

D Block 2 QB

The Alchemist

[J-Hood:] Whattup? D-Block to QB nigga, get at me
[Havoc:] It's another one of those, A-L-C things
[Jadakiss:] {"It's the Ryders and the Mobb"}
{"Yo Alchemist, drop that new shit for 'em right fast"}
[Noyd:] This is it homie, we gon' go with this one right here
[Jadakiss:] {"It's the Ryders and the Mobb"}
[Noyd:]
Aiyyo, I'm never empty-handed, understand dunn?
I keep a fistful of cash, the other on some ass son
Smack the shit out niggaz like handball, or I give 'em a fair one
They ain't gon' do nothin I dare 'em
I hear 'em, "He a gangsta, he don't take crap
Until I point this cali' at him, tell him take that"
In fact, I'm about to blow but that you already know
Shit I just strap holdin cracks just a minute ago
Now I'm in a Jag with a rag and the tints is low
And you mad cause you a fag and your chick's a ho
Yeah she been around more than any bitch I know
You should be glad though, I taught her everything she knows
Whatchu reachin fo'? What I done touched a nerve?
You wanna hurt somethin now you know I'm fuckin your bird?
Cause that's my word, front like you want a war
And homie we can settle the score, whatchu waitin for?
[J-Hood:]
Yo, I'm the Tracy McGrady of the shit, I take you right to a hole
Shove the tip of the nose of the silencer right in your nose
Y'all niggaz is degenerates
It don't make sense to do business with a nigga, if you ain't gon' benefit
Fuck a Bentley and a jet, I'm gutter nigga check it
All I need is two-point-five and a couple Intrepids
It's drama, I ain't starin you down
I'ma clap ya forehead and dump you on one of them merry-go-rounds
We put the packs of crack in the streets to get you a stack
It's been acid since they made the first box of Cracker Jacks
Beat in the staircase purple'd out, rollin a phat
Bottle of 'gnac next to me, on my lap is the mac
If slums hit you they takin your arms
D-Block have the kind of weapons that Bush, tried to take from Saddam
From Y-O, to your hood, to QB
Catch me thuggin it out shootin dice twistin up a O-Z
Y'all faggots don't know me, it's no remorse
when hollows rip through your corpse
Homicide'll find you dead on your porch
[Jadakiss:] {"It's the Ryders and the Mobb"}
[Havoc:]
That's what I'm talkin 'bout, yo, yeah.
Like white on rice, I'll be on you, you couldn't even shake me off
Be in your chest like a smoker's cough
Put the hammer in your mouth and have you suckin it off
Like a ho tryin to stop 'fore she find the law
You in the club, you's a thug, why you playin the door?
Like you know somethin I don't playa then put me on
You cowards so nervous, I got broads that'll get it on
with any fella and think before they talk
Mine like a nigga on the road takin his last walk
And when I come niggaz kiss they cross
You know you done fucked up now

Niggaz talkin just to be talkin, ain't nothin sweet but the pound
Repeatedly vow, they never go against the grain
Know I been doin it, since a little stain
[gun cocks] Pull a hammer, move you right out the lane
Niggaz talkin out they ass like you just sniffed 'caine
[Styles P:]
My niggaz live life for the death wish
Smoke for breakfast, a lot of people hope that I'm breathless
Wanna send my ghost to the essence
Go 'head nigga, I don't care I heard the light was fluorescent
Niggaz count they ones but never they blessings
'Til they at the wrong end out of the Wesson
D-Block five star general
+Die Hard+ like Bruce Willis nigga, I could put a end to you
Ruff Rydin soldier, cold as Antarctica
I'ma make the plans to pick your man's daughter up
Big .45 in the sweats of my Nautica
Fifty-five bricks when I'm tryin to pick my order up
All my niggaz flow, nobody watered up
Shoot 'til the gun empty, then niggaz saught it up
Anytime P in the booth, nigga record it up
G-host toast, I kill niggaz when the quarter's up [echoes]