocked ice so obnoxious
Wore pradas, Taj Mahal more dollars
What other motherfucker y'all could call hotter
Street affilly, sweet swisher, switch from willy
This so amazing, MJ style the flows Cajun
Connect wit me, absorb, reflect wit me
Respect im so N-Sync, I could sex Britney
Been about it, no comparison, send 'em a stylest

They too old fo

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