

## A. Jay "La Verite"

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### Verse 1

Yeah, OXYGEN, push it up to the MAX.....

A. Jay

Yeah

Tryna get ahead of ma game,  
To get ahead to maintain,  
Cos there aint nobody out here, that cud be stoppin ma  
flame,

Im flowin' illy figas say he got a chip in his brain,  
they say i rap so good niggaz call me insane,  
anytime i do my thing i give the haters the pain,  
shout outz to all my niggaz that be saving my skin,  
show me the royal palace, let me show you the king,  
show me the opposition, let me give em a ring,  
and who's in competition let me give em a sting,  
tell em lyk t-pain, all im doing is win..

Chorus.

El kamo

We be killing this all day,  
take it again like a replay,  
bout the business no holiday,  
itz going down if they dont pay

A. JAY

A. JAY

Erry body luvs da rap, itz great,  
tryna still beat ma style, its Okay,  
searching for the best, and thats what they say,  
if its all bout the game we talking A. JAY

### Verse 2

Talk against the God of the game and that be  
blasphemy,  
watch me slit ya throat wif a blade and that be lyrically,  
Spittin so bad and all, they call it mystery,  
Tryna, take ova this game but dat aint "FORCIBLY"  
(DATS RIGHT)  
Not AUTOCRATIC, jux lyk that, call it AUTOMATIC!!!

Out of this world baby, Im so NOMADIC,  
Rap sick and so dead im such an ADDICT..,  
Getting the music to ya bones call it CHIROPRACTIC..

Chorus.  
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Verse 3  
A. JAY

It aint bout fortune, it aint bout fame...,  
Or wearing fancy costumes, and actin all lame...  
I dont wanna play preacher jux...  
LIVE LIFE BY DA CODE..  
Shawty, callin me a PLAYER...  
WHERE DA HECK IZ MA COACH...!!!!?  
Ugh,  
Tu parle de La VÃ©ritÃ©?  
Je suis La VÃ©ritÃ©....  
Immuable, pur... on peut pas me changer...  
Tu aimes ma Styley..?  
Faites attention...  
Et si tu es bouiversÃ©.. fais la traduction....

/Chorus/

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