

AZ The Visualiza F/ Half-A-Mil, Nature "Survival"

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[* People screaming in background *]

Hey, hey come here, bring yo ass over here right now
Put the money in this motherfuckin', FUCK THEM!
Just put the money in the got damn bag, just do what I
say
Hey, hey show me them hands, ooh shit girl
GET WHAT I SAID GOT DAMN IT!
Keep showin' em' ooh shit girl
GOT DAMN IT DID YOU HEAR ME! DON'T STOP, DON'T
STOP!

[Verse 1]

I do get me some grain, ridin' me a Stang
Go inside this bank, decide to get em' for them thangs
That's what had in mind, some nitro and some nines
Pipe bombs and napalm, shit you think I'm lyin'
As quickly as I flee them folks come to take it
Left my ass no choice but to go off and shake it
Shake it to the left, no no, shake it to the right
I'm gonna shake it to the left because they left my ass
to die
Shit off in ya I cause that green I multiply
Allergic to that shit back in 1989
When I sold that dope or that purple traded soap
All that bullshit for a highly ass rope
They make it for that soap, that's all that she wrote
Broke kibbles to bits , brought my mom's to pokes
I'm stuffin' bags possessed, my dope I will compress
Shit I would invest in some quakers on the cut
See most of the time I got my ass in
Then most the time I took the fuckin' ass end
Of the stinkin' paddle, beat my ass like a rattle
Snake because they fake, took a piss off in my shadow
An adult lesson, I couldn't get no Wesson
I dropped down depressin' a broke nigga stressin'

[Hook (x3) with various ad-libs]

Survival

Survival, in these streets

[Verse 2]

It's killin' me here, we livin' on the hill
Next to a crazy motherfucker you can't feel
That's why I keep the four-four, the mask and the boat
Tey ass fuck with me, they ass cuttin' close
Like those on the eighty, say hoes weighty
Shit for me, niggas takin' half, I don't play that
I want my cakes and eat it, the goods and delete it
This shit could be repeated but my ass just seem to
meet it
Like winds through a pipe or candles to the night
Hoes to a pimp, or a Sphinx to a dyke
Call me what cha' like but I ain't headin' bike
Except for twenty days and that was twenty nights
A fuckin' December that was thick as timber
Wolves and they tryin' to hit my rims as I deliver
Shit to keep me goin' hoes they keep throwin'
Monkey tools at my shoes, keep my toes swollen
Cause I just go on fast and niggas might blast
If I had some bullshit about who's side is grass
So why you fuckin' cuttin' disrespectful askin' nothin'
Ain't got shit to do but you wanna be doin' something

[Hook (to end) with various ad-libs]

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