

Massacre

The Alchemist

The polo and diamond
The cause of the cloud lining
A life full of crime is the cause of foul rhyming
Scale talk, jail talk
Smoking what the bail costs
Overnight hustler package in the mail, dawg
Cigar rooms, hand shakes
Whispers and your man wake
Connect on the internet re-up on the fan page
Block party, yacht party
Wonder if your mans safe
Talks to the feds so you wonder if the plan's straight
Lunch with the lawyer
Dealing with the under boss
None of y'all are speaking on the money that you come across
Wifey wants you to quit
Team wants you to go hard
Looking at the beam and the block you can bogard
You looking at the sky like oh god
Mad high, hit your man like "Yo god"
But he ain't give you no nod
And you wonder why the fast life's so hard

It ain't a war till you wear a vest
Masked up, airing techs
That barrel whistle like a clarinet
They say "Griselda" and they hear respect
I worked my kitchen in my spot
And up top I had to wear a net
To get here took blood, tears, and sweat
Stressed on that prison tear I set
Can't walk a mile in this pair of seps
Fendi belt with the red F's
Bulldog tucked down in it and it's barking like DMX
Rappers wanna make friends with us
I'm only close to this plate
And this blender and I shake grams in it
It only take ten minutes
And I come back with a bag
Full of Fetti, so heavy
You think there's paint cans in it
These rappers never had a half-ounce
So why they rap about racks?
And act out these war stories on Vlad's couch
Stove and the cooker
The dope for the pushers
It feels like Halloween
It's the Ghost and the Butcher