

## **Bad Azz**

### **"Smash"**

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We got Bad Azz in this mother fucker  
(Outlawz)  
Spiggity Spice 1 in this mother fucker  
(Oaktown)  
The Low Lives in this mother fucker  
(Still thuggin')  
You know the Outlawz in this bitch  
(Ha, hah, it's on)

Once again another fat nigga fried  
Do a drive by if you wanna fuck with mine  
'Cause we swallowed inside  
My feet stuck to the ground

And ain't shit that move me  
Dog, I'm heavy bound  
And I done seen niggaz get touched by the pair  
Runnin' they mouth with only one to the ground

I blow my shit 'cause I can back it up  
Fuck poppin' the trunk  
Let's throw some hands up  
Now how many real niggaz gonna stand up?

I thought so, niggaz better shut up  
I'm five, six, heart's bigger than me  
But I'll fuck you up so destructively  
Thoughtfully, my mack ten pop for me

Got my glocks with me, come ride my block with me  
Intoxively, I bought that Hennessey  
Come ride with me or homicide with me  
Outlawz nigga

Shit a nigga still breathin' hard from the last song  
'Cause out here it's either mash or get mashed on  
Rest in peace to all those who done passed away  
(R.I.P)  
'Cause with the beat that's in the streets life don't last  
long

All in between you need to eat, you need some wheat  
You needs to heat, the beat  
'Cause you's a condone savage street to shit  
You got to mash to sleep a week or snooze  
Stay on my feet, I'm tryin' to keep 'em in some shoes

Stay outta jail, this nigga fucks hard and twos again  
Let's get this money like we ain't never got it again  
Let's keep shootin' 'em like we ain't never shot it again  
You got your life but you promised to die

Life is death at the end, you put the rest inside  
Life is death at the end, you put the rest inside  
(Come on)

Life's short young nigga, get your mash on  
Hustle on little nigga, get your cash on  
If you see death around the corner, get your blast on  
You gonna die anyway, life don't last long

We still feelin' pain from the last song  
Shit, we still feelin' rain from the last storm  
Homie either mash or get mashed on  
Little nigga either blast or get blast on

I see how you got to play it now, you got to lay it down  
And clown for your crown, have respect now  
That's a test just to see if you gonna bring it to 'em  
Then come a whole lot of please when you bring it to  
'em

We keep it movin', motivation is the money  
Ability to feed niggaz hungry is so lovely  
But that ain't it, we got some soldiers locked down  
It's been perfect for what we doin' when they drop  
down

It's hot now and we right up in the thick of it  
Picture this, all of us, eatin' chips  
Sittin' on the porch by our house, leavin' something in a  
stash  
How do we outlast? Always keep cash

Sittin' on the scene with the nine  
Never would of thought I'd be gettin' mine  
Bossilini, straight murder dog  
Plotted my magazine, master cream

Disintegrate niggaz who blast me  
He didn't know I was trapped  
He didn't know I was ready

Plug a hole in his chest

And check out with the niggaz vetti  
Do a dirty shit, smokin' bomb on the dock  
Cut your ass up in pieces, throw your meat to the  
sharks  
I got that, hold up

Got a glock and I be puttin' niggaz in comas  
You's a mother fuckin' fool  
'Cause you dyin' for runnin' up on me

You want beef bitch nigga, see me face to face  
After the case, my niggaz travel state to state  
I'm on a mash with case so I can't procrastinate  
There's so many lives in state, lord, I'm always gonna  
take

My fate keep guessin', Smith and Wesson stressin'  
The lesser the charge, the shorter the yard, I'm dodgin'  
bullets  
Rest in peace to those who couldn't, I'm not gonna run  
Keep on mashin' and keep on blastin'

I'm lastin' my time here  
Nigga I'm a be a legend in my own time 'fore a die here  
You wanna smoke, I'm a note to keep my mind clear  
And every nigga that I know mash with no fear  
Come on

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A yo, I takes no, no slope, that slope  
Livin' with no breath, who wanna go next?  
No stretch when it's time to sprint  
Time limited, they want my life but I ain't givin' it

Outlaw, Low Lives, taking your life  
We blow mics and I'm breakin' in with soap dice  
I'm baitin' now, the nigga you hate now  
Full steam ahead, my beam is red

Niggaz wanna fight dirty

I'm clean as them  
Stay hurtin' in the part  
You wanna bleed instead?

I'm Mister Shorty to the K, the K, f-fantastic  
And I'm out here mashin' like a nation wide assassin  
I'm kickin' ass and takin' names later  
Better yet, call me Shorty, the motivator dominator

Great rhymes sayer, whole cappa drug dealer  
Low Life nigga, I'm twenty one and gettin' bigger  
Roll with niggaz, mine's as big as nine figures  
Yeah, them low life niggaz, them five, five niggaz,  
nigga

You'll get high, roll by, once in a while, I see ya lovin'  
my style  
You know I can take it, roll with a stand by for nothin'  
Divide, lay low until the ride be out  
The four, five on the ground, forty and out  
To fourteen days hard time, Low Lives

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