

AZ The Visualiza "Whatever Happened (the Birth)"

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Yeah, some firm shit, you know I mean?
For all the niggas, in New York
All across the motherfuckin' world
Ain't nuttin' changed yet, shit's still real
Yo

Yo, major large niggas get they grind on cash
While the crab thinkin' niggas keep they mind on ass
I guess most motherfuckers ain't designed to last

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the
past?
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the
past?
Whatever happened to the realness from back in the
past?

You know the routine, fast cars, rings get a crew seen
We true fiends, old school style that's how we do things
Born and destined, hands on many investments
Strong, reflect this 'til I'm drawn back to the essence

Street wise, 36 waist, small feet size
The C.I.'s quick to slide off, once the heat rise
Detour, poverty zone, police war going through each
dawn
Searchin' new ways for me to eat more

Fast learner, quiet storm, play the back burner
Bureaucrats, I react like Nat Turner
Hold weight, used to rock kicks wit no lace
Fuck a soulmate, low heart pace, pulse at a slow rate

Runnin' rapid, while others play as if they captive
Brain's inactive, bein' subjected to this crab shit
To each his own, fuck the foulness, need a week alone
We can zone, all day long, on the speaker phone

600, nine five North, stay blunted
Stress, I came from it, sex got drained from it
The new breed star gazin', raisin' two seeds
To be free, the franchise is all a whole crew need,

indeed

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

Whatever happened to the realness from back in the past?

Whips and full clips and pussy lips, rubber grips
attached to hips

Past the journey to the crib, the purest sickness cura
Holy Koran, sirah, leaves man to understand
I stand up as rough briva

Heart is bleedin', stress got my hair line receedin'
God look, we feedin', leadin' my seeds, back to Eden
And stay suspicious of promiscuous bitches
Who don't wash and do dish

And to big for your britches
Lustin' riches, fuckin' the next man mistress
You wonder why your pussy itches
Fat ass sample wit out the glitches

Shatter your mental, split your bean up like a lentil
Disfigure your face, you recognizin' by the dental
Hot lead from raw heat, left in store meat
Lay it out on Broadstreet

Before he left all he heard was the echo from the shot
Cops autopsy revealed, he was stopped by the glock
Devils lettin' off Scuds, thugs trapped up in hood
houses
New York, been infested by Bloods

Lustin' for colors of red More black lies done shed
Through yet the blood travelin'
Through veins remain blue
Boned out until we zone out, no doubt

Chicken heads beg for the 9 inch Applehead
Their legs open like fallopian, lubricated by petroleum
Nine months later comes the ovary explosion
Bitch you stupid? A hundred dollars you couldn't
recoup it

When I reign the truth on your brain you muted
Rula, zig-zag, zig Allah, plus Allah zig, zag-zig
We addin' more knowledge to your wig

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Word up, word up, yeah

Wu-Tang, firm up in this piece know what I mean?

Open it down, stamp of approval, you know?

Get ya brain washed, you know what I'm sayin'?

Get ya muscle tendered & straight

No doubt, no doubt

Word up, the black God exists in the physical form, you know?

Holdin' this, A to the Z, I know what time it is, aight,
Armageddon

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