

Harry O.

The Alchemist

(No waters in the yacht...
The biggest y'all know...)
(Hey, let me get my sunglasses
Thank you, uh, yo)

Feeling relaxed like Serena snaps
Layin' on the beach, I might teabag
Crack the safe, punch the code into the keypad
Lemon squeezed over sea bass
I seen it through the submarine glass, breeze past
Who's the cleanest? Don't even ask (Marc')
Your favorite rapper's on my penis sack (Uh)
I'm just speaking facts, might smack you in the teeth for these
egregious acts
Sailing the sea, been to Belize and back
The world's my kingdom, I don't believe it's flat though
I'm on a whole 'nother plateau
The Alchemist mix the grass and tobacco
Play the back of the boat
With a ho on my dick, in back of her throat
Why would the captain have to gloat? Uh
No cap, you see the hat and coat
The catapult, my afro may be the cat, black and Navajo
Toss your dawg overboard just like some lettuce in the salad bowl, uh
Then roll the gally home
They'll find your bones in the alley with the crows
Baby sighin', daddy closed, we're like the new Death Row
Without the loan from Harry O

We like the new Death Row
Without the loan from Harry O, nigga
You know?
Marc', baby
Yeah, I been the... I been the fuckin' fishing pole, man
Reelin' these fuckin' offers in
Yeah, godbody
Might snap that shit
(This is a great space...)