

Trading Places

Boot Camp Klik

AZ:

Yeah . . . Word up

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie

Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die

It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame

While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie

Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die (Word Up)

It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame (Yeah...How we livin'?)

While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

AZ {Verse One}

Dreams fulfilled, gave us more room to build

Strong climb made more time for wounds to heal

I can see the sun, must've been blessed to be the one

Set free to run, same baby moms, new seed to come

Breathin' lungs, through the sonogram see the thumb

So regardless, male or female, love either one

G's and tons branched out, coped the ranch house

In ?Grand Martin? needed some space to plot my plans out

Speak of life, still rock low, plus the sneaker type

Be for ?kites? pushin' a stick make you breeze through life

See through sites, gun shots, used to run spots

Slung rocks, nearly got rich off of one block

Saw the light, caught a case, couldn't afford to fight

Lawyer white, had to cop out or face more than life

Poison bites, my brain, flyin' high flames

Tryin' to change, trapped between worlds kinda strange

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie (Yeah)

Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die

It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame (Yeah)

While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name (That's how we
come at 'em)

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie

Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die (Yeah)

It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame (Uh Huh)

While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

AZ {Verse Two}

Yo it's either or, used to be by girl ?Lee Rahol?
G's galore, ?Cristen D or?, devils believe in war
Need some more currency, streets observin' me
Third degree, tryin' to see billions before they murder me
Thoroughly thoughts react, let the ?Porsche? mack accross tracks
Catch me in Haiti, ridin' horse back

Seek religion, study life, tryin' to see the vision
Weeks in prison'll help a wise man peep his livin'
Reach decisions, analyze, scope the game, wit hopes to change
Before the stress overdose the brain, most remain
Shockwaves, I rock stage through the Tropic Haze
Under Palm Trees, puffin' lye for days, liver ways
Cold chillin', old villan, known for buildin'
Sittin' back, controlin' millions
What's right or wrong? Shorter days, nights is long
Keep ya cipher strong, in case, it might be on

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name
Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie (Yo)
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die (Each gotta die)
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

AZ { Verse Three }

So what's the remedy, from bein' invaded by your enemy
Envy me, had a cold heart since infancy
Below freezin', used to flip for no reason
Now beyond that, learned to relax, master slow breathin', blowin'
hundreds

Spendin' paper's so redundant
I'm from it, most large niggas over and done wit
No one to run wit, just a few from the Old School
Ocean cruise, lain' back soakin' the blues
Scopin' the views, never once, open the news
It's all stress, placed on the broke and confused
So know the game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

CHORUS: [AZ]

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die
It's all a game, some'll make the Hall Of Fame
While others'll die in vain tryin' to front for a name

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