

Guilt

The Alchemist

Ali (Oxen free)
You know what these niggas could never say about me? (What's that?)
Is I did it off their scorecard
Let's get it (227)

Hunnid a G, 'member I got fronted the key
'Fore the bag came, my gas tank was under the E (Empty)
Life took a ill turn on that Sunderland spree
Now I'm fuckin' Miss Willburn from "My Brother and Me"
With a grey book, pay me to babysit, I had to stay put
Only thing a nigga cared about is what the yay took (That's all)
Powder on her face like she putting on some makeup
Before I had a Rollo it was Technos and Jacobs
Papi came from the bill off the Hell Block
Brought the 6 I wish I would have had the 12 shot
Tricked himself off the street, now he on that cell block (Damn)
In the clink beatin off his dick on that jail cot (Fucked up)
Tryna get back these fifty racks in the Belmont
Came through pitchin' cracks in the trap through the mail slot
Dale got murdered on the craft, it was really him
See my first twenty thou' cash 'fore they did him in
On the mall taking on niggas who get amend (Where we at?)
Get found face down floatin' in the river bend
Put in the call through my nigga Quinn (Q-Ball)
We done seen it all, been through it all, through the thick and thin (Real l
ife)
Log leaning with his F&N
Off a double cup of Maxwell House call it special blend (Pour up)
Come at that murder gang, they know we pressure fit
Still in the kitchen swirlin' cane like a peppermint (What else?)

He not at all built (At all)
Type of nigga fuck around get us all killed (Get us hurt)
Cut out the same deck of cards we was all dealt
Quick to drop a hundred rounds like my dog Wilt
Niggas never needed y'all help (At all)
To all my niggas who know how life behind the wall felt
Stood tall on some stilts now we all feel (What Else?)
Gotta stay sturdy even when your dog tilt
(You're not built for this)

It's what you call guilt (Uh-huh)
Them big V12 engines and butter soft silks
Puling foreigners off the lot, this my tenth one
All my whores gorgeous, don't know which one to pick from
Elizabeth I'm comin' to join you, this the big one
Chain shortbus shorty so you know my wrist done
All these niggas be duckin' wreck, we be blitzed (Where they at?)
Was always a suspect and never the victim (For real)
Think these niggas must have forgot I was a ConCreature (Blockworks)
Forever 227 is the motto
I let that forty-seven hit like the lotto
My brother [Short?] be catchin' bricks from Chicago (What up gang?)
Everybody digressing, I took the high road
Stepped on a 267 in my Wallos
A million dollars worth of game out in Tuscon
The plug know my first name, my face is like a coupon

What else

He not at all built

Type of nigga fuck around get us all killed

Cut out the same deck of cards we was all dealt

Quick to drop a hundred rounds like my dog Wilt

What else, niggas never needed y'all help (At all)

Taught my niggas how life behind the wall felt (Stood tall)

Stood tall on some stilts, now we all feel (Uh-huh)

Gotta stay sturdy even when your dog tilt