

## Street Life

AZ

Yea Devine Intervention  
Miliato, Begetz, AZ  
Quiet Money Presents.

(R.I.P.)

Now the twin towers done blew up  
niggaz seen the footage and threw up  
I got platinum bullets for y'all to chew up  
Mil-latin the dog done grew up  
is it still Manhattan I speak street slang arab-a-latin  
my gunz speak rat-a-ta-in  
understand my lingo  
I'm from Albany Afganistan  
fuck Chris Cringo and Christopher Columbus  
I'll shoot scud missiles through his kango and spray z gas  
on ya faggot ass  
Allah you akba, make 767's crash  
smack Jesus Christ and smoke a half a pound of hash  
I keep a half a pound of cash  
I thought I told you cats  
I'm not a rapper  
rock a G on my chest that stands for god  
fuck Dan I'm dapper  
prada from head to toe  
dollars, cherries in the moe  
you fake ass pimps, get my chips  
so I'm burying you and your hoes  
I plant plutonium bombs after each and every show  
so every artist you sign is guaranteed to blow  
I'm guaranteed to flow  
puffin that magic weed  
knowledge itself nigga that's what you need  
so fuck you and those crabs that you feed, tell 'em holla at me

New York New York with blood in your ice  
put numbers on your head killa name your price  
we gets love where ever we go  
cause the street life is all we know  
It's all we know

I work for a quarter million in dope  
a million dollars in cash  
1.5 under the bathroom stash  
put that little ass gun away nigga  
step up your murder game  
still fuckin wit weed  
step up to heroine  
cardiay diamond links no more gold chains  
vertical doors, candy paint, and woodgrain  
I'm the one to watch niggaz don't cover your eyes  
so many eyes on my watch got 'em hypnotized  
fuckin with hustlers ballin like rap niggaz,  
throwin money in the air screemin I ain't gotta rap niggaz  
the 9 m & m ain't sweet like candy  
got mines on me front row with a grammy  
slugs on the left and lust on the right  
fuck an award boo we'll take you home tonight

milli gates in the spyder with the glass roof  
damn near crashed in valet off that over proofed shit, we drunk

I got one son, two guns, a couple of cribs  
just tryin to live  
fuck gettin stuck with a bid  
niggaz I fuck with now  
used to fuck with his kids  
slim dude food never stuck to my ribs  
been tried on occasions  
I lie with persuasion  
hustled out of town nearly died in a Days Inn  
breezed on a turnpike  
received then returned kites  
cold D to O.G homie nigga earn strikes  
burnt mics  
left 'em there to sizzle for shizzle  
you know the dizzle my nizzle  
I'm so visual  
all jewels tiz you paid dues true to the grizzle  
blew a few mil and still official  
BIG we still miss you  
the games real fical  
It's two thou and a nickel  
nigga trying to go triple  
until I'm there wit you  
a wheel chair cripple  
It's no secret I'm a keep it popin like a pistol