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 extrordinaire
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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