

## Aziatic "Fan Mail"

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Baby bring that ashtray in here  
Aight  
And bring my mail it's on top of the counter  
Here baby

Check, what's this  
I don't know some mail came thru today  
Fishscale, professional, what's this about men lemme  
see what this about  
Anyway, the food will be ready in 20 minutes

Peace Allah, hope tha scribe reach ya hands in good  
health  
As for self, no sense of worrying my cards been dealt  
Sunk in a cell, Fishscale, fifth year of my bid  
Finally got a chance recent to connect with my kids

It's kinda hard thru carelessness I scared they moms  
And temporary I was barred voluntary the bond  
Nevertheless, it's issues I need to address  
Pertaining the certain statements that made me  
confess

Faced with life, it bites when reality hit  
And wit crime come a lot of technicality shit  
Thru many co-defendants conspiracies linking  
Like the court system designed to keep the mind from  
thinking

Fog ya vision, guess it's just the odds of living  
But like me, most great men became god in prison  
Since Illmatic, first heard ya bars of life  
I was up in Cansaki, bitches started to fight

You touched souls to a lost population of men  
And no doubt, if ever out they'll never lock me again  
Faced wit 10 on state time, wit life on the back  
It's fucked up when your own folks ain't writing you  
back

Learn to relax, spoke wit certain cats that helped adapt  
You know the streets to the pen it's kinda hard to

transact

All the cars and the pretty women, condos  
The clothes and the city living

I seen division, breakdown of the population  
It's either submit, death or incarceration I felt the  
combination  
Torn between reality rap and the fakes  
Some do it for the salary cap few relate

And been thru what I been thru at least in fraction  
So when they spit you could feel the passion I see you  
maxin'  
That Nas and that Jigga riff started some shit  
It departed the prison system we should argue a bit

It's a glimpse of what's to come  
The past follow, hold the voice just hunger me holdin'  
my last bottle  
I live like that of a star without the title, I had to write  
you  
It's beyond trying to enlight you

It's a token of appreciation  
For being that poet with no abbreviations  
Much respect from us all wish you much success  
Get yours take money nigga fuck the rest I'm signing  
off

And leave in the way that I greet and say peace  
Keep in mind always rep the streets, you that nigga  
Word  
Gotta write homey back

Ayo, boo I got any more of that mail out there  
Got a few more  
You gotta read this one, the shit right here is deep,  
man  
Alright, gimme a minute  
Okay, what's this one right here  
Oh shortie from Nashville, alright lemme see this

AZ, this is Camille since Sugarhill been a fan  
And since then to me you still a man  
A real card player rarely reveals his hand  
And sincerely, I could say the hood feel ya jam

I sit and listen to your last edition, washing dishes in  
the kitchen  
Or twisting the baby dreads on little Christian  
It's so sickening his father we both miss him

He was killed in a '99 car collision

I guess the best ones God get them the tar sniff 'em  
It's just the way it is in this bizarre system  
You remind me of his one concerning words when you  
speak  
You and him both got that funny type of slur in y'all  
speech

At night it's like his face just emerge in my sleep  
I smoke herb so that grief can stop disturbing my  
peace  
My life's deep, it coincide with the way that you rap  
I hate it when them commentators say that you back

You never left you was always years ahead of the rest  
My baby-father even felt your style he say you was best  
How you dress how you move when you in the public  
Without a lot of luggage gotta love it that's how you  
thug it

Know that, that's right  
It's Bigboy, okay, okay

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