

Bad Azz, 2001 4dr. Cadillac

(feat. Butch Cassidy, Ras Kass, Sylk-E. Fyne)

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Up early in the morn' (the morn)
I'm thinkin' as I yawn (I yawn)
What am I gonna do?
Well I should call my crew, I call my crew
Man what a pretty day (pretty day)
All the women wanna play (wanna play)
But time is movin' fast
So I should move my ass
Come on

[Bad Azz]

Come on, let's go, get out
Let's show 'em what the West Coast about
The street life, cars with switches, we live on TV
Or next to the stars with riches, you couldn't see me
Smashin' in a Bentley Coupe through L.B.
In an expensive suit, you tell me
Me and Sylk-E. Fyne, platinum on this Blaqtoven beat
And you're in trouble like when you need a gat to go to sleep
We hot nicks like Meth and Redman, make you Blackout
Back that ass up, enter this and throw your back out
We Thug to the Bone that's why I keep it all 'N Harmony
And - still I rise, won't you come along with me?
Let's hit the streets and feel the sunshine
I've been out all day long and I ain't even seen one-time
Let's hit the beach and then swerve through the Westside
Let's drink, toast, smoke and give it up for the best side

[Chorus]

[Sylk-E. Fyne]

I'm wakin' up early even before the sun crack
Up collectin' my paper in a brown paper bag, with my nigga Bad
Purse fat with a lot of cash
While them bitches mad, we C-Walk and we smash
Stomp and stampede over the emenies
Still shinin' and glistenin', you can catch me in the streets
With my thugs, hoodstas and hustle-ahs
I love my niggaz, I'm at the club with my niggaz
Cause it ain't my fault they say I'm the bossiest
And it ain't my fault me, Bad and Ras can floss our shit
Ghetto stars we are own entourage
We drive 'em far, chauffers to roll our cars
So hell yeah, Mr. Bad I'ma go with ya
From sunset to sunrise cause we them go-getters
And at the end of the yellow brick road
It's gold and platinum, so come on let's roll

[Chorus x2]

[Ras Kass]

I'm like a walkin' night club
Wherever I go we got bud
Nigga want some drink? I got a dub
In these L.A. streets we got love
Big booty hoes, we got hugs
You got a motherfuckin' problem? - We got slugs, we got thugs
Need a Romy on chrome, no place like home
Benzes and Broughams, we all the same like clones
(Lil', lil') Lil' niggaz with big homes
We platinum in the streets, so the gettin' is good

Be in mansions on the hill, heart still livin' in the hood
I'm a Watts baby, 99th & McKinley
Raised in C-arson so haters can come and get me
Sun roof, 80 proof, still fo' much
Certain songs and watch all the homies throw up
We bang different sets but we all claim the West
Let's get rich nigga, please, collect the checks

[Butch Cassidy]

You don't want to fool with us
You best be cool with us
Pretty ladies we wanna fuck
I'll never leave cause in the West I trust
You don't want to fool with us
You best be cool with us
Pretty ladies we wanna fuck
I'll never leave cause in the West I trust