

# Az, At Night

I don't give a hell what you spit  
Who you are, where you from...  
This is...this is projects  
I don't give a hell what you spit  
Who you are, where you from  
And who the hell you be gettin'  
Urban wolves  
Dream team baby  
The sosa of the game has returned  
Brooklyn  
Black sopranos  
Let's play

[Verse 1]

Nice and smooth, white knights, icy jewels  
So cool, but the slightest shit ignite my fuels  
Love it low, stay in mine, attach semi  
Cuz its hard to enter rap just passin' by  
XK8, it's all good, the next they hate  
Was never the type of nigga that flexed his weight  
See, frontin just ain't my forte, I'm all foreplay  
Hoppin' out the porsche, drop products on graves  
My slow grind story niggas cosign for me  
Y'all slouch rappin' fake trash niggas' rhymes bore me  
Adore me, respect niggas way before me  
Since a shorty, in love wit big guns and orgies  
Engaged to it, guzzlin' that beige fluid  
Spazzin' like its the music that made me do it  
Move through it if you that thorough, I'm certified  
Through the grapevine, I know that niggas heard I'm live

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Look, look, I be posterred up like I'm toasted up nice  
Stop niggas from gettin' killed, broken up fights  
Blunted at the park jams, opened up mics  
Now its on us, in the ??? I focus on right  
Its hardball, now niggas can't call foul  
Y'all can't get wit me, I can't fall now  
Immune to the murderous plots  
Been about it way before niggas heard I was hot  
Heavy jewels, the type to keep the herb in the sock  
A fresh pair, and I fuck wit them Germans a lot  
Let's play, pop bottles like its no tomorrow  
Ricky Ricardo, the young black Leonardo  
Part Spanish, my robe'll make the dark vanish  
Too complicated for y'all 85's, don't understand it  
Respect game, there's rules as a criminal  
So recognize I'm a five star general  
You touchin' who

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, yo, at time its hard illin', it kinda scars the feelings  
But what yall want from a game that's involved in millions  
Cars, and chillin', sex wit' they broads, but villain

It could find a broke man, have him harm civilians  
Its like a larsen and razor blades but robbers spinnin'  
Niggas runnin' from court tryna dodge they sentence  
The odds is endless, moms can't calm the menace  
Its like Saddam's in us, comin' fully armed for business  
Chrome pubelies, smoke great, two tone seventies  
Five miles on the same line, the zone is deadly  
Hope heaven got a ghetto for us  
In the hood, for the hustlers that bled before us  
Weep slow, soak in, feel the Schweppervesence  
Specialize foot notes for the adolescents  
Locked in, there's beef in the game now  
I know its deep but the streets know the name now  
The war is on

[Chorus]