

# Az, It's A Boy Thing

(feat. Nature)

[AZ:]

Yeah...Where's it at?  
From Coke to Dope, gettin' it on the outta state strip  
Star Trek was the stamp pass some outer space shit  
Ice the bracelet, 3 karats, custom made shit  
Love or hate it, had two bitches playin' day shit  
Kept a cheese line security, holdin' three nines  
I'm tryin' to see mines, knowin' diesel's on the decline  
Whip the work up, more than traffic, who's the first up?  
See them young cats fuck wit that Crack, but be the first stuck  
Too many on the same block, same talk  
In fact they all probably cop from the same spot  
I'm heavy in it, every car got the celli in it  
Dash board Amor Alled up Cherry scented  
Trees mixed wit it, different pagers every minute  
Play the block smellin' easy miyach, I'm buried in it  
It's boss playin', respect the lifestyle I'm portrayin'  
Play the streets wit a freak up in my loft playin'  
Nickel nines, my prime young duns'll stick you blind  
Told the only way to get doe is if you grind

[CHORUS: Nature (AZ)]

Some thugs have all the luck  
While some thugs feel all the pain (Feel that)  
Locked up doin' major time, or on the block still caught in the game  
It's a boy thing (Morphine, Quine Nine...Yeah)  
It's the dope game (Bonita, Thiedga, shoot it, sell it, snort it)  
Some thugs have all the luck (We got this)  
Some thugs have all the fame

[AZ:]

So now it's platinum, diamonds, and gold, we all hold  
Cars we all drove, hoes we all know  
Shorts in the summertime, minks for the snow  
Bitch ass niggas got back snitched on the low  
It's funny how the Feds always knew where to go  
It's our price, dope & vice, watch me blow  
It's real shifty, brought fam to get ill wit me  
To many 50/50 niggas tryin' to chill wit me, build wit me  
Plus my connects still hit me  
What nigga? Nine on the cut, shit is crispy  
What makes a man? Most y'all niggas fakin' y'all hand  
Wrong shit up in you cake mix takin' your grams  
If you a hustla do it like the hustlas do  
Clientel first before you try stretchin' your stew  
Big boys play for large sums  
Stack up, strategize, watch the cars come  
It's all a game, never get caught in the fame, or short your change  
Boy is a slang for Dope, girl is Cocaine  
You no name, knock a Ki of work in a week  
Through word of mouth came the clout, now I'm hurtin' streets

[CHORUS: Nature (AZ)]

Some thugs have all the luck (Wha)  
While some thugs feel all the pain (You know?)  
Locked up doin' major time (Double digits), or on the block still caught  
in the game  
It's a boy thing (3-5-7, 9 and a half)  
It's the dope game (Surprise, Body Bag, Unknown)

[AZ:]

Control all the mad money, 98 Jag money

Brag money, the type killas wanna bag from me  
Name ringin' medallion on my chain swingin'  
We mastered, soldiers even in the rain slingin'  
Turkeys on Thanksgivin', lovin' the chips  
Seven day trips, bitches just lovin' the dip  
Can we live? No more safe boxes in the cribs  
Just bank accounts, different ammounts, fuck a bid  
We slow grindin', lady friends co-signin'  
Legit jobs, houses, & cars, but no shinin'  
Life or death, learnin' new steps, right from left  
Preciseness, where I end off you bite the rest

[CHORUS: Nature (AZ)]

Some thugs have all the luck  
While some thugs feel all the pain (You know)  
Locked up doin' major time (25 with a L), or on the block still caught  
in the game  
It's a boy thing (Woar)  
Some thugs have all the luck  
While some thugs feel all the pain (It's like this)  
Locked up doin' major time (It's on & on & on), or on the block still  
caught in the game  
It's a boy thing

[AZ:]

Game don't stop... Wha... You know the kings, we know the kings, it's  
like this y'all...VIP.. Ved bag, dope thinkin', niggas gnawin' off this  
shit, huh, 98, huh, ya hear? Ghetto Fabulous baby, What the fuck? We  
out