

# Sosa

## AZ

(AZ)

Minolta, double exposure, wide lens view  
Check credentials and niggas next to push the Benz through  
You know the glow iced out rings long dough  
Spandex, Moschino, hoe bitches lettin' their thongs show  
I play the game took plenty paper still remain the same  
A'z ya name, barrel link chain, lettin' my piece dang'  
Domestic no more crime play but still connected  
It's ethics, calculate your steps through geometrics  
Ways spendin, double shades of beige linen 9-7 Expedition  
Displayed with all the trimmins  
Travel light push tha LS on casual nights  
Have you ever puffed the childish weed pipe  
That shit will have you right  
I roll dice trying to divorce from this cold life  
Used to sell coke on tha strip, but now I hold mics  
And plan soon to pack and vacate somewhere in Cancun  
Escape to a cozy estate filled with mad rooms  
Furnished up, too many foul niggas time to turn it up  
Push it by the buck and shift gears burn the clutch  
Cause it's like this, for these chips I strike swift preciseness  
Precious jewels a life thats priceless  
I payed my dues and through it all I never trade my shoes  
Cash rules new crews who made the news  
We all for paper, I guess greed is just a second nature  
Indeed shots of Hen', rock, and weed'll escalate ya  
Some mostly touch along the line crossed up  
I took the short cut puffin' on blunts, bustin off nuts  
The night type, love dime bitches and night life  
Casino dice sexy strip dancers and white ice  
I seen the movie most of you niggas couldn't move me  
Truly it's like a 6 shot Ruger against a Uzi  
So bust ya run, or cock back bust your gun but I fake none  
I remain like the sun bless the strong livin'  
Intellect and long vision, connects in prison  
And real niggas with recognition  
So respect the mission Volume One  
Second addition the next dimension  
Dotted line, sign your deposition.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

