

# How Ya Livin'

AZ

Nas: {One}What?

Back to back Benzes, wit the wild gremlins  
Gaudiere style lenses, talents in the 40 cal, this is  
Life now, let me find out, you want the life style of mine  
no pal of mine

Runnin' wit goons wit knife wounds from jail time  
Got the squad lookin' like tycoon, we all shine  
While we parle wit the flyest mommy of 25th street  
Watch how honey in the Lex do it  
I'm in the 6 V wit the 12 next to it  
You wanna stick me, then put ya best to it  
I die black, we see you in Allah Kingdom you try that  
Check the fly cat, 2 point 5 multiply that  
Cash rules, on my arm I flash jewels, and tatoos  
You can look, but don't touch we bad news

AZ: {Two}

American Me, elgancy, treasury  
Wit the hopes to be rich before the bury me  
Born a Baptist, but moved on to higher practice  
My fire ashes, only macks I interact wit  
We all Dons, strong arm, all on calm  
But if it's war we on, comin' for niggas who crossed me wrong  
Select features, sit back connect the pieces  
Inject the thesis, spoke to my pops and left him speechless  
He saw me sprout, goin' through worlds that wore me out  
Never call me out, bitches and money, that's what we all about  
Through all the routes landed here, beach houses wit the chandaliere  
Me & my crew, mad cans of beer  
It's copin', live vibe, still eyes open, it's clear

Presidential Suites at the TangiereHow you livin' on your block?Mines is hot, how you livin' on your block?  
I got it locked, what's goin' down on your side, who got shot?Same shit dunYeah, alright I'll meet you up  
topYo it's hard to shake this feelin' that I might get knockedDun you know it don't stop, we can't close up

shopAZ: {Three}

VVSin', nuttin' less than how we steppin'  
Coupes kidded, cuties wear the sleazy dress &  
See me flexin' through the hood, d's be stressin'  
Illegal search, tryin' to find weapons for gun possession  
Never want for questions, every move made is destined  
Black professors, let's take it back to the essence

Another version, of the Goldie, mack, pimp servin'  
Convince the urban, project, ghetto prince emergin'  
Half Hispanic, hollow tips, massive damage  
The path was granted, loaded gats, blast the cannon  
chipped up, live by morals don't get it mixed up  
Dis what?, millionaire strut, wit the Crist cup  
Switched up, slow goin', gold showin'  
Doe flowin', eyes don't lie, hoes knowin'  
Main attraction, lace love in the latest fashion  
Trained in mackin' never, rockin' Gators clashin'  
Assorted wear, AZ, Firm extraordinaire  
Make it more severe, lockin' shit down all this yearNas: {Four}  
Nowhere to go from here, but the top of this sphere  
Nuttin' stoppin' us here, we lockin' this here  
Wit the black toaster by my hip bone, fuck a holster  
See me at the Copa, platinum choka  
The God's wit me, mad blunt smoke, it's hard to miss me  
Pick one out of two dimes to twist me  
New nines is crispy, mind on chips, rhyme on shit  
that's strictly made for cats whose rich  
Excuse me, is that your bitch in my 6  
turnin' up the volume when she hear my hits  
On her wall mad flicks, now you want me blasted  
But don't get it confused over this rap shit  
Kinda laced, lookin' at diamonds in my onyx face  
Oyster perpetual Roly wit the day & date  
Y'all playa hate this  
To fly for female singers who get face lifts  
& fake titties  
We rule the world & take cities  
I dreamed of this son

Happy we made it past the jakes, fakes  
and fiends of the slum (Wor)AZ (Nas):  
(Unh... What?) It's a doe thing, niggas know the game don't change  
(un, un) from the Coke game (Coke game) to the dope game  
from a slow brain (Dope game) Ha, ha (Fuck a no name)  
We done did it again son, they can't fuck around (No doubt, un)AZ (Nas) {Overlapping each other}:  
You know the game don't stop, from the Coke game to the Dope game  
(Firm Biz, Firm Biz... un... Total Package)  
Niggas know that the game don't stop  
from the Coke game to the Dope game  
fuck a no name (un, un B.K., Q.B., un)  
That the game don't stop, from the Coke game  
to the Dope game, know the doe... (Escobar, Sosa, ha ha, un)  
Niggas know that the game don't stop (Firm Biz)

from the Coke game to the Dope gameNiggas know that the game don't stop  
Niggas know that the game don't stop  
Niggas know that the game don't stop  
from the Coke game, to the Dope game, fuck a no name  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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