

## Save Them

AZ

A traitor is not your brother  
He hadn't learned that yet  
And unfortunately, brothers and sisters  
Some of these kinds of people, we will have to execute  
There are people among us that we will absolutely chop their heads completely from their bodies for their betrayal of black people

This is real vomit, a monumental nigga, iconic  
East coast fly shit, pay homage  
As promised I display all the finest few reminders  
I'm feared, don't confuse my kindness, speak ebonics  
Used to get bricks on consignment before rap was all that  
Black power refinement this economics  
Acknowledge through the eyes of my peers exotic wears  
Watch glare like a mouth of veneers, my vibe's rare  
Dapper since the day of my birth  
My first verse was like water for a nigga that thirst, we got it worse  
Trapped on these streets in the same zone  
Niggas getting bodied 'cause the beefing just came home  
Shots at policemen every week and it change tones  
Chicks on the shit, it's the mix, I remain strong  
The drama, honor what defines my persona  
I'm from a genre of drug money getters and ganja

When we come to that position in time, that we have to execute you, and we will carry out the sentence of death on you just like drinking water and hang your head on a pole in the black community

What up gangsta? Keep it popular, it's like opera  
Chilling in the one lanes, gazelle with my lockman on  
Drug money bishop, used to cuddle blow in the swishes  
Auto man, cocked out of suspicion  
Always in the best of the best features, all I need is cameras  
Surrounding us quick, go up the nina's  
Murdered up flashing, 213, me and my team  
Alexander McQueen, "Chef, you turned on me"  
Blowing more cream, wiping the enzo off in Queens  
My ghost is botanical, check the genes  
All the pea coats, peacock Kangols, yo the wave game Nemo  
Foul styling young Al Pacinos  
Huh the money get bigger, nigga, don't make a nigga pull out  
Sign you all, box you up little nigga  
Meet me at the veteran's lounge  
I got lamb on this wild, I'm meeting my luck, my paper growling

You won't sell us out, you'll be buying your funeral  
The future of our people is not to be compromised  
It would be better that you were dropped in the bottom of the sea with a millstone around your neck than to betray the legitimate aspirations of our people

Yeah, high-profile life, my verse is a gift from the Most High  
You should thank God for my rhymes  
I don't condone bullshit bars  
The fuck is you talking about? You just wanna be around stars  
Knock a nigga out, make a nigga see stars  
I knock off your head, you still wanna act hard

My gun smoke like ganja  
Get you higher than life, yee, that bull give you wings  
Bet ey'thang on P, he's the showboat  
Blast away a thing in the way of the lords  
Lord to your death, don't cross me  
I'll let you live if you don't press charges on me  
And know rats must die  
Keep them far away from punk shit, we can't buy  
Don't ever attach me with them  
I own my catalog, nigga, you getting pimped

See these position hungry ports  
All you need is a promise that you gon' be a big nigga  
And you'll sell out your people on a promise that the enemy will never fulfil  
ll  
Keep on your feet  
This is a day of separation