

## AZ The Visualiza F/ Foxy Brown, Panama P.I. "Trial Of The Century"

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AZ:

Just like a motion picture, gun fire froze a nigga  
Compose the liquor, caused me to stager, stumble  
over quicker  
Duckin' low, wit the four four, tryin' to bust and blow  
Empty out before the Po Po come bust the show  
Sobered up, knew it was beef, but over what?  
Been in the cut, escapin' these streets, they cold as  
fuck  
Tuck my chain in, rose to my feet, no time for aimin'  
Back arched, all you saw was sparks, niggas blazin'  
One fell, callin' for help, heard him yell  
My last shell, tore through his spine, it's time to bail  
It's slow motion, dust in my clothes started ?boatin'?  
It's bizarre copin', my blood flowin' like the Art Of  
Goshen  
Thoughts racin', hit the corner slow pacin'  
No destination, it's up North a nigga facin'

CHORUS: Panama P.I.

If we all gonna die, I'm prepared to meet my maker  
But before I touch that death bed feel, I gotta see some  
paper  
Keep my head to the sky, won't let no one pull us down  
Do whatever it takes, cuz that's the breaks, money  
make this world go  
'round

AZ:

I plead innocent, the love for my freedom is infinite  
Thoughts was intimate, I mastered the minds, the  
mortal 10 percent  
Self Defense, incarceration couldn't help repent  
Caught in commotion at the time I felt it, felt intense  
Him or me, it's misery through my memory  
But mentally, outcome wise I feel no sympathy  
You know the streets, how some niggas could go for  
weeks  
Rock you slow to sleep, play you for doe, now you know  
it's beef  
Know it's deep, I live my life on the creep

Tinted Jeeps, bulletproof coupes move Mystique

Foxy Brown: (AZ)

Let him speak, my dogg is innocent  
It was my gats (Boo I got this), this cat named Roberto  
it's certain  
Desert Ease in my skirts end  
Let my nigga live (Oha), while I breed us up a kid  
Face this little bi - tch

AZ:

No explanation, speedy trial, fuck the extra waitin'  
Hesitatin', they know the time a nigga facin'  
So what's the verdict?

CHORUS (overlaps the last line of AZ's verse)

AZ:

I feel ill inside, though my life is still a ride  
Some may criticize, but it's a blessin', that I'm still alive  
From all the smoke lit, all the hoes hit, all the cold shit  
From comin' that close gettin' my dome split  
Spreaded out, so much on my mind, gotta let it out  
To live, and die for a cause I feel dead with out  
Check my rap sheet, no prior cases, just some Tech's  
beef  
Charged with drunk drivin' once, but I was half 'sleep  
Swervin', off of St. Mark's and Burgan, in a rented  
Suburban  
I must've dozed when I was turnin'  
But peep this, I'm on trial now, no sign of weakness  
No secrets, just goin' to court, & I'm tryin' to beat this  
A new Don, another score, another new born, been too  
long  
Here's a dick jury for y'all to chew on

{Judge's voice: Order in the court, order in the court  
That's contempt of court!}

CHORUS (2 times)

Panama P.I.:

If we all gonna die

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