

My First Offense

The Alchemist

On my first offense
It's gangtown mafia

Was in the wild with [?] and Steve-O on that 42 Dugg
Screaming "Free Booboo and Greebo"
You know my steelo with or without the airplay
Chiseling off the pack, serving smokers in the stairway
Never been the one to gossip with all the hearsay
There's no blood, no foul in the field and ain't no fair play
Now we on fire like a lighter and some hairspray
Parking a whole fleet of Range Rovers off of Fairway
My coat costs a band-aid the Moncler way
Remember my guy guy used to put my clothes in the layaway
Know they rather prefer that I did it their way
If she's a fucking ho and you love it, I wouldn't care ye
Should hit up Brad and add some ice to my reflection
Shit, I might just add a nigga wife to my collection
In the hood for that bag, all this sheisting and finessing
Been to hell and back, still I recognize it as a blessing
The righteous testing my path, exercising my demons
See death around the corner bleeding out on the cement
Getting fingerprinted and riding out from the precinct
This that one part of the game that come with the street shit
They used to mention delinquent and juvenile detention
In connection with all them recent shootings in the district
A lot of friction in the air, whole lot of turbulence
In my preliminary hearing on my first offense

Yeah, first offense
On my first offense
First offense