

Still Got It

AZ

Him then, him now
Will always be him
Kept it a hundred from day one
I'm like old money

Never irrelevant, speak with a speech impediment
Won't reach, nor do I seek for settlements
Eloquent, concede, I reek malevolence
Street elements, verbal Errol Spence
Thorough since, the park bench was the nourishment
In dark tints, I commit to The Firm's extent
Firm's on the trench, private section or through the rinse
Mines is destiny, every turbulent inch
Whatever is meant, I'm for it, bitch
I'm a large historic, the cause of the sun, moon and stars orbit
Applaud it, pour it, it's pristine, got that extra sheen
In Gucci Green, rings gleam from the mezzanine
From that mezzanine to the hood homes to the high speed
The reason them homicides is the drugs, no spite
No storms alike, no Firms on the Nikes
Nigga, I hold on my own, my name on all these mics

Still here, still get mines, get fly
Stand out the way, doing what I do
Let me get to it

If you just joined it, I'm favored, loved and anointed
Clear voyeur, know the haters is disappointed
For chicks' enjoyment, stay flooded, I know they love it
Never public, lost count on how much I nut it
Mal-mannered, low-style with high standards
Flow wild, use vowels to my advantage
New York accent, no park, it's no attachment
The Porsche past-tense, my thoughts is on the asten
Two-seater, new album, few features
I'm through browsing, move from housing to down deeper
Off-road, this ain't old, this is boss mode
On both opps, 'til the shots, flops and clocks froze
More, showing balance from that young talent
In-door challenge, prevailed, now I'm well-rounded
Grounded, infused it with the street music
Me lose it? I'm the last one to do it

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