What Ya'll Nigga's Want

AZ

(feat. Foxy Brown)(-Intro-) AZ [Foxy Brown]Brooklyn [Ugh]
[That's right] Quiet Money for life
[Brooklyn shit] Black Sopranos
Yall know what this is[AZ]
Niggas wanna, sound like me
Get down like me
Wanna eat, fuckin' drink, lounge around like me
Who dick bigga? Who stay bent? Who piss liquor?
Who whip sicka? Yall some bitch niggas!
See I'm still loaded, Still getting that dough
Who jeeps deep wit drops? Still gettin' at hoes
Mama bear told me stop slackin', shapin' the mold
Make these rap niggas get on they toes [Ugh]
Now I'm more vane, See, I'm more insane
More and more, everyday the streets calling my name
I'ma spaz like, who want what? I'm that nice
With cash like, sheeit, I aint gotta flash twice
So ball with me, Be grateful the lord sent me
Absorb in me, Let off the semi 'til its all empty
Tall or skinny, Small, hardcore, or friendly
Feast yo' eyes on what the world envy
(-Hook-) Foxy Brown [AZ]What yall niggas want nigga?
Ugh, Fuck yall niggas want?
[You heard?] Uh-huh, ugh, whoa
[What yall niggas want nigga?]
[See, This is Brooklyn, this Brooklyn shit][AZ] (Foxy Brown)
Since Sugar Hill, Shit got reala
Got more illa, more of not givin' a fuck
More guerilla
More paper chasin' only means more scrilla
So, Cross me now and believe I'll kill ya
More kidnappin' niggas, They snatch ya, come kill ya
Tape and handcuff up, and cap peel ya
Its that reala
Hit ya, back split ya
Keep that mac wit ya, or get left with the cracks wit' ya
It's Sos' nigga, Live in the flesh, Up close nigga
Hope you bought that toast wit' ya [Uh-huh]
'Cause i'ma move like, so smooth like, whos hype?

I'm all Brooklyn, and my crews tight
Benz [ugh] Jags [ugh] Range [whoa] Vogues [uh huh]
Henny [ugh] Cris [whoa] Remy [uh-huh] Mo [what!]
Niggas [ugh] Gotta [ugh] Feel this [yea, yea niggas] Flow
[Ugh, Brooklyn] YOU KNOW!
What yall know about 60 diamonds in one chain
4 coupes, 2 cadillacs, and 1 range
100 mothafuckas all under, one name
And we aint come to shower, we came to reign!
[Foxy Brown]
And it's the Fox to the
5 niggas got them glocks to ya
We on ya block, like how not could ya?
It's the dough and the 6-series, windows tinted
Flow like whoa! Bitch, mind yo' business
This is big pimpin', broads stiffen when the teams mentioned
We comin' through wit' the bling drenchin'
So test who? Ya whole crew'll get two through they vest too
So fuck you, Diddy don't dickride now, that slut too
Yall mothafuckas know how Fox and Sos' do (uh-huh)
It's so true, It's nothin' to post a toast to
Brook'Nam, Shook ones, Get aired like sitcoms
Blowin' the X-5, wit' the 20 inches shoes on, NIGGA! (ugh)(AZ & Foxy Brown)Benz [ugh]
Jags [ugh]
Range [whoa]
Vogues [uh huh]
Henny [ugh]
Cris [whoa]
Remy [uh-huh]
Mo [what!]
Niggas [ugh]
Gotta [ugh]
Feel this glow [yea, yea niggas]
[Ugh, Brooklyn]
YOU KNOW!
What yall know about 60 diamonds in one chain
4 coupes, 2 cadillacs, and 1 range
100 mothafuckas all under, one name
And we aint come to shower, we came to reign! [UGH!](-Repeat hook w/ adlibs until fade-)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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