

# The Game Don't Stop

AZ

I'm a 80's baby  
"Mercedes" made me  
Crack money and "Moet" made me crazy  
Strapped hungry with' no vest they named me "AZ"  
Amongst the militant, too insane to raise me  
Was "Swayze"  
Some old school pimps embraced me  
And built real between daffodils and daisies amazed me  
The cars changed, switched attire  
Broads came, partied like "Richard Pryor"  
frames, no lens to protect my pupils  
Thou' their hearts changed, love amongst my men was neutral  
Beau'ful  
We puffed, there was dough to spread  
With' enough bread to I fled  
Instead I had a mouth to feed  
19 my queen claimed she handled my seed  
Do the right thing is wise, that's what "Spike Lee" said  
So disguised as a mic fiend, my ties was dead

The game don't stop  
'Til the player gets knocked  
Or the shit flip-flop  
And you sittin' on top

My kid here, career in the bloom  
I don't live there no more, I done moved to the moon  
Whips is like spaceships that zoom on fumes  
Flooded bracelets they lit like an eclipse in june  
No cartoon  
I symbolize the coldest itself  
Once told he who hold don't expose his weatlh  
But what else  
When one life's faced with' crisis  
And you see hate replace the holy faith of the righteous  
I just  
Handcuffed and jailed myself  
Jammed up and bailed myself  
With' no help  
Made my own V.I.s and mailed myself  
It's all B.I. I had to tell myself  
I'm on lock  
The game don't stop  
'Til the player gets knocked  
Or the shit flip-flop  
And you sittin' on top  
Flashin' my wrist watch  
Like go get cops  
Bitch I'm legit got rich off Hip Hop

I'm one man but so many monsters in me  
With' one gram had plans on conquering cities  
So on one hand could've signed and launched with' "Diddy"  
But I ran with my other man, the response was pretty  
A few grams, a few nigga's fiances with' me  
New sedans, was feelin' like "Fonzworth Bentley"  
Who the man? My homies at the concerts with' me

I was back on my deen  
Then the jacket with' the jeans  
Then the hatin' and slackin' with' the team  
Now I know what it means  
Things ain't always what it seems  
It's the ones that smoke blunts with' cha  
Rap with' cha  
But really want your black ass out the picture  
Bet the God won't slip  
I'm indie with' the semi on the "Remy" loaded talents in the clips  
Rubber grip  
Got the silence on the tip  
So call it what you want I'm on my New York shit!