

## Mick & Cooley

### The Alchemist

Pap, pap, pap, pap, pap, pap, pap, pap

Brr

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Uh), yeah

Brodie shot a nigga on the yard last week (Ha)

I don't care about your catalog, all that's weak (That shit trash, nigga)

Put a stop to all that beef (Pussy)

We'll spin and shoot up every house on that street (Pap, pap, pap, pap, pap, pap)

Now rest in peace to caption, my sket with me, been travelin'

The SUV or Aston with Stephanie and Jasmine (Haha)

Connectin' me, the gas in, you threaten me, I'm lashin'

My specialty is spazzin', you definitely a has-been (Bum-ass nigga)

Uh, you niggas broke and washed up (Broke)

They said, "Machine, get in your bag, bro, get charged up" (Go in, nigga)

Them bricks of coke, we upcharge what they charged us (Ha)

E-Murda keep a blade, he give your face a large cut (Talk to 'em)

When I do the deals, I get the large cut (I do)

The pickup one-fifty, not the Ford truck (Woo)

We ain't shootin' out the car, we do the walk-ups (Blah, blah, blah)

Glock with a switch, it fan out, it got us starstruck (Brr)

And heat through your frame, I see through the lames (Ha)

They deceitful, but in the end, it's he who remains (Shit)

Kanye-level collision if you speed through my lane

Conway level has risen to elite group of names

The best of the best, it's best you invest in a vest

I'll give you what's left in the sket

Stairway to Heaven and his body was left on the steps (Ha)

If he dies, he dies, fuck him, he gets what he gets (Fuck him)

Flawless baguettes on the neck (Bling)

Drumwork, bitch