

Pinto

The Alchemist

Mafia, what else (where we at with' it?)
2-2-7 (Gang)
Let's get it (Ugh)

Ran up a check on the outskirts, stacks all in my insoles
Touring like a concert with them beans, I ain't talking pintos
Base rentals in the bike lane, stayed down, I was ten toes
Only ate with my bloodline, Was and Nutty throwing big 'bows (Yeah)
On the east, 24 carat, Cutty throwing up big fours (Wow)
On the outs, balling on a budget, fuck it, I'ma get them bricks sold
In the kitchen with the Alchemist, cooking up, I'm in mix mode (Boldy)
Wrist cold when I spin it up, niggas tinted up, but I'm fishbowl

Niggas tinted up, but I'm fishbowl
Keep that coke swimming in a fishbowl
This that 20/20 Pyrex vision on the list, though (Work)
Nigga say he burnin' up the turnpike, got me like "Which road?"
Now the Rollie bust-bust, I ain't talking Flipmode
Said he on the 6-4, told him, "Meet me at the Citgo"
On 7 and Littlefield, pint of Hi-Tech and a scrip of pills
Bitches know I got the juice, niggas know it's been the drill (Uh-huh)
Niggas whipping Robitussin (What?) mixing it with Benadryl
Get a brick of blow and cut it, hit it with the fentanyl
Baby bottle spoiled up, I ain't talking Enfamil (At all)
If it ain't sealed up, I'ma up-strick a deal (Up strap)
'Fore I had a record deal, I was really in the field (You already know)
For a little bit, enough, I could get a nigga spilled (Whoa)
'Fore I had a fanbase, I was selling tan flakes
Rakin' in the cash, tryna make sure that my mans straight (My guys)
Now everybody breaking bags, shook all of that dead weight
Upgraded my stash, shaking that bag like I landscape (Been working)
My lil' brother SK, gotta fight a fed case
Whole lot of gang shit, and that's without the handshakes (Ugh)

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Playing with them Icks out in Frisco (San Fran)
Now we up dog shit I was just on Skid Row
Marching up Boylen, contra moved back to Jethro
Two phones slamming, off a Virgin Mobile and a Getro
Snatching up niggas custies, scale kinda dusty
While y'all niggas in the county working for the police like a trustee
Forty-three AMG, it's Ali on the MP
Alley-ooop, it's only us, but it's really just me
Skinny nigga, 6'3", dining in at the Whitney
Dream cruising up Woodward, candy paint, '96 MB
I been in the streets so long, shit, I'm dehydrated and exhausted
On them hot blocks off of Martha, cold water running out the faucet
Finna make it through the bullfrog, shit could take or it could fall
I can press play, I can push pause with that mini-Drac' and that bulldog

Traffic in the tri-state level, bad bitch with a pie-face
Now them hundreds stuck together like flypape'