

Flashlight

The Alchemist

The homies always told me it'd be days like this
When we was chillin' on the stairwell wishing we was rich
The judge got a grudge, wanna see me in court
I chose to say 'Fuck 'em' and got my license revoked
I got front, back, and side to side
And what I don't get, I get it off another nigga ride
Run that chain, run that watch
Matter of fact, muh'fucka, run up out them socks
I copped the new 6 off the lot
I made a living off of niggas, taking shit they got
My wrist like light bulbs, a hundred watts
Got a bitch in Miami for a vacation spot
Call P, ask Hav, let me borrow the yacht
Yeah, I'm a little fucked up, I had a couple of shots
Rap ain't shit but a cover-up for me
After I run in his crib and throw the covers up on me

Now everybody claim to be a thug
White T, jeans creased, and G'd up
We be chillin' VIP up in the club
Come strapped, bitch, 'cause we don't give a fuck

We are not the same, nigga, I'm different
Rassy spit a tsunami, I will twist ya then
Fuck being hot, nigga, I'm blistering
Gun butt, uppercut, I will clip ya chin-get it?
Then I'll David Blaine, I'll lift ya then
Then they dip ya in, right after your moms go hysterical and kiss ya skin
And it's just a sin, I'm raised Catholic, go to confession and Crip again
I'm not the one, we are not the two
And your B.G.'s ain't acting so they not the zoo
I get it in like hard dick in wet pussy
In the pen on first watch 'cause them faggots killed Tookie
Now I'm back with a lust for that ragtop Bentley
Air Force Ones-fuck two pair, cop 50
And I brought Glocc with me, 11 shot Lawson
Yeah, I brought Glock with me, my pop not picky
I love hot quickies, mushing a hoe, stop hickey
Even hoes I meet on my MySpace miss me
You assholes the lamest of thugs
'Cause you kiss crack like Hoopz on Flavor of Love

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When I rap, I speak reality, I don't just talk
First of all, I'm the man that got the beats that rock
Got you saying, "How the fuck he got the streets that hot?"
Trying to double up the profit and increase that knot
Representing the rebellious youth
I don't beat around the bush, fuck the bullshit, I tell you the truth
Like the bitch who got with you, I could tell that she's loose
Only rap about the pistols, I could tell that you're new
Baskin-Robbins style, I'll put you up in a scoop
Every day is like the same shit stuck in a loop

This is for that young buck on the stoop
On the ones and the twos, with the needle straight stuck to the groove
I show it's nothing to prove, they loving my moves
Bad news for those that wanna fuck with my food
'Til the finish line, I'm stuck with my dudes
Different weapons I choose to use, step on my shoes and get abused
I dare you to make you turn it up
My sour diez smelling like I already burned it up
I put you on to something every time, I word 'em up
I hold 'em up, get 'em folded up, I hurt 'em up

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I was standing on the corner, watching bitches walk down Crenshaw
Then I figured I would order, Earl's hot dogs and peep the lip gloss
That's when niggas got to trippin', some B dancing, some that Crip walk
Just another day in Cali, fool, just don't get lost in this part