

## **Agneta Fältskog**

### **"Trading Places"**

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AZ:

Yeah . . . Word up

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die (Word Up)  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame  
(Yeah...How we livin'?)  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

AZ {Verse One}

Dreams fulfilled, gave us more room to build  
Strong climb made more time for wounds to heal  
I can see the sun, must've been blessed to be the one  
Set free to run, same baby moms, new seed to come  
Breathin' lungs, through the sonogram see the thumb  
So regardless, male or female, love either one  
G's and tons branched out, coped the ranch house  
In ?Grand Martin? needed some space to plot my plans  
out  
Speak of life, still rock low, plus the sneaker type  
Be for ?kites? pushin' a stick make you breeze through  
life  
See through sites, gun shots, used to run spots  
Slung rocks, nearly got rich off of one block  
Saw the light, caught a case, couldn't afford to fight  
Lawyer white, had to cop out or face more than life  
Poison bites, my brain, flyin' high flames  
Tryin' to change, trapped between worlds kinda  
strange

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie (Yeah)  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame (Yeah)  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

(That's how we  
come at 'em)

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die (Yeah)  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame (Uh Huh)  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

AZ {Verse Two}

Yo it's either or, used to by girl ?Lee Rahol?  
G's galore, ?Cristen D or?, devils believe in war  
Need some more currency, streets observin' me  
Third defree, tryin' to see billions before they murder  
me  
Thoroughly thoughts react, let the ?Porsche? mack  
accross tracks  
Catch me in Haiti, ridin' horse back  
Seek religion, study life, tryin' to see the vision  
Weeks in prison'll help a wise man peep his livin'  
Reach decisions, analyze, scope the game, wit hopes  
to change  
Before the stress overdose the brain, most remain  
Shockwaves, I rock stage through the Tropic Haze  
Under Palm Trees, puffin' lye for days, liver ways  
Cold chillin', old villan, known for buildin'  
Sittin' back, controlin' millions  
What's right or wrong? Shorter days, nights is long  
Keep ya cipher strong, in case, it might be on

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie (Yo)  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die (Each gotta die)  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

AZ {Verse Three}

So what's the remedy, from bein' invaded by your  
enemy  
Envy me, had a cold heart since infancy  
Below freezin', used to flip for no reason  
Now beyond that, learned to relax, master slow  
breathin', blowin'  
hundreds  
Spendin' paper's so redundant  
I'm from it, most large niggas over and done wit  
No one to run wit, just a few from the Old School

Ocean cruise, lain' back soakin' the blues  
Scopin' the views, never once, open the news  
It's all stress, placed on the broke and confused  
So know the game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame  
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie  
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die  
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame  
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