

# Az, Platinum Bars

[Verse 1: AZ]

What y'all know about real cashin' and topless Jags  
Doing 80 on the Ave. goin' on the cop some hash  
Stash box, no more air bags, just pop the dash  
Got them things with the sling hammer to cop them bath  
Slouch down in the bucket seats, real discreet  
Ice grillin', like fuck it I'm too real to speak, so suck it in  
Denim down with the Chuck and Timbs  
Fitted cap, so y'all can get it that I'm hustlin'  
I'm a Mr. Queen Mohanin', Kurt Cobain  
So if you thinkin' too hard, you gon' hurt your brain  
From snortin', my feelings is as cold as my chain  
AZ, it's the angels that chose my name  
For the return, it's the second coming, left my woman  
Had to recoup from all the stress and reckless runnin'  
See the beats don't stop, when the heat don't pop  
All it means is that I'm low 'til I see and drop  
It's on...