

# Az, Gimme Your's

(feat. Nas)

[Intro: Nas]

Gimme, just gimme, for the NYC  
Gimme what you can't get back  
Gimme, why don't you gimme the world  
Gimme what you can't get back, for the five burroughs

[Verse 1: AZ]

Yo, it's hard to show resistance when money-gettin niggas  
need my assistance to stock figures, beyond non-existence  
Fuck keepin my distance, cos bein poor produced persistence  
Plus plea's, a hundred G's, I had me blockin out of jail centres  
I'm recognised by the illest of individuals  
Killers and criminals, even willies that's really into jewels  
But still sceptic on who I cling to  
Cos every single nigga that swing thru, ain't my man just cos we mingle  
To mistake shit, even females be feedin off that fake shit  
Filled with envy and hatred but my high hopes help me escape it  
Temporarily the window world, don't read the wise  
Verbally nourish me, properly with that inner city, urban GC  
I fucked with those beyond my age bracket  
cos they analyse and mack to get the papers and stack it  
Leavin no trace to track it, keep on thinkin tappers is accurate  
That mack shit, livin the lifestyle, we filled with black wit

[Chorus: Nas (AZ)]

Just gimme (Pimp lines and dollar signs)  
Just gimme (Rollin trees, stackin G's)  
Gimme what you can't get back (True dat, I thought you knew that)  
Just gimme (Money getters, the high bidders)  
Why don't you gimme the world (rollin wit us)  
Gimme what you can't get back, for the five burroughs

[Verse 2: AZ]

So in God I trust, I lust for a 850-deluxe  
And in too, I touch a million-plus, ain't much to discuss  
Diamonds and double-digits, Gianni Versace down with lizards  
It's realism so I visualisin to live it  
Movin cleverly wit intentions of longevity  
Strong pedigree got me touchin papers, others would never see, G  
So do the crest in my claw, flourescents  
symbolises the essence, you're sailin in a sweppervescence  
Drug investments, a street thug's plug, the insurance, but informers  
they had you wanted for warrants 'fore you get enourmous  
Life's a performance so players play wit endurance  
cos from war sense, any villain's willing to get more intense  
They tried to break us but all it did was just make us  
travel across acres for papers, bonafide money takers  
Cos though we know somehow we all gotta go  
As long as we're leavin thievin, we'll be leavin wit some kind of doe,  
so...

[Chorus: Nas (AZ)]

Just gimme (Pimp lines and dollar signs)  
Just gimme (Rollin trees, stackin G's)  
Gimme what you can't get back (True dat, I thought you knew that)  
Just gimme (Money getters, the high bidders)  
Why don't you gimme the world (rollin wit us)

Gimme what you can't get back (It's real, NYC)

Just gimme (QB)

Just gimme (B-K, VT)

Gimme what you can't get back (See me, AZ y'all, representin)

Just gimme (Yeah, the street life is trife life)

Why don't you gimme the world (Representin)

Gimme what you can't get back (Life's a bitch.....)