

California Games

The Alchemist

Yeah
What makes mice out of many a man
I don't think strikes is bottomless
Promises have been accorded
I broke the pattern and noticed I'm always on edge
The homies was saying don't even spazz
The ceiling is glass, we already cracked it
Give it a stamp, reseal up the package
We shipping it back, it wasn't too shabby
But was it your best?
No stress, I'm not even asking
OT like Barnum & Bailey's
Nothing changed much, hounding a bag
Home team Cressida tan, treat that boy like the jester he is
English on it, perfected the spin
I watch most of the message get missed
Pressure on me, can't prep or pretend
Pardon my absence, peer into the past
My ass got whooped like one of the Jackson's Warrior path
The man in the mirror with action
I don't need to ask
I ain't in the trap, the rats in the precinct singing like Toni Braxton
I don't need to stab, but I keep one handy, only the family

Clandestine handgun, view to a kill, sub-star confession
Where ocean kiss canyon
Every knee had kneeled through where I'm standing
Gutted, built to spill, wild without abandon
I don't pocket watch or dig my hands in
Swiss movement engraved in Sanskrit
Genie in the bottle, dirty dancing rancid
Take off my pants one leg at a time too
Done scrambling, make your move
Talk slanted
Maybe two or three more for weak niggas you ran with
Stranded
I smoke on your confusion, cold lamping

Forty-eight hours on the rental, six hours on the plane
California games in the bag and sixty-eight in the shade
I could go mad and take something for the pain
I only came back to tell you 'bout those flames, boy
(Only came back to tell you 'bout them)
Wire frames and tape 'cross broken nose
Wiretap in broken home
Fire happens, fire grows, fire burns, fire knows
Throats slit, this business pimps your ho
The settlers kill 'em slow if not softly
The eggs and parsley, a cup of coffee, coughing
Get these motherfuckers up off me, Lord (Get your hands out my pocket)

It was always fourth down, splitting center
Sickness and the symptom
Sixth sense, stars pointed at people, not conditions
Fingers twist up
If you could just make it through the winter twice bitten
Hers was sweet, mine's more bitter

Worth the wait, darkness always was
In this life, I had to be creative

With sour malice, my daughter's power ballads ring 'cross barren fields
Strung with the devil's rope
Gave the dead hope
The living weep, peeping in the telescope
Light leak in the photo, God's feet on they throat

You really went up backwards up the escalator, man
Chill, man, I don't want you to harp on this shit
Oh yeah
I was pushing it, man, like we, what we used to be able to do
And I miss that, I miss that I can't just go play ball and I have do whateve
r, I miss it, man
Let's not, come on man, playing ball and going the wrong way up
It's the same athl- it's the same as a pickup game
Tryna go up and down an escalator is a different story, man
It's like a pickup game
It isn't a pickup game
Yes, it is
A pickup game is for fun
I felt young