

AZ The Visualiza "Trial Of The Century"

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AZ:

Just like a motion picture, gun fire froze a nigga
Compose the liquor, caused me to stager, stumble
over quicker
Duckin' low, wit the four four, tryin' to bust and blow
Empty out before the Po Po come bust the show
Sobered up, knew it was beef, but over what?
Been in the cut, escapin' these streets, they cold as
fuck
Tuck my chain in, rose to my feet, no time for aimin'
Back arched, all you saw was sparks, niggas blazin'
One fell, callin' for help, heard him yell
My last shell, tore through his spine, it's time to bail
It's slow motion, dust in my clothes started ?boatin'?
It's bizarre copin', my blood flowin' like the Art Of
Goshen
Thoughts racin', hit the corner slow pacin'
No destination, it's up North a nigga facin'

CHORUS: Panama P.I.

If we all gonna die, I'm prepared to meet my maker
But before I touch that death bed feel, I gotta see some
paper
Keep my head to the sky, won't let no one pull us down
Do whatever it takes, 'cause that's the breaks, money
make this world go
'round

AZ:

I plead innocent, the love for my freedom is infinite
Thoughts was intimate, I mastered the minds, the
mortal 10 percent
Self Defense, incarceration couldn't help repent
Caught in commotion at the time I felt it, felt intense
Him or me, it's misery through my memory
But mentally, outcome wise I feel no sympathy
You know the streets, how some niggas could go for
weeks
Rock you slow to sleep, play you for doe, now you know
it's beef
Know it's deep, I live my life on the creep
Tinted Jeeps, bulletproof coupes move Mystique

Foxy Brown: (AZ)

Let him speak, my dogg is innocent
It was my gats (Boo I got this), this cat named Roberto
it's certain
Desert Ease in my skirts end
Let my nigga live (Oha), while I breed us up a kid
Face this little bi - tch

AZ:

No explanation, speedy trial, fuck the extra waitin'
Hesitatin', they know the time a nigga facin'
So what's the verdict?

CHORUS (overlaps the last line of AZ's verse)

AZ:

I feel ill inside, though my life is still a ride
Some may criticize, but it's a blessin', that I'm still alive
From all the smoke lit, all the hoes hit, all the cold shit
From comin' that close gettin' my dome split
Spreaded out, so much on my mind, gotta let it out
To live, and die for a cause I feel dead with out
Check my rap sheet, no prior cases, just some Tech's
beef
Charged with drunk drivin' once, but I was half 'sleep
Swervin', off of St. Mark's and Burgan, in a rented
Suburban
I must've dozed when I was turnin'
But peep this, I'm on trial now, no sign of weakness
No secrets, just goin' to court, & I'm tryin' to beat this
A new Don, another score, another new born, been too
long
Here's a dick jury for y'all to chew on

{Judge's voice: Order in the court, order in the court
That's contempt of court! }

CHORUS (2 times)

Panama P.I.:

If we all gonna die

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