

# 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