

# Different

AZ

This is a celebration of life  
No matter what level  
Able to rationalise is a blessing  
Big boys relate  
Bottles in the air

Closed caskets, memorial viewings  
I'm mostly behind mics, got the audio cueing  
Despite sending off kites, try to ignore the confusion  
My sights is set on life, nothing's more to be proven  
Sound polite once it's verbalised, rapped all nice  
But for strikes, too internalise the facts'll bite  
Like serpent eyes, I can see through the blackest nights  
I mastered gripes, plus my mathematics is right  
Bullet wounds, but still alive is too much to consume  
For a nigga that's paralyzed, once a functional goon  
Add all the tombs, 30 years can bring a nigga to tears  
Neutralising, numbing his care, can you imagine you there?  
I'm elsewhere, my chick pussy pretty shaped like a pear  
A derriere'll make a queer nigga sit there and stare  
This is the year since the ball drop, been balling on top  
Done came the Kobe death, COVID and cops

Cribs bought and sold, coupes been drove  
Too many cooks over the stove, had to reduce the load  
We old, no excuses but truth be told  
Once a nigga become froze, his youth get stole  
I'm in mode, even my celly got security code  
Conspiracy now I'm looked at as lyrically chose  
Where the hoes? Gimme a Cliqo, make it a Rosé  
Niggas finito, just fold, I'm 'bout to explode  
But peep though, when it's dark I still envision the NARCs  
Raiding a nigga crib from my days as a kid  
Happy I slid, half the team still serving they bids  
But dig, if anybody, niggas glad that I did  
Never hid, I'm a street nigga speak what I live  
Whatever bridge gotta cross, pop the cork and swig  
And understand, it's out of my hand if it's part of the plan  
300 grand 'til the Rolls Royce land

Three decades, hitting the fourth  
A fifth of Smirnoff pour for niggas caught in the cross  
Lost in thought, my sons be my moral support  
The homies with handguns, them niggas come with the fort  
Avoiding court, but these clowns'll make you force an assault  
That's why either I'm out of town or getting off in the loft  
I'm from the cloth, being sane is my main resource  
But the pain is what explains why there's no remorse  
I'm on course for the kitchen counter, filleting the flounder  
What's worse? When the wrong niggas wanna lounge around ya  
Dodging the system, most dissolving in prison  
So many passed besides family, niggas hardly miss 'em  
Prepare, this is the year for y'all niggas to fear  
And if you never look death in the eyes, then don't stare  
I'm here with expectations from exceptional pacing  
Still punish, and peel 100s like I'm on vacation