

Not Much

The Alchemist

That's not too much to ask, is it?

Uh

Allow me to demonstrate

You pay attention when I shake, I push a line until the pencil break

Thick bankrolls with expensive taste

Fendi shades, step on any block, get heavy praise

Hop off a jet, they pop a cork and let confetti rain (Uh)

Eatin' well, my lapel got a spaghetti stain (Leave it)

I leave it as a badge of honor, my body's wrapped in armor

Nobody this slick in this class or genre (Nobody)

Mix victory with the trauma

I'm fly, I'm a stealth bomber, on the ones and twos, I never felt calmer

Everything I do is organic

Bustin' out of denims like Bruce Banner and pushin' two-door Phantoms (Slidin')

Biggest dog like Marmaduke (Woof)

Large bowl of soup, the way I cut, I might as well have on a barber's suit (Yup)

I give 'em a taper-up

Packagin' boxes in the spot with the windows broke and the papers up (I'm on the low)

Ridin' low, pullin' the scrapers up, slow motion, no maple cup

I'm a trolley car with the cable stuff, put the foreign up and play the truck

Then sneak off, fall back in the shadows, and play the tuck

The man with no face, runnin' a marathon, not a road race

And lettin' dead dogs sleep like a cold case (Like a cold case)

I'm in another different whole space

Snap my fingers in a cloud of smoke and disappear with no trace (I'm out of here)

Uh

Significant

(What else?)

Never mix money with blood, welcome home to Big Hit

From the land of the scandalous to the zone of the misfits (Gang)

Evangelists show you how to turn water into Bisquick (Remix)

This dog I got a stutter, come with fingers like some fish sticks

Love all my sluts, toes white, fingers French-tipped

From playin' with that Frenchie same color as some French dip (That's my girlie)

Pack touched and got intercepted, that's a pick-six (Pick-six)

I ran off on the plug so many times he on my hit list (On my hit list)

Shooters with me in the club with them hit sticks

Double drum on the sub get your shit switched (Grrt)

Nintendo Switch hold a dub, the Glock a Gen6 (Ayy)

M6 Bimmer burnin' Cookie, but it's Thin Mint

Carousel on the sub, you know we spin shit (Uh-huh)

Grab that yop and cut up a rug for a ten strip

Was stuck in the hood way longer than I been rich

The way my niggas got it out the mud, feel like I'm Big K.R.I.T.

Let's get it (Blockworks)

That's some Magic type shit

Now, that's not too much to ask, is it?

Shout out to Nas
Yeah, yeah, Hit-Boy

My verse a smokin' tire, smokin' BFGoodrich
I popped the hood, you got popped in the hood showin' you hood rich
Flippin' through this booklet, we was fucked up in a crowded van
It sounded bad when I heard the shouts of a drowning man
Fake love, I sniff it out like a drug dog at the airport
I move pawns like pieces on a chessboard
Beast mode with the harness and the leash off
And you gon' have a hard time acceptin' this ass whoopin' thinkin' we soft
I tell a bitch her loss on some Drake and 2-1
And don't be givin' out that uh without savin' me some
And I hope you can stand the rain 'cause to stand on that season
I think it's mad, the baddest ones, they be mad for no reason
I'm disarmin' the system, I pull the plug and snatch the wires out
My stepdad had a brother runnin' from the feds, hidin' out
I still remember when he got knocked, been over twenty now
It was pourin' rain outside, I left my hoodie down
I won't claim to be a know-it-
all, but if I go, I'ma go crazy or I won't go at all
I'm improvin' myself, done provin' myself
I seen 'em drive theyself insane strictly out of fear of losin' the belt
Couldn't be me

But if it's not too much to ask
I already feel a little lighter
Much lighter, five thousand kilograms lighter
So you know, it really got real to me
After people respected the first song, it was like okay
They like this one, now what you got to offer for the next one?