

Aziatic "A-1 Performance"

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Y'all can't be serious, this is A-1 performance
Your boy wit' the million-dollar vocal chords
No more Cristal and DoM P, straight Gatorade

And they say in death, all life questions shall be
answered
But this here started before the womb
And will not end after the grave
Y'all can't disturb me

Critically acclaimed, verbally I'm sickly insane
Officially, I remain the Ripleys of the game
Believe or not, the hustler's here to retrieve his spot
From y'all dungaree thieves that mislead the block

No rehearsal, nothing's controversial
Relax homie, react, one response'll hurt you
I know death, I was there when souls left
Froze holdin' my nose, over decomposed flesh

It's deeper, brown reefer, no beeper, low ceaser
Outta sight, the life make the doe sweeter
The raps Derrick Jeter, veggie-eater, half-ebonizer
Love leisure, crewed up, in the stretch 11-seaters

It's either; move accordin' or lose an organ
It's sorta like an abortion, you choose what's more
important for ya
Pimp to poet, from prince to heroic to
Now, King of New York now, as if y'all don't know this

If you think you want it, you know y'all can get it
Nobody doing it better than AZ, no, no, no
If you think you want it, you know y'all can get it
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I done did the ostrige, the gators, silver foxes
Silk boxers, rocked ice so obnoxious
Wore pradas, Taj Mahal more dollars
What other motherfucker y'all could call hotter

Street affilly, sweet swisher, switch from willy

This so amazing, MJ style the flows Cajun
Connect wit me, absorb, reflect wit me
Respect I'm so N-Sync, I could sex Britney

Been about it, no comparison, send 'em a stylest
They too old for gold, and they dress code is childish
I'm grown music, so I ask don't confuse it
Consider, I'ma soul food this Howard Heuwit

Sos the don, so seductive overdose 'em wit' charm
Paranoid, sorta, so please approach me calm
Clothes and money, hydro, hoes among me
Emphatically, the truth is y'all can't take nothin' from me

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Although it's all music, at times we misuse it
Confuse it, like we back on the block suited
Born-thugs now get recruited, but listen youngin'
You still a student I spit twirlin' tricks wit' a toothpick

Taught ya teacher, I'm the source for seekers
Resurrected like Christ off the cross on Easter
Zone excessive, seven different home addresses
So many years lost through tribulations, I've grown possessive

I earned my title, I learned survival
Self made, never too concerned wit' idols
The earth and the moon is one, and I'm the sun
So all competition is none, get ya gun

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