

On Sight

The Alchemist

A nigga starvin' at home but with an appetite built for destruction
Get it off your chest, nigga, cock it and bust it
On sight, we rushin', AK's from Russia
We the niggas you love to hate 'cause we jammin', now fuck 'em
Explode on them assholes, enter the danger zone
Where the weather's so cold
I told the story, again and again
On how it goes down way back when
You see, cause told cause, now cause caught a slug
Then cause came back and gave it like it was
Now it's some nigga dead, 187 in progress
Now niggas know 'round here not to start shit

Murder, murder, cock the burner, dump it and slide, nigga
That Dogg Pound Gangsta shit bump in my ride, nigga
Me and my brother Draws, dippin' around the 'Shaw
Me and my brother Hump, got the semi and pump
Pushin' for the frontline, hit 'em up from behind
Hit 'em up every time, kindly cop, on the dot
Swoop and Lil G Rock, let's go get the money route
And see what the fuck these bitch niggas really talkin' 'bout
Me and my nigga Daz always out to get the cash
Soon as you see them niggas, you should just duck and dash
Before we come out with the nina, fly, buck and flash
Motherfuck it, Daz, hit the fire, cock, buck and blast

We gon' ride, we gon' smash
We gon' get 'em, we gon' blast
We gon' ride, we gon' smash
We gon' get 'em, we gon' blast
Yeah, fuck y'all niggas, we gon' ride tonight
We gon' catch these niggas slippin'
Get to dumpin', get to chippin'
Get to pancake and chicken flippin'
Making money off some bitches
Die or die tryin', ride tonight

Now, now, get with this deadly fixin'
Step into mama's kitchen
And you want I'm fixin'? Raw spittin'
Flow like a locomotive, don't act like you ain't notice
You tryin' to see me, you best'a readjust your focus
No one could be as dope as, no one but me that wrote this
Come on, you gotta quote it
My guns, I keep 'em loaded
Noted but bitchy, thoughts, this industry is wishy-washy
Been a long time but my rhymes make you forget me nada
Bucks 'em down with my underground tactics
Batten down the hatches, Cali is active
But still sleepin' on us like we was a cushy mattress
But I'm about to stick it to 'em like a bushy cactus
And then strike 'em like a book of matches
Watch my flame, you are not my name
When it comes to my spit game, remember I'm that dame
Lyrical murderer, ain't shit changed, bang

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