

Lluis Llach**"AZ and Half-a-Mil Freestyle"**

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AZ: Triple Nines on 'em....knamnean? AZ...the
pioneer...overseein'...Half-a-miliato....gunshots and
glocks and
calickos and all that shit....quiet money...this is law...

Verse 1: (AZ)

I speak prophecy, what was, what shall become
my philosophy, wise words repel from the tongue
fuck a novel or some made up shit to spit
this is life, bein' poor or rich, blood or a crip
made for those lost in the street with no jewels to help
so many thugs have lost love tryin' to school themself
prison walls with the yards filled in for God Children
bein' scarred from these hardships, kinda hard healin'
it's heavy, this shit is necessary, teach the youth
travel 9000 Miles just to reach the truth
increase the troops, population
cops chasin', shots racin'
another slug rocked her face in
from BK to East Orange
recieve homage
my V's armored
camouflaged in fatigue garments.

Verse 2: (Half-a-Mil)

Yo, we through with Bitches and jewels on the wrists's
through with Sixes
Quiet Money formed the new existence
futuristic
it's 2000 now, computer chip shit
my crew is wiser now
niggas is fallin' and we risin' now
this is where the ballin' stops
close all the spots
open up the lots, put the tops on all the drops
fuck flossin' rocks, put 'em all back in the box
put the horses back in the barn, put the yacht on the
dock
take all the bonds and public accounts off the stocks

son, we ready to rock
our own Country we ready to cop
look at Congress
they can't believe Hoodlums rised beyond this
from Brook-nam to the skies up yonder.

Verse 3 (AZ)

Whats the prognosis?
high explosive, fly culprits
try and focus, for this dough you die hopeless
deathwishin'
let off six and kept spittin'
tecks kissin'
if you real respect the mission
run reckless
took money, done records
from one Lexus to a half-a-town in Texas
chose classes
crooked D's roll passed us
smoke massive
keep a toast in both stashes.

Verse 4 (Half-a-Mil):

Yo, we thugs forever
international with plugs forever
now we intergalactical
above mystical or magical
spiritual and practical
we individually factual
livin' Willies who's stacks grew
now we got better things to do besides attack you
kidnap you
my rhymes bubble faster than a Ki of crack do
I was a ghetto bastard readin' Matthews
sellin' plastic valves
now to get to my crib you gotta drive alot of miles
there's alot of Deer, Rabbits, alot of Cows
you bust bottles more than even the Ross child
go to trial, never cop out
a Million and a half under the table, guarantee that I'm
out
Quiet Money, thats what eatin's all about.

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