

## **AZ f Foxy Brown and Panama PI**

### **"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 stagger, 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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