

Camp Registration

The Alchemist

Uh, yeah
The first rule of business is mind your own two
Cause it ain't hard to make a shit list especially when the rhyming is through
I keep a distance, never been predicted
Never been a victim of any math defining my moves
I keep a needle to the wax and keep my eye on the groove
Present the evidence and every single client is true
I'm out for gettin' it and not forgettin' it
These are differences of different elements inside of the booth
It's all you

Ride dirty, transport filthy
Trench coat white leather to the floor milky
I killed a chinchilla and left the store guilty

The velvet was crumbled but the velour silky

And I crushed it like butter leathers on my futon
Tossing money like croutons
Make the pair fit gator boots on
With the newton
Rolling the new triple south central
Dipping in continentals
Pin it quick to shut up and kiss the instrumental
Shits official like it came with whistles
They know the drizz when they roll with blizz
Crack the tree roll the sour d in a fronto leaf
Follow me, I tell it how it be
Like that's how it is

How the fuck you shit on a nigga who believes in himself
Inebriated on my dreams, I had to see for myself
Even my family couldn't see what I felt
But that ain't stop me nigga
Watch me mute your talking I don't need any help
I'm creeping in stealth
Driving and proving I'm nice to these niggas
Jiving trying to provide em through all the whack raps
You cats supply em, I'm lying
I'm the epitome of the perfect timing
Purpose writing got me surface riding
Dawg it's perfect science

We shoulda went half on a boat
We toast mimosa's
Had the chauffeur pass me my coat
The day was over
I told her play the grown up she suppose to
I would toss the g
But it's just the g she knew me
The corporate office often
Will say your boss and the boss' bitty
I couldn't find a better bitch to boss it with me
We talk of titties or we talk of titties
We talk bikini's
Now Puerto Ricans envy so we talkin mini's

Damn

Pardon me I'm just thinking on the angles
You disconnected due to the friction on the cables
You flipped on me, switched the position on the tables
Surfing on a cloud blowing kisses at the angels
I'm still out grinding, chasing the dream
Nights I slept with my face in a machine
Seven weeks in thermal and denim jeans
Dirty from the trenches my record was never clean
I'm a front line soldier
When it's possible I steal blood
It comes with the territory my boots carry mud
Scheming on the next young stallion that got strut
Somewhere in between too much and not enough

Damn

I still remember when I broke the roaches open
Now you see us floating on a boat and uh
To say this was my dream would be a lie
But nowadays it seems to keep me in the beamer breezing by
Nothings forever right? I don't know man
I like the show for now until they change the program
Since I was one second old I've been a grown man
Showered in cologne and own my own land
Oh man