

## AZ f/ Fresh, Ralo

### "Vendetta"

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[Intro: AZ]

Yea, it's overdue right here  
Ya'll know what it is..

[Verse 1: AZ]

The dead is gone, the world welcomes new borns  
A thousand-bookies is sworn in uniform  
No application for - snitches, niggaz, but you can join  
Just get your coins, and start droppin' dime  
Superiority, I can stop time  
And I am the minority, so who can knock mines?  
Purposely placed here on purpose to shine  
Home, purchased on furnace, my concerns is to grind  
Get some M's, then gettin' to win  
And transfer all U.S. currency for yen  
A few friends, few next to kin  
Yes it's true, I flew through in that Flurizan Benz  
Show room shoppin', coppin' rims, I'm top-ten  
Niggaz gon' respect my pen  
Survived in two droughts, two seperate games  
So I shout, "Who'll slouch, get outta my lane"  
My homey's homey did ten in chain  
So we set-up in Tony's rome, and I picked out his brain  
I explained it's bigger game then just street nigga  
fame  
Them same thoughts I fought like Sugar Shane  
Reachin' the next chapter after of life after I mastered  
Fuck it Fresh, address these little bastards

[Verse 2: Fresh]

Uh, yea, yea  
I'm reachin' for the Range doors on the truck  
The European stitched strong in the guts  
My nigga M3's doors liftin' up  
Uh, Fresh sick wit dough, got Danbury pictures goin' off  
the dust  
And the Cranberry Six growin' off the guts  
Light pink heavy wit strong of the cuts  
Actin' like steady bitch, knowin' you a slut  
And after we get finished ma knowin' you won't cut  
And you know I'm in the truck, and deep dishin' it

Fire's are Six, the kid keep kickin' shit  
Pies of the brick, the kid keep flippin' shit  
I insist the stag' and seen different shit  
Bubble face your par' wit see fish in it  
Bubble great, ponair's wit clean kinesh shit  
In Duffle bag by Guc'  
The white double-stitch, on the hall, that's Emilio Puc'  
Flow Rivers in the booth and I'm speakin' the truth  
So listen up, young niggaz cuz I'm speakin' for fuse  
Uh, yea

[Outro: Ralo]

The bigger it is nigga, the harder it falls  
Niggaz scared of LL, nigga give us the ball...

Listen to this man  
I want ya'll to listen real close and real careful man  
There ain't seldom is niggaz born wit all the five senses  
The five senses are now, listen to this and listen to this  
shit close  
Cuz this is when a nigga is a last level nigga  
First of all, you had to been born wit automatic  
understanding of the game  
You had to have been wit automatic understanding of  
the game from birth  
Then you gotta be unadulterated R-rated  
You gotta know how to spit that dialogue in some form  
of fashion  
Whether it's just talking or it's rapping  
Then you gotta be law of the nourishing  
Once you getting motion, then you get focused  
You get hot, that you cannot be motherfucking stopped  
Then on top of that you gotta have lyrical sense on a  
massive level  
Some niggaz got it on minus, some niggaz got it on  
maiden  
Some niggaz got it on the massive, Massive is the last  
level  
Then on top of that it gotta be written in your script  
The script... the script... the script...

Yo real niggaz you can't break  
And real nigga you can't make 'em man  
We've been big niggaz all of our life man  
Answered to nobody man, and wake and go wherever  
they take us man

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