

Yeah yeah
Word up (Yeah son)
Yeah yo how this goin down nine-six
How we livin son (exoticness)
Nine-six exoticness (representin')
Know what I mean? (A+)
A+ (yo how we livin?)
This is New York City
Ninety-seven Sosa
A to Z up in the spot representin
Takin it back from here its sposed to be
Takin ya back son take it back
Check it

Six digit trickin coke and henny mixin many listen
Fuckin give me mine dont wanna see no penny missin
Its old tradition how we click and fall in position
The rap coalition, we gettin rich an

Poetically Im deadly like a crucifiction
Buddha addiction
Dismissin competition when they roll wit friction
My whole crew be schemin flippy
Like ixing for that chicken
Smith brothas and A on ya Mason-Dixon
Who want the steel cap feel the real rap
Patiently my whole crew waited and we rock premeditated
Chucked underground like the rap genie
And watch the shore by the rising tide now the whole world can see me
When they get foul thats when my style gets wild
I hang a man in front of a crowd without a trial
KAPOW, yo thats all she wrote end the quote
For frontin, a brotha got a dome and his legs broke

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Yeah son I want it all your crib, cars and beepers
Wit hundred dollar sneakers my sounds blowin ya speakers
Burgundy landcruisers chrome rims on blue rugers
Lyrical hollow tip slug point trugers

Yo yo
Yo drug connects

Diamond cut bergets drippin wet
My hole is there from Cu-bec got her flippin checks
What, I push a black Lex with gold on my neck
You rockin wit a vest tryin to catch a hole in ya chest
Firm official, exotic girl but wanna be the ritual
Leavin lights shine light theyve been psyched to slip through

I will abolish
MCs get straight up demolished
Yo my mind is like a nine I load it up wit knowledge

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The realism must continue where I live is like a battlefield
We all poor but on my block is like a half a mil
Surrounded by the most criminal type of elements
Blunts, stunts, gunshots, broken-down developments
Its all illegal, young juveniles wit the desert eagles
Street sweepers, heaters, soon-to-be retreaters
Its routine, people seem to go through a cycle
So confused, to choose between the bible or the rifle
Watch em stifle
Yo me an son gone escalate this
And get these papers run some capers while they catch the vapors
Yeah son, dont got no time for no chicken trickin
Its the lyrical addiction
Cuz me an AZ be politikin

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