

Fan Mail (Prod. By Millertime)

AZ

(AZ) Baby bring that ashtray in here Aiight(AZ) And bring my mail it's on top of the counter Here baby(AZ)
Check, what's this I don't know some mail came thru today(AZ) Fishscale, Professional, what's this about men
lemme see what this about Anyway, the food will be ready in 20 minutes
Peace Allah, hope tha scribe reach ya hands in good health
As for self, no sense of worrying my cards been dealt
Sunk in a cell, fishscale, fifth year of my bid
Finally got a chance recent to connect with my kids
It's kinda hard thru carelessness I scared they moms
And temporary I was barred voluntary the bond
Nevertheless, it's issues I need to address
Pertaining the certain statements that made me confess
Faced with life, it bites when reality hit
And wit crime come a lot of technicality shit
Thru many co-defendants conspiracies linking
Like the court system designed to keep the mind from thinking
Fog ya vision, guess it's just the odds of living
But like me, most great men became god in prison
Since Illmatic, first heard ya bars of life
I was up in Cansaki, *****s started to fight
You touched souls to a lost population of men
And no doubt, if ever out they'll never lock me again
Faced wit 10 on state time, wit life on the back
It's fucked up when your own folks ain't writing you back
Learn to relax, spoke wit certain cats that helped adapt
You know the streets to the pen it's kinda hard to transact
All the cars and the pretty women, condos,
The clothes and the city living
I seen division, breakdown of the population
It's either submit, death or incarceration I felt the combination
Torn between reality rap and the fakes
Some do it for the salary cap few relate
And been thru what I been thru at least in fraction
So when they spit you could feel the passion I see you maxin'
That Nas and that Jigga riff started some shit
It departed the prison system we should argue a bit
It's a glimpse of what's to come
The past follow, hold the voice just hunger me holdin' my last bottle
I live like that of a star without the title, I had to write you
It's beyond trying to enlighten you

It's a token of appreciation for being that poet with no abbreviations
Much respect from us all wish you much success
Get yours take money nigga fuck the rest I'm signing off
And leave in the way that I greet and say peace
Keep in mind always rep the streets, you that nigga.
Word,... Gotta write homey back(AZ) Ayo, boo I got any more of that mail out thereGot a few more(AZ) You
gotta read this one, the shit right here is deep, manAlright, gimme a minute(AZ) Okay, What's this one right
here
oh shortie from Nashville, alright lemme see thisAZ, this is Camille since Sugarhill been a fan
And since then to me you still a man
A real card player rarely reveals his hand
And sincerely, I could say the hood feel ya jam
I sit and listen to your last edition
Washing dishes in the kitchen
Or twisting the baby dreads on little Christian
It's so sickening his father we both miss him
He was killed in a '99 car collision
I guess the best ones God get them the tar sniff 'em
It's just the way it is in this bizarre system
You remind me of his one concerning words when you speak
You and him both got that funny type of slur in y'all speech
At night it's like his face just emerge in my sleep
I smoke herb so that grief can stop disturbing my peace
My life's deep, it coincide with the way that you rap
I hate it when them commentators say that you back
You never left you was always years ahead of the rest
My baby-father even felt your style he say you was best
How you dress how you move when you in the public
Without a lot of luggage gotta love it that's how you thug it...Know that, that's right, it's bigboy, okay, okay
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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