## Sosa

## **AZ**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Minolta, devil exposure wide lens view Check credentials and niggaz next to push tha Benz through You know the glow iced out rings, long dough Spandex messina, hoe bitches lettin' they dome show I played the game took plenty paper, still remain the same Asian name barrel link chain, lettin' my piece hangDomestic No more crime play, but still connected It's ethics calculated steps through geometricsWaves spinnin' double shades of beige linen Nine seven expedition display with all tha trimminsTravel light push tha LS on casual nights Have you ever puffed tha tallas weed pipe? That shit'll have you right I roll dice tryin' to divorce from this cold life Used to sell coke on tha strip, but now I hold mics And plan soon to pack and vacation way in Cancun Escape to a cozy estate, filled with mad roomsFurnished up

Preciseness
Precious jewels of life, thats pricelessI payed my dues and through it all I never trade my shoes

Too many foul niggaz, time to turn it up
Push about a buck
and shift gears, burn the clutch
Cause it's like this
for these chips I strike swift

Cash rules, new crews who made the news?

We all for paper

I guess greed is just a second nature

Indeed shots, the henn, rock, and weed'll escalate yaSome mostly touch along the line crossed up

I took tha short cut

puffin on blunts, bustin' off nuts

The night type

love dime bitches and night life

Casino dice

sexy strip dancers, and white iceI seen the movie

most of you niggaz couldn't move me

Truly

it's like a six shot ruger against an oozy

So bust ya run

or cock back, bust your gun

But I fake none

I remain like the sunBless tha strong livin'

Intellect, and long vision

connects in prison

and real niggaz with recognition

So respect the mission

volume one, second addition

The next dimension

Dotted line, sign your deposition

Lyrics provided by <a href="https://damnlyrics.com/">https://damnlyrics.com/</a>