

Alchemist Shit

Lil' Wayne

That's jazzy right there
Yeah, oh-oh, hold up, oh
Bring it back, bring it back
Yeah
(It's Gangsta 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