

Loose Change

The Alchemist

(Back with my people)

Uh

Yo, yo, yeah

Uh, uh, yeah, yeah

You be with the boys and I'ma be with the dawgs

Blood on the Travies, it serve as a challenge coin

I'm the voice, I had to speak for the org, pastor, preacher

Smashed up weed on the organ, master teachings

Actually couldn't hold me (Who's gonna stop me?)

I was hungry

Mama made her son read, so I'm hunting glances 'til the peak

That still didn't feed me

I had to get a feel for the whole thing

Peek in the orbs, speak on what I absorb

Reserved boundaries, I found a different route to explore and run around deep

I told you 'bout the reaching, you found out and screamed, that sound to me like a loss

I had a bad bout with grief and I tossed a match on it

Kerosene, burned the ring down to ashes

And memories, feather feet behind

And ahead of the beat, throwing 'em off

Arriving in the nick of time

These niggas nickel and diming

I'm giving 'em five and sliding, my way up the street

Pretty penny, you my luckiest find, skin copper

Titties bouncing, save a generous slice for me

Please (I need a piece of this, about this small)

Please, save a generous slice for me

Change jingling in my pocket

These niggas nickel and diming

I'm giving 'em five, pretty penny, you my luckiest find, skin copper

Titties bouncing, save a generous slice for me

(Please, please, please, please)