

## Alchemist Shit

Lil' Wayne

That's jazzy right there  
Yeah, oh-oh, hold up, oh  
Bring it back, bring it back  
Yeah  
(It's Gangstra Grillz ya bastards!)  
Yeah, Hot Spitta  
Yeah, chick snatcher  
YM, young and sexy  
Yeah, yeah

Just can't help this fetish we got for fuckin other niggas hoes  
They recognize us wherever we go  
So it's easy for us to get 'em up out of their clothes  
Come on homie, you know how it goes  
Just respect the fact that we the niggas she chose  
We just a bunch of young niggas with dough  
So we leaving with her and you'll be leaving alone  
Young Money, nigga

Since I'm the best I walk with extra gestures  
Lead on my hip for the textbook testers  
Write me with a pen and put your name at the end  
I'll invite you and a friend to a game, and I don't ball  
But you would swear I hit the game winnin' shot and all  
The seats don't fold, baby girl this the floor  
Ugh, baby girl this the boy  
I please a lot of ladies  
So please say the, please say the  
She say the baby  
I'm a young macaroni, with cheese  
My girl from Belize, she never wanna believe  
I'm a rapper she'd just rather think I'm handsome and sweet  
Told me [?] when I'm in it real deep  
Love how I get ill when I get real street  
Like Bushwick Bill. bitch gimme three feet  
I'm so Hollygrove mama, hope you feel my gangsta  
And if you do, I don't blame ya

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This is a dedication! (Gangsta Grillz)  
Rest in Peace Soulja Slim