

Chopstick

The Alchemist

Yeah
Uh, yeah
Yeah
This shit light, nigga (Light, nigga)
Yo, yo

Push the pen, we cook (Cook), you can put it in
The Sten bullets in the wind chip the wood on your Benz
True story, doggy, this is where your book ends
Good pimps wonderin' where your hooker went (Where she go?)
Follow the footprints, you might have to look a bit
Like fish, I put my hooks in the bitch, she clipped, it don't matter
how good she could swim
We gon' pull a M out her pussy lips, that's how the cookie split
We finna get magical cookie rich, uh
Her body thick like Tams, she might let me hit with the Timbs
'Fore I dig in her skin like a syringe (Woo)
The wins is Rosebudd's Revenge, blood on her clothin'
This the cleansing of the colon (Uh), the semicolon (Uh)
No matter how you coat it or quote it (Or quote it)
It's still shit even if it's sugar-coated (Pfft)
Niggas talk a good Hulk Hogan (Yeah, brother)
'Til we make 'em bust the vault open, be soft-spoken

Uh
Silencer on the pistol made the gat whisper
Hundred-shot clip, chopstick, shit a back-flipper
Spray the MAC, lift him, gotta react quicker
Put him on his back, take him out the picture
Nigga, yo

Necklace with the big stones, huh
It's like a cold plunge, everything below the throat go numb (Uh)
Poke holes in your coconut with the ghost gun
You not supposed to go ghost on the plug (Uh)
Virgil Abloh throw rug to roll you up like Fruit Roll-Ups
My shot, you cannot Manute Bol us (Woo)
You see the blowers with the Isotoners (Isotoners)
Ho, I'll put you on ice like a diamond choker (Put you on ice, bitch)
Fire from the toaster, turn you jokers to fried okra
Then slide the iron inside the holster (Uh)
I am the culture, I could coach you like Spaelstra
Or be impulsive and cop the Rolls truck
Give you a face shot, no photo, that's a close-up (Pow)
Vulgar, like a Russian soldier but much colder
You know what's up, you gettin' fucked over
Foreclosure, motherfucker, I'm the closer (Out)

What's that?