

Longjohns

The Alchemist

Uh

Someday it's a knot, someday it's a bubble
No struggle
Up early dressed like old folk to keep away the trouble (Wait)
Every corner covered
The lime's crushed, the mint muddled
You talk to me in other people's words
You don't believe enough to burn
You, me, and each other
Before I leave, I'ma leave with something
Somewhere in Shibuya they playing my song
I built the bomb when you weren't looking
Rewriting, my write is wrong
Judge questioned if those lyrics are mirrors
Riot at dawn
Looters lisp but forgot mirren
Out sloganeering
At the butcher asking for fake beef (Uh)
Smart dumb like suede in the summer
All night, thick air, rain, the thunder
Eyes like the hunted, a debtor of the sun
Zero sum
Smelling fun like empire, can't be just one
They said, "Be gone," but we're not done

Remember when? I will begin
I saw my storm, she was a friend
I hurt work, so it never ends
We broke up just to play pretend
Tighten up, tighten up, tighten up, tighten up
Tighten up, tighten up, tighten up
A blue light, then we'll make amends
Remember when? I will begin
I saw my storm, she was a friend
I hurt work, so it never ends
Tighten up, tighten up, tighten up, tighten up
Tighten up, tighten up, tighten up

Yeah (Shake that, shake that, shake that)
Shake that illuminati, that 'nati (Shake that, shake that, shake that, shake that)
Shake that illuminati, that naughty by nature
Burnt cork on sun-scorched bodies
I dropped godspeed off the go
On the basis between need-to-know and ought-to-know
Neither felt optimal
Given up goats for Lent
Break fast with toast
Butter on both sides
My nine sleep up proxy by eight evil eyes
We not people
You hold hate for those I hold closest, ain't it boo
Go sit at the other side of the cafeteria, eat shit boo (Eat shit, boo)
Niggas be flippin', splittin' the difference, dippin'
What you speaking, nonsense or ninjitsu?
Truth, power gives power, we ain't gon' get power if ours can't gift power

All hands and fingers sauced (Fingers sauced)
See shared plates, we ate great
Injera, extra sour
The witchin' hour
Now pays cents on the dollar
Inshallah, Lord knows
Y'all tryna make a serpent a scholar (Wow)
I done seen it all
Slave safe [?] it all