

Az, Wanne Be There

Yeah, you see, some men see things the way they are, and say, why?
I see things that never was and say, why not?
Just wanna be there, you know? y'all realize, I hold this down

East New York, Eighty-two, First pumas navy blue
First wife Kiesha Wilson with love, she was my baby boo
Crazy crew, paying dues, few of us made it thru
Front window, Ms. Gladys, that was my favorite view
Hated school, never went, hookie was better spend
Right around the time the god rocks smoking dead presidents
Devilish ever since, seeking for hope, needing some form of nourishment
It's eighty-eight skin starting to radiate
Hit on my baby-face mama bear could see that I'm there
She finally gave me space change of pace moving quicker
Consuming liquor, humping on some chicks pussy
Trying to undo her zipper
Gucci slippers who can diss us? 40 deuce movie pictures
What other way but poetically can I prove we scriptures?
Drugs sold 'em, cars rode 'em, guns near my scrotum,
Got locked, got right out, gave what I owed 'em
Five when they buried Will killed 'Po killed Phil
Murdered Donald Jones, shot clip hit Bill
Prince in prison, damn, Yam still living
I can see him up in heaven my nigga dance to the rhythm
God, show me a better way, give me another day
Open the lane up so I can make these fuckers pay

Fo sho, I just wanna be there, you know?
Realize what I'm worth, the work I put in
And I brought to the table through the years
I ain't the average, ya heard?
Respect my gangsta, it's all hustle
Steal it on 'em, you know?

Loving da game you gave me, loving my name is AZ
Never sold millions, but fuck it I'm here to save the babies
Look how a lady raised me, so would say he crazy
I'm just a nigga from Brooklyn repping the streets that made me
Rapping for quite a while, all around, tighter style
One of the flyest with the brightest smile, try me how?
Save all the aggra-zations, keep all the confrontations
I'm sitting contemplating trying to crack the combination
Move mystique mostly months that I keep cozy
At time I creeped only this is what the East showed me
More on to music making trying to renew relations
Ducking the dudes that's hatin', please don't make me lose my patience
I put it down for y'all my face surrounds Allah
My catalogue consists of a hundred thousand bars
The god, please respect me, ya heard