

Ahmad Band

"It's a Boy Thing"

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AZ:

Yeah...Where's it at?

From Coke to Dope, gettin' it on the outta state strip
Star Trek was the stamp pass some outer space shit
Ice the bracelet, 3 karats, custom made shit
Love or hate it, had two bitches playin' day shit
Kept a cheese line security, holdin' three nines
I'm tryin' to see mines, knowin' diesel's on the decline
Whip the work up, more than traffic, who's the first up?
See them young cats fuck wit that Crack, but be the
first stuck

Too many on the same block, same talk
In fact they all probably cop from the same spot
I'm heavy in it, every car got the celli in it
Dash board Amor Alled up Cherry scented
Trees mixed wit it, different pagers every minute
Play the block smellin' easy miyach, I'm buried in it
It's boss playin', respect the lifestyle I'm portrayin'
Play the streets wit a freak up in my loft playin'
Nickel nines, my prime young duns'll stick you blind
Told the only way to get doe is if you grind

CHORUS: Nature (AZ)

Some thugs have all the luck
While some thugs feel all the pain (Feel that)
Locked up doin' major time, or on the block still caught
in the game
It's a boy thing (Morphine, Quine Nine...Yeah)
It's the dope game (Bonita, Thiedga, shoot it, sell it,
snort it)
Some thugs have all the luck (We got this)
Some thugs have all the fame

AZ:

So now it's platinum, diamonds, and gold, we all hold
Cars we all drove, hoes we all know
Shorts in the summertime, minks for the snow
Bitch ass niggas got back snitched on the low
It's funny how the Feds always knew where to go
It's our price, dope & vice, watch me blow
It's real shifty, brought fam to get ill wit me

To many 50/50 niggas tryin' to chill wit me, build wit me
Plus my connects still hit me
What nigga? Nine on the cut, shit is crispy
What makes a man? Most y'all niggas fakin' y'all hand
Wrong shit up in you cake mix takin' your grams
If you a hustla do it like the hustlas do
Clientel first before you try stretchin' your stew
Big boys play for large sums
Stack up, strategize, watch the cars come
It's all a game, never get caught in the fame, or short
your change
Boy is a slang for Dope, girl is Cocaine
You no name, knock a Ki of work in a week
Through word of mouth came the clout, now I'm hurtin'
streets

CHORUS: Nature (AZ)

Some thugs have all the luck (Wha)
While some thugs feel all the pain (You know?)
Locked up doin' major time (Double digits), or on the
block still caught
in the game
It's a boy thing (3-5-7, 9 and a half)
It's the dope game (Surprise, Body Bag, Unknown)

AZ:

Control all the mad money, 98 Jag money
Brag money, the type killas wanna bag from me
Name ringin' medallion on my chain swingin'
We mastered, soldiers even in the rain slingin'
Turkeys on Thanksgivin', lovin' the chips
Seven day trips, bitches just lovin' the dip
Can we live? No more safe boxes in the cribs
Just bank accounts, different ammounts, fuck a bid
We slow grindin', lady friends co-signin'
Legit jobs, houses, & cars, but no shinin'
Life or death, learnin' new steps, right from left
Preciseness, where I end off you bite the rest

CHORUS: Nature (AZ)

Some thugs have all the luck
While some thugs feel all the pain (You know)
Locked up doin' major time (25 with a L), or on the
block still caught
in the game
It's a boy thing (Woar)
Some thugs have all the luck
While some thugs feel all the pain (It's like this)
Locked up doin' major time (It's on & on & on), or on
the block still
caught in the game

It's a boy thing

AZ:

Game don't stop... Wha... You know the kings, we know
the kings, it's
like this y'all...VIP.. Ved bag, dope thinkin', niggas
gnawin' off this
shit, huh, 98, huh, ya hear? Ghetto Fabulous baby,
What the fuck? We
out

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