

I'm Back

The Alchemist

"You better check your files..." [echoes]
{A-A-A-A-Al-Al-Al-Alchemist}

I'm onery honestly, I ain't gotta be cocky
It's a aura about my persona I be rockin
You can't ever knock me, I'm old triclops
My mental vision is clearer, than the red eye drops
Niggas stop, I really came from grams, 100's
Grams and onions with major plans to run shit
Rubber band man like fam that's Southern
Nigga this is the truth, this ain't a jam for frontin
Obie Trice, the first black rap artist
To reach a platinum plaque from where home exists (yes)
And they hold me down but of course you got haters
Haters, get 16 shots, now who's your favorite
Made it honestly, without havin to rob ya
Honestly you should be happy I'm not up in ya Honda
Or your Capris, capiche? You scared
I'm a beast on these beats, releasin masterpieces
"Cheers" was the debut, look what a nigga gave you
Your dollar spent well instead of me tryin to play you
Now it's my second effort, effortless
The weapon is still kept in the scrotum section and
I still rep my wreckless set
Screw crabs, they're underneath the earth restin
'Til I'm beneath the dirt
Show me a nigga hotter God damnit I'll invest in him (woo!)
Nigga got it locked, ain't no testin him
Plus I got a Glock that'll subtract chest on him