

# The Pay Back

AZ

Yeah son, I know you can hear me man  
Shit been crazy in the hood since that happen  
But I found out the cat that did that, word to minds  
I'ma see him in a minute son, it's on I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots you cop at  
Keep frontin' nigga, showin' ya Roley, getcha watch snatched  
Watch that, know where your moms shop at  
Gotcha block mapped and ain't afraid to push ya top back Fuck off if you [Incomprehensible] back  
That's what you get when you borrow shit and never pay back  
So nigga say that frontin' like you can't lay flat  
You a rat plus you started this beef from way back Cats you sip wit, even feel you on some flipped shit  
Thought I was twisted, beat that, been home since Christmas  
Got the word where your bird live out in L.I.  
From this next bitch named Trista sell lye in Bed Stuy So nigga what now? Got the whole game fucked now  
Who you trust now? See you tinted up your truck now  
No need to back track, next time know who you blast at  
For gettin' black clapped, got your cousin killed and nap napped Now the streets know, nuttin' left for us to keep  
low  
Never sleep though, on point and make a nigga reach low  
Up in Brooke Dale, heard my little man took 12  
Jagged hook shells, doctors claim he don't look well Left his mom stressed, now it's time to bomb the projects  
Teflon vest, four pounds could make your palm sweat  
Put the word out, so vexed I even curse your bird out  
She don't deserve clout, flippin' wit the cotton herb mouth On Potterscott, me and Wop, nickel gats cocked  
The way we popped uo so shocked, niggas made our backs rock  
Broad daylight, y'all hustle fake, and don't play right  
Holdin' shit wit broken clips that spit, but don't spray right Clothes, cars and ice, hard to remember starvin'  
nights  
Niggas startin' fights, Narcs in the dark, cold cloggin' pipes  
Starvin' wives, used to buy weight at bargain price  
Now we scarred for life, clog is desolvinn', slowly outta sight All illin', navigatin' four wheelin'  
Alcohol spillin', marinatin' on your killin'  
Like a contest losers fall, winner takes all  
Judges make calls, Kings stand behind the 8 ball I know the clubs where you rock at, the spots where you cop at  
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