

Az, A.W.O.L

[Animal]

It's another interlude motherfucker
You know it's Animal the Mixtape Bully nigga, MTB
You know how I do it the way I do it when I do it the way I do it
Motherfucker stab you in your throat with a icepick
Shoot you in the face with a beebie gun
Whatever I do to bring you to the concrete I'ma do it, you heard?
My motherfuckin nigga A, it's the closin of the album nigga
I salute you nigga, for never bein a bitch
For never bein a bitch-ass nigga {*music starts*}
Cryin, retirin, sayin you comin back to the game
Go findin God and comin back, keep gettin shot and comin back
Niggaz doin mixtapes and comin back
Lyin 'til y'all caught with guns and comin back
Keep comin back baby, you in the top five man
Y'all niggaz pay The Source for mics man
Cause you don't know how to be an original nigga from the streets
I respect you man, close it out like this, 2-double-oh-5
Fuck the world, you heard, say what's up A.W.O.L. take it

[AZ]

I am one of the flyest, crew is like the Al'Qaeda's
We war like in the mess halls of Elmyra
Bodies get caught, predicate spells is higher
Why talk if you ain't walk through hell's fire
All-nighters, upscale attire
In car get new cars you and your mans admire
Young messiah, back bottom guns for hire
I am that what the rap contracts require
Ghostwriter, coast to coast cyphers
I do this for them grown men in diapers that don't like us
Though, still the nicest, sendin kites to Riker's is priceless
Reminisce on past life fights with Cypress
Hung lifeless, sprung from financial crisis
Never ran, I stand amongst the righteous
AZ-Q, dark denim V suits
His, arson is lethal, only pardon his people so
Just ask it open the closed casket
Coke or the dope acid I'm back on that old Shaft shit
Got my ratchets, army fatigue jacket
Fitted cap on backwards with them cats from Flatbush
Bravehearted, fuck if they say squash it
We remain the largest, we invade regardless
Trains to Spofford insane with a brain from Hartford
It's hard to explain my artwork
One for the haters, two for the true and the raiders
I know dudes who eat your food with a razor
It's major, barbaric, brutal behavior
Called addict, I talk about the jewelry later
My respect is for the DL cartel connects
And the crews that came through and left arise well effect
Finesse, big boys only play with the best
It's no regrets, bein dead broke and raised in the 'jects
I'm a vet, cousin Comstock callin collect
Sayin he just left the box hot annoyed and depressed
Claimin he stressed did a 3 still facin the stress
I'm like look this ain't the vote and you ain't facin your death
So save your breath, tie your boots up and bang with the rest
Cause in reality they just incarcerated your flesh
You know the deal, I pray they process your appeal
Cause on the real, I still got my hands on the wheel
And I'ma drive 'til the gas run out
Either crash or a wrap 'til a smash come out
We them real niggaz

