Everything's Everything

Freestyle Fellowship

feat. Joe
(Joe)
Aiyyo, we veterans now,
AZ, AZ
And J-O-E

(AZ)
I'm back, no Belve, just bottles of Don
With the same role plays that's about to go on,
Any stagnation, I rise beyond
Get it right, understand ma, ties are strong
From the streets where it all started, back in school
To the dough stacks,and nigga start actin' fool
Who's be the loud type and like to flash the jewels
Hit something nice then broadcast the news,
Facts and weed, this slow track that we
Did it all in the hood, had to leave
Asthmatic, guess I had to breathe
Short nigga wait up, suppose to grab the 'vees
Blasted for few winters, rejuvenated
Return like you remembered, but more swifter
Stronger than your malt liquor,
Money, hoes and clothes, don't let them hoes get cha,
They not fair

(Joe)
[Chorus] 2X

That's how we ball, that's how we bang
Show them how we are in them thangs,
Play your part, play the game
Everything's everything

(AZ)
This is real, believe it I take look for real
It's perspiration under the booster wheel,
Trucks and 20's, 'Lacs wit them cocked Zazemi
You can catch me at Justin's or up in Jimmy's
Jack them hot, the real never wrestle with pride,
If you lie, that's the only way I let you inside

Drop them or not, probably for the love of the block
See me solo in a photo, hands under my cock
For face, the white clock and tainted shades
Take for fake, got a face that just say for raise
Get in the mix, sittin' up in cinema six,
Multi-complex, go before the end of the flick
It's just me, besides I'm just a G
Wit the O in the front, I know what you want
Believeâ€¦ I'm sucka-free

[Chorus] 2X

(Joe)
Back up your work, hit the block and pitch
Don't stop 'til you rich, 'cause shots never snitch
Stick to the script, tuckin' the chain
Everything's everything

(AZ)
See times don't stop, and crime won't stop
So I won't stop til I'm sittin' on top,
To every home phones and cells get blocked,
And every hard top get chop til we drop
If the streets don't get us, the peace gon' get us
Wait til the lord they don't hit us,
I'm so iffy, keep the 'dro sticky
(???) fifty, come and smoke with me
Bring some cups in the clubs and toast with me,
So small crispy, man I flow sippy
And the last Griffin, play chef in the kitchen
Back shots, ass in the air, best position

(Joe)
That's how we ball, that's how we bang
Everybody do your thang

[Chorus] 2X

(Joe)
Back up your work, hit the block and pitch
Don't stop 'til you rich, but shots never snitch
Stick to the script, tuckin' the chain
Everything's everything

[Chorus and Joe's verse] til music fade

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written by LIGHTY, CLIFTON/LIGHTY, DARREN F./FERRELL, EDWARD O., III/CRUZ, ANTHONY/MUHAMMAD, BALE'WA M.
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