

## ALC Theme

### The Alchemist

You know what that is?  
Oh, that's that ALC shit  
Yup  
That A to the motherfuckin' L to the fuckin' C straight  
Fire from the depths of hell to the fuckin' street  
A status never caught a L looking you can see  
Baggin' bitches give a hell, cause I got the G-A-level chiba  
When I'm over, I'm the T-Roof, when I spit it out in the B-Oof  
I get loose off the Grey Goose, mixed with the J-Oops  
I be W-Allen, nobody smilin', rep the W-S-Coach, New York to Long Island  
You can T-L from the J-Ump, I ain't a P-Ump  
I was raised off a P-Funk, gettin' blazed and debunked  
I'm C-Razy, little threats don't P-H-A's me  
Pop raised me to step up to any chump that plays me  
Fuck dry snitchin', droppin' D-Omp to the C-Ops  
It's T-Omn and D-Rop, that classic street hop  
Like C4, blow the P-Lase, the D-A, gotta throw out the case  
Cause I blew the spot without a T-Race  
There's no S-Toppin', I keep it poppin'  
Keep wreckin' C-Hoppin' like bird shit, I keep D-Roppin'  
Play the sideline, W-Watchin' and C-Lockin'  
Cause it's my time, nobody stoppin' the B-Lockin'  
I keep it poppin' type of shit you don't see often  
I G-Off until I'm rustin' in a C-Offin'  
Yeah!  
Until then, nothin' can stop how we do it  
To the motherfuckin', to the fuckin'  
Fire from the depths of hell to the fuckin'  
Status never caught up, lookin' you cause  
Baggin' bitches, give them hell, cause I got the G-A  
K-G-R comin' with fully lowered C-Lips  
Bangin' like the C-Rips, mokin' for hollow T-Ips  
Delay you in your C-Rips, the G-Rips shit for the G-Rips  
Niggas strictly about a C-Hips  
Yappin' your scratchin' back, use a B-Hips  
Bajaj can't do shit like that  
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Bajaj can't do shit like that  
Sensitive little C-Lips  
It's K-G-R, run up on the C-R, can spark back  
For metal J-Actors, niggas spit them all at me  
Never leave these parts without S-T-R-A-V-I-N-G  
See me par, you gonna need C-P-R-A-C-I-O-N  
I be somewhere far, niggas C-A-R-D-A-S-H-I-N  
For the C-Header, Duke and P-H-D-C-L-E-V-E-R  
Hear me bang better than B-A-Redders  
With Don P-C-N-Devors and V-8-R-E-V-E-R  
And I bet you would love to put them under D-8 pressure  
But you can lay it on the P-8, dramatic stretcher  
Kinetic energy in this P-89, a stretcher  
I bet you this shit won't be a big F-E-S-T-R  
Niggas better strap an Army V-S-T-R  
Or get they C-H-E-S-T messed up  
It's a gun, son, it's a gun  
A to the motherfuckin' L to the fuckin' C-Straight

Fire from the depths of hell to the fuckin' Street A  
Status never caught a L, lookin' you cause C-State  
Baggin' bitches, give them hell cause I got the G-State  
A, level Chiba in the L, when I'm over C  
C-A-L-L  
The Alchemist Slayer  
The Alchemist Slayer  
What is this stupid shit?  
Yo, oh, look at this  
Who's he?  
Alchemist  
PC  
Dude kiss  
Push it to your clips  
Snoop Dogg  
Okay