

Professional Style

AZ

Y'all know what it is...
Brooklyn's finest!
Wild money zone!
AZ... Alchemist!
Doin' what I do best... what y'all can't do!
I'm 'bout to hop on the biggest muhfuckin' boat ever!
The Queen Mary...
'Bout to cross the muhfuckin' Mediterranean.
Y'all motherfuckers at war!

Cruise ships sail out, - inmates bail out!
D's flipped my day one, dog; we finally fell out!
Identifyin' bodies at morgues, I need rest!
I pro'ly with the faces enforced with weed breath.
Patron out my pores keep you feelin' the vibe, I'm 'noyed!
No hog! I'm concealin' my cries, avoid.
Manic-depress' shit, - Hannibal Lect-ic;
Let off a few shots dip, - ran through the exit!
[Breathing hard] I'm too old for this!
All these diamonds in these wrists-es and my necklaces-es
Supposed to be 9 digits up, - effortless;
But it's like I been possessed by "The Exorcist".
Forgive me! - No Emmy's or roleplay here,
Just a Bentley 2-door with the cold-faced stare;
So, YEAH! (YEAH!) - Cool, whatever.
Blunts, bottles or broads nigga do whatever!
Blood, bullets or war'll be the move forever,
Single solo or crew send them dudes to dead ya!
Yes, sir! Haha! - Professional style,
Truly, I ain't apply my pressure game in a while.
Ruly I'm really moody; - aggress only foul,
Disconnected now, so press redial! - I'm gone!

Alc'!
It's all good... straight from the heart!
I speak it, I live it, I love it!
New album comin' soon!
AZ... Alchemist...
"Chemistry Files"!
Add it up, dunn! [beat stops]