# Trading Places

## Boot Camp Clik

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 by girl ?Lee Rahol?
G's galore, ?Cristen D or?, devils believe in war
Need some more currency, streets observin' me
Third defree, 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
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Tradin' places wanna piece of the pie
Good guy, bad guy, we each gotta die
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