

2001 4Dr. Cadillac

Bad Azz

Up early in the morn', the morn
I'm drinking as I yawn, as I yawn
What am I gonna do
Well I should call my crew, I call my crew
Man what a pretty day, pretty day
All the women wanna play, to play
But time is moving fast
So I should move my ass
Come on let's go get out
Let's show 'em what the West Coast's about
Street life, cars with switches we live on tv's
Or next to the stars with riches you couldn't see me
Smashin' in a Bentley coupe through L.B.
In an expensive suit you tell me
Me and Sylk-E. Fyne platinum on this Blagtoven beat
And you're in trouble like when you need a gat to go to sleep
We hot nicks like Meth and Redman make you black out
Back that ass up, get to this and throw your back out
We thug to the bone that's why I keep it all in harmony
And still I rise, won't you come along with me
Let's hit the streets and feel the sunshine
I've been out all day long and I ain't even seen one time
Let's hit the beach then swerve through the West side
Let's drink, toast, smoke and give it up for the best side
I'm waking up early even before the sun crack
Up collecting my paper in a brown paper bag with my nigga Bad
Purse fat with a lot of cash
While them bitches mad, we C Walk and we smash
Stomp and stampede over the emenies
Still shining and glistening you can catch me in the streets
With my thugs, hoodstas and hustle-ahs
I love my niggaz I'm at the club with my niggaz
Cause it ain't my fault they say I'm the bossiest
And it ain't my fault me, Bad and Ras can floss our shit
Ghetto stars we're our own entourage
We drive 'em far, cha