

## A.G. f/ Wali World

### "Leave it Alone"

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[Wali World]

Uhh.. 'nother one of them things  
It's another one of them things  
Yeah, yeah, feel me  
Yeahh, c'mon, ya feel me?  
They gon' feel this, check it  
One two check me out uhh

We Ghetto Dwellas rollin with "Goodfellas," that's  
Power Rule

On tracks, commitin murder like my name was Ja Rule  
"Holla Holla," you're out of bounds fuckin with World  
And Carter, Carter - you want beef? It's not a problem  
Red-dot 'em, cock back, blast and shot 'em  
D.O.A., just to show 'em we don't play  
Smoke weed all day, me, Craig, and {?}  
Catch me in the Benz gettin head in the whip  
and not crashin it, while y'all niggaz can't get a date  
That be the same reason why niggaz hate  
Yo we goin platinum, Wali World out to get the papes  
Fuck the album, got niggaz buggin off the snippet tape  
I +Dig in the Crates+, and make tracks hotter than lava  
One love to Khalid, Kenyatta  
And Trigger Tone, when you get home, we got it sewn  
Like Bones, I let you rock my three G stones

[A.G.]

Yo word to Arthur Ashe, serve these fools and spark  
the hash  
Yo World let's get these mills, cut the half  
Roll with ladies that pack, plus baby got back  
Gotta pay me to rap, the Larry Davis of rap  
In fact, my value now is past a mill'  
Wanna sign me for half-a-mill I'll give you half for real  
Pass the pill, drop hot ones that last until  
Straight dirt, y'all pussy niggaz clean with Massengil  
Wanna star with a dick attached, I'll show 'em one  
Run trizzies like Joe and 'em, I cock the M-1  
Get busy when I'm holdin one  
So many rounds I get dizzy when I'm loadin 'em  
Front, then I'm sober son

[Chorus: Wali World]

Do you got my tape kid, you better get it  
Aiiyyo I got the fat shit, so get with it  
Aiiyyo you got the CD, you better get it  
Aiiyyo I got the fat shit, so get with it, c'mon

[Chorus Two: Wali World]

Don't touch this, ah ah, leave it alone  
Play your position when we're rockin on the microphone  
Don't stop (don't stop) I'm not finished yet  
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug then I jet  
Back to the lab (to the lab)

...

Don't touch this, ah ah, leave it alone  
Play your position when we're rockin on the microphone

[A.G.]

See me? Throw it up when I rolls up  
CD? Twenty-fo' bucks with only fo' cuts  
Screw courts, them havocs get cut short like Newports  
Out of towners call me New York, Yank hat with a  
smooth walk  
I came with my niggaz; new topics mixed with blue  
chronic  
Don't rock it - I'ma blame y'all niggaz  
For sleepin on the boobonic, 15 minus two dollars  
So hurry and cop it - I entertain y'all niggaz  
I spit flames on these other rappers  
Lyrically see me as madness, I'll touch them faggots  
They don't have it, plus them average, crush them  
bastards  
with one lines, bust 41 times like one-time  
And it'll still be no crime, from Japan back to London  
I have 'em runnin cause these raps is stunnin  
Honey ass is pumpin, so throw the L's up  
And after the show I'm smashin somethin, get dirty  
baby

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Chorus Two]

[Wali World]

Don't stop (don't stop)...  
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug then I jet  
Back to the lab (to the lab)

...

Don't touch this, ah ah...  
... microphone  
Kick a hole in the speaker...

We're, back to the lab (to the lab)...  
Don't touch this, ah ah...

Out of bounds in here  
With my nigga A.G. in here  
G.D., we get dirty

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