

# Az, I'm Known

[Verse One]

Laid up with this skinny chick, Balley's with the Henny mix  
My man Bond sent me flicks, claimed he ain't seen me since  
96, since he blew trial for them 3 attempts  
Street events, Feds on the sweet, but you see me tense  
Chill a lot, niggaz wanna know if I'm real or not, kill or not  
If I'm holdin't what kind of steel I got  
False alarms, tatoos all across my arms  
Bail bonds, a while back almost lost my moms  
Check that, taking this paper you can bet that  
No set backs, shittin' on niggaz wit out the Exlax  
Ice showin', Polo sweats all whit glowin'  
Blunted, Suzuki 600, twelfth Riech's blowin'  
Headline niggas, Fed time niggas, crime niggas  
Street worth 9 figures  
It's a war now, hard to the core for sure now  
Raw style, four fours to your door now  
Doe chasin', in the race niggas slow pacin'  
Temptation, send a bitch to blow your face in  
Plans rollin', handsome nigga's hands golden  
Stand chosen, pockets on my pants swollen  
Plead the Fifth, real niggas don't need to riff  
Automatic shit, for fakin' that's what you faggots get

[Verse Two]

Out of 30 men, know 20 that's worthy men  
10 is friends, the other 10'd probably turn me in  
Phone tapped, born in Brooklyn, hold my own gat  
Unknown traps keep jail niggas goin' back  
Time tickin', young shorty mind flippin'  
Blind addiction turn a killer from a fine Christian  
Streets ruined from sneaky shit niggas keep doin'  
Snakes, that's why I hand shake & keep movin'  
World supremest, cook Coke like a chemist  
But it's finished, a little jail time helped me replenish  
Thank God, almost bagged a rape charge in '86  
That's what I get fuckin' a crazy bitch  
Rough life, stab wounds, cuts, & bites  
Is dice, I guess I was blessed to touch mics  
?Borciase? my words spreads across tribes  
Who live? Made for the system up in your ride