

# Fuego

## The Alchemist

Yeah yeah, D-Block  
Tony Toca, L.O.X., Sheek Louch

("L.O.X.") ("Kiss")  
("Sheek Louch, y'all ain't go no heart")  
("S.P.")

Ayo, here's why I'm willing to die and take no shit  
Fuck the whole world and I'm willing to ride  
Like, here's why I'm willing to slide: too many niggas phony  
Shit is getting lonely, blowing my high  
And like, here's why I'm willing to cry: I feel furious  
And I'm getting curious what Heaven is like  
And like, fact why I'm willing to die, 'cause y'all not  
And I've always been the opposite for most of my life  
You know, P'll be the Ghost of the ciph'  
And understand that I'll cut you from ear to ear to hit most of your pipe  
I'll leave niggas D.O.A. for three whole days  
20 niggas in your projects, P don't play  
Hank niggas like the Sugar Hill  
I'm the example and the definition, so you could understand the hood is real  
You lost your man, how would you feel?  
We don't give a fuck! I just told you that the hood was real

What up? All y'all could get touched  
D-Block, nigga, what (D-BLOCK!)  
Parking lot or in front of the store  
Ask yourself, who want war? (What up?)

("The LOX") ("Doing their thing") ("Kiss")  
("Tony Touch") ("We back")  
("Sheek Louch, y'all ain't got no heart")

Yo, why you ice-grilling me, like your jaw won't break?  
I put knives in like candles-piece of cake  
When my shit pop, it's over-next, the wake  
You where duck niggas be found-next to lake  
I let it off in broad day  
With the hammer, I make movies, just like a matinee  
We could talk but I don't feel like it; plus I'm not psychic  
And I won't know what you'll do if I don't hit you first  
I'll watch your muh'fuckin' melon burst  
I'll put bombs underneath your hearse-fuck the funeral!  
Sheek that nigga that live for beef  
How I flow, I spit like I'm missing teeth  
I'm a problem, like the youth division in jail  
Hardheaded, and my knife work, forget it, uh  
I could pack up and leave right now  
But that's after I cock back and gun you down, bitch

What up? All y'all could get touched  
D-Block, nigga, what (D-BLOCK!)  
Parking lot or in front of the store  
Ask yourself, who want war? (What up?)

("Kiss")  
("Sheek, baby, my style... ")

("Holiday Styles, muthafucka, giving you hell... ")  
("LOX, muh'fucka, the ox won't... ")

Ayo, I split niggas like Cohibas and Dutches  
And cop shotguns the size of crutches  
Sheek be off the hook, whatever Tony touches  
Sheek and S.P. put the guns to 'em  
Ayo, Kiss, take it all off they fuckin' wrist  
And let them know where we at so they could buy it back  
And come dolo 'fore I hit 'em with the fuckin' Mac  
Y'all little niggas want work? Come get a fuckin' pack

S.P. from the D-Block Gang, boss of the boss  
Contract killer, plus he got 'caine  
Don't you ever try to front, nigga, he got aim  
He in a 4-point-6 but he got Range  
Might hear the gun clicks then we got brains  
Tell Sheek "It's bullshit", he could leave that chain  
Plus his head is still bleeding, so leave that lane  
Remember the last time and the police that came

What? Fuego, muthafuckas! Tony Toca

What up? All y'all could get touched  
D-Block, nigga, what (D-BLOCK!)  
Parking lot or in front of the store  
Ask yourself, who want war? (What up?)

("The LOX") ("Doing their thing")  
("And y'all scared, I could tell... ")

Muthafuckas, pull ya guns out...