

# 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