

# Ritual

AZ

It's not a performance, it's a ritual (It's a ritual)

When I rhyme, it's like the city is mines  
Play who? No label ain't give me a dime  
Came through like if you grateful, this how you really should shine  
Flooded Jesus in that grey coupe at the grittiest times  
They know me, since '96, wrist was lit with a Rollie  
Speak of bricks, been in the mix, ain't shit you can show me  
A king occasionally seen, stay in the wings  
Success'll be when you closer, your folks sprayin' them things  
In new Celine, the Louis mask over the grill  
Do the math, ain't gotta ask, nigga hold 'em for real  
The omen is sealed, I'm pardoned  
Back, sucker duckin' and dodgin'  
Fire spitter, who could fuck with the arson?  
I'm neutral, never frugal, salute you if the feelin' is mutual  
Play cuckoo, niggas comin to roof you  
The true school, the vet and the Ghost involved  
Out of respect, still connect with the older gods  
It's no façade, I rep it, my style is perfected and epic (Yeah)  
Not a blemish, let me finish my breakfast (Brrr, uh)

Look what I did with the pot, look what I did to the block  
Bust the Presi band, fuck it, look what I did to the watch (Hahaha)  
Look what I did for the game, look what I did when I dropped  
My album kicked in the door niggas thought was forever locked  
I woke them niggas up out they sleep (Hah?)  
Bum ass niggas was goin' broke in the projects tryna figure out how they gon  
' eat (Ha)  
See how they gon' speak on me, they know I'm constantly bodyin' beats  
Best to come out of the East since 'Bron in '03 (Talk to 'em)  
Machine inspired y'all, I fired off first  
The last year numbers alone, I can retire off merch (Facts)  
My jacket is Pyer Moss, uh, diamond cross  
They say I'm a risin' star, the PJ to fly across Earth (Uh-huh)  
These are the perks, require hard work but I acquired more worth  
My niggas built the empire off perch (Wooo)  
That's fish and my niggas had bricks of it (Ah)  
Fuck this rap shit, we still good for cookin' pies like a brick oven  
Rick Owens trench on, my wrist flooded (Hah?)  
Put that drip on and your bitch love it  
Goyard prints all on my bitch luggage (Talk your shit, king)  
My neck lookin' like I did Will Smith numbers  
I'm gon' be runnin' shit the next six summers (Brrr)  
Machine

Uh, okay, all my blunts thin-skinned  
I smell like pussy, money, weed, where is the incense?  
I like my drugs intense  
Make her pussy lips give my dick a hug and kiss  
Finger fuck then fist  
I make love then sense, I make her friends kiss  
But she don't let 'em kiss me, she make her friend sick  
I make money make money, I make ugly taste lovely  
I make money in my sleep and deposit what I wake up with  
Got the Draco on, the gat with the longtail in the back  
I might break my arm pattin' my own self on the back

Break the bank like I break the backboard, they call me Shaq  
The Feds tried to book me, found out that book was an Almanac  
Call me back tomorrow, baby, I'm busy, the work continues  
I eat rappers alive and ask for the dessert menu  
After the church, send you the casket and dirt hit you  
The Nina gon' give you head right after she flirt with you  
Wayne, nigga, put some straightenin' on my name, nigga  
Gang, nigga, my track record like a train, nigga  
Young Money, let the moolah burn, drip like Lubriderm  
I was bumpin' AZ and The Firm when you was a worm, nigga

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