

## No Yeast

The Alchemist

It's the mafia  
Blockworks  
227  
Creature gang  
Let's get it

Acquired taste for the finer things, the finer cuisine  
While others do it online for the streams  
Posting comments and memes  
Love the sound when that money counter cha-ching  
It's Concrete, you know the drama we bring  
Me and Con the Machine embody the Mafia theme  
What else? Now my Damiere Lou' Vuitton and Supreme  
Are you in Detroit, Motor City?  
I run DMC, these niggas better get down with the kings  
Six mile runs from Scone Island to Queens  
They got me back on my Quran, on my knee  
A hundred pints of the clean  
Poured up a three, remix the Sprite with codeine  
Love how the light hit off the ice when it gleam  
Before the shines and the bling  
Was '96 Dame, Shawn, and Kareem  
Shot Johnny around the corner from my Auntie Willene  
Ladder in my double nine-M, Glock with the beam  
He had 'em thinking he was him, but shit is not what it seems  
It's Concrete, who you know more streeter than me?  
With no yeast, so street, a nigga everything he seeming to be  
Read 'em and weep, we open shop and OT on a spree  
It's Concreature Boldy Blocks, the king of the D  
How she in love, still sleeping with me?  
Two hundred fives, twenty fifties, ten hundreds, I was keeping it G  
Now, who you know more streeter than me?  
With no yeast, so street, a nigga everything he seeming to be

Uh, that Gucci North Face intersecting like a figure eight  
Homies in competition, bro, I ain't know that this was a race  
I thought that we was in it for the cake  
That's that gold trimming on these plates, these ain't microwave safe  
Baby, conventional oven, still cook up the old way  
Pen and pad my logo and the barcode is on my weed bag  
Packaging affect the prices  
Plus they calling anything zaza, that bullshit hype  
And I'm an OG, bro, I smoke that chronic  
I pull up something iconic  
Born finer, sipping wine in Napa Valley when I found it  
Hellbent on driving and heaven sent me to buy it  
I keep money piling up and feeding all of my desires  
She drowning in the fountain of flyness, I am the real  
He tried to hide that bitch in him, it came out, gender reveal  
Great white verse the seal  
Tim Hardaway air ain't like this, boy, I got them skills  
That crossover could kill  
Called out my lane and chilled  
I make it to spend it like I was billing rims  
I'm from New Orleans where we all love Soulja Slim  
My nigga Boldy just flew in from the Detroit lion's den  
Sharp as ninja stars in these flying cars, me and him

Pieces on the wall cost a leg or arm, lose a limb  
If you ain't bought no Rolex for your dogs, you ain't a boss at all  
We on a jet, finna take off  
We watching Charles and Charles  
Collaboration like that Bape with KAWS  
I'm rolling up them RAWs

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, we keep the E in it, Chevys on switches  
Nigga, we smoking weed in it, don't post me in your pictures  
We had the c- we had the cold air going?  
Shit just wasn't doing shit  
I don't know  
I don't hear it in the headphones, bro  
I was never gon' hear that shit  
You hear it?  
Yup, I don't hear the beat, but I hear, I hear us  
What all y'all got from the-  
Should I have looked at that? Should I have made a play first?  
What, you wanna eat first? It's gonna get cold otherwise  
Yeah, put- put- just put it back on on the speaker, let me see what's happen  
ing  
Yeah  
Let me see what's happening over there, man  
Why not? Why not?