

Francois

The Alchemist

RIP Swally

Took the first bid, Dutchie ate the second

Yeah

Uh

Had to learn to put that work on the scale before the money got made
Niggas think 'cause they go to jail, that it's something to praise (That shit ain't cool)

Can't even say if niggas kept it solid (For real)

Whatever happened to them niggas got away and lived to tell about it? (What happened?)

Some niggas faked it 'till they made it, I just can't relate (I can't)

Look at his piece before the rap, that nigga chain was fake (Cap)

Now all a sudden, niggas me soon as they get some cheese

Type to believe his own lies, it's a sick disease

Where all them bricks y'all niggas sold? I'm tryna buy a few (Where they at?)

How many whips y'all niggas drove? You had the titles too?

How many cribs y'all niggas owned before the signing bonus?

Outside my bitch, it ain't no hoes I feel entitled to

Gettin' my peoples out the streets, all I was tryna do

Ain't no indictments or no links that they could tie me to (Scot-free)

Can't put myself on the scene or actual situations

When it come to murder, ain't no statute of limitations

This for my blue-collar criminals in for robbery

Arsonists, kidnap, extortion, bribery

Burglary, embezzlement, homicide, forgery

Perjury, vandalism, conduct disorderly

Parole violators, A through Z prefixes

Larceny, motive death, under false pretenses

Racketeering, conspiracy, had to learn to tread water

First degree and second, or involuntary manslaughter

Yo, po-po, man, po-po, man, damn

Where is the law, Forty?

Where is the motherfuckin' law?

I go back so far with this kid, I was chasing him through juvie

Remember Swally robbed dog, ain't wanna kill him

But when we told him to come off of that shit, ain't wanna give it up

Before my nigga Tino died, gave me the China plug

That's who my nigga Needy say that I remind him of

Went upstairs on little Dave soon as we caught him lackin'

In his baby mama driveway, that shit was bound to happen

Uno arrested, my nigga Monk went in for ten summers

Me and Dre Nub'll trade off bodies, we like twin brothers

My nigga Dutchie ate a double, ain't talkin' no Whopper

Nutty and Wes'll pull up in two Trackhawks with them choppers

In the city full of jack boys, so don't get caught without it

They'll turn your block to a blackboard and put some chalk around it

Real six-four from Fielding to Kentfield

This ten mil'll bounce a nigga forehead off his windshield

Witnessed homicide on the Six with Brandon and Will

Still traumatized, seen some of my friends getting killed

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