

Flight Risk

The Alchemist

Chyeah
Chyeah
Ayy, where we at?
Let's get it, uh

I know Sergio, I know Tacchini plug, do Gianni, nigga, no Versace

Still servin' blow out the 'Ghini, steppin' on the coke like a pair of 'Raches

In the spizzy runnin' up a check, with them thirty-sixes and them R Kells

Heard that nigga tell a lot of shark tales and I'm really not that impressed (At all)

Me and 30 ate off of Archdale, caught a burger, flake, and a jar sale

Now I'm in the Wraith lookin' like a star field, checkin' in at the Fontainebleau (Where we at?)

Tied in, I got drug ties, me and Papi Bricks hoppin' out the coupe

Cuzzo finna make a mud slide, he just dropped a fish in the Mountain Dew

It was process of elimination, now we chewin' like an overbite (Eatin')

Everybody so opinionated, keep your two cents, don't need your advice (I don't)

In the gutter lane like a bowling ball, always been a Mr. Know-it-all (Rollin')

If you can name it, I done sold it all, fluff of oil 'caine into a soda ball

Put the call in, send them country boys in them overalls (Where we at with it?)

Lil' dawg keep a strig on him, shit, it's just protocol

Headshot gang (Bah), we the mafia, let my four-fifth spit a sixteen (Brr)

I hear everybody claimin' gang time, and they don't even know what that shit mean

Where we at with it?

Ranned it up on the incline, maybe if I wasn't in the streets full time, would've been signed

Life of a mis-

con, real street shit, ain't no sitcoms (No bitches)

Circle tight, nigga still a flight risk, nigga might skip bond (Jump bail)

Life of a mis-

con, art of rock climbin' with a zipline (Been to court)

This blood sport, jumped off the front porch under the wind chime (Hell blocks)

Life of a block bleeder, facin' life, I had to risk mine (Put it on the line)

All these niggas cap like a Just Don (Snake ass niggas)
While I be in the trap with my Concreatures

I got high, I got high
Front door's open, I'll get it