

Different Worlds

The Alchemist

Yo, I grew up in the projects of QBC
I grew up in the lap of luxury where shit was love for me
I used to watch Sesame Street
I used to watch the D's play the street
Plus I couldn't wait to squeeze my first heat
I used to pray to God before I went to sleep every night
Same time, I was kissing them dice, hitting my number twice
Holding hammers with the heat, I was nice
Same time, I was popping cap guns on BMX bikes
With grass stains on my jeans and scuffed up Nikes
I was like 'fuck school, I ain't going to class'
Easy money in the street, I was rolling with that
Never good at math but I knew how to add up cash
I used to win at spelling bees, my education was proper
My family wanted me to be a lawyer or doctor
I was smooth talker, back in those days, I was a moonwalker
With a picture of my shorty inside of my school locker

I never had shit (I always had it all)
We used to play with guns (We used to play ball)
I used to pump crack (In school, I paid attention)
I was a hard head (I used to always listen)
We turned bitches out (I used to love them hoes)
We wore hand-me-downs (I always had new clothes)
I used to stay bent (I couldn't hold my liquor)
It's kinda bugged out (Two different stories in one picture)

The first year of high school, my parents noticed me slipping
Smoking cigarettes, skipping class, catching detention
Every night all I heard was 'freeze'
Niggas getting bagged by the D's and some bitch that got a disease
Fourteen and watching 'Yo! MTV Raps' on 40-inch screens
I learned how to tilt my hat, sag my jeans
Wanted a Nefertiti piece, thought that'd be fresh
Me and my brother used to yank them shits straight off people's necks
Summertime River Park jams at 1-2-fifth
Sticking kids with my identical twin
If I could go back in time, I would take you with me
Show you what it's like to live a lifestyle to risky
I put in work on rhymes and beats while you was putting work on the streets
It's bugged out, whoever would have thought that we'd meet
But it's this rap shit that made this whole package complete
It put us in the studio and put these raps to this beat

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I'm West Coast, I'mma rep it forever
But I had to move to the East to get all of my respect and my cheddar
To tell the truth, the only thing I really left was the weather
All of my friends the same, we always kept it together

Picture this, 'Shook Ones' drop, the Mobb on top
Now we rolling state to state with shows non-stop
Seen the money Hav and P was getting off of the top
Off of hip-hop, I wasn't going back to the block
My man Muggs introduced me to you, Nitty and G.O.D
Brought me to the studio to play music for Hav and P
You can't forget my dunns Noyd and Gotti
I was a nobody, they showed me love, told me they got me
Remember the first time I the bong? I was doing it wrong
Choking so much 'til my high was gone
Then we showed you how to roll up dutchies, then it was on
Now we rolling all across the country with hit songs

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