# Quantum Leap

**The Alchemist**

Jump out the Fisker and come cook yo' ass, bird

Your favorite rapper send fan mail to me
Your little LP ain't worth twelve pennies
Seventeen shells in the semi'
That's the same iron that burnt penny (Tssss)
This the flow that earned me a Bentley
It came with my own personal Fonzworth Bentley (Yes sir)
Pretty bitch with some perky titties
I heard your cheese tighter than virgin kitty (Niggas broke)
But that's besides the point, If I point you gon' catch a hollo w point (There he go)
Your product of choice, God got moist (Wet em')
You seeb the light at the end of the tunnel
Try me I will be delighted to pop your bubble (Pop)
Might even give your wifey a couple in the thigh muscle, I chuc kle
(Hahahaaa)
You know my body quality over quantity (Uh)
You couldn't possibly made another quantum leap
Top of the heap, ask my colleagues (Ask)
You just tryna' get by like Talib Kweli (Woo)
Only the throne is my comfort zone
Where I'm from if you a unknown you better come with a pole (Be tter)
Live by the codes niggas uphold, I got no love for hoes (None)
Ya dunno' (niggas know) Ya dunno' (Marci')

Uh, I made murder sexy
Might catch me in the F430 with a dirty Pepsi
Look how early shit turned messy
Tops is turning, put in work on them jive turkeys
Push a line on the opps' til' the timer pop
I seen a lot as a child I was traumatized (Help me!)
Now it's monetized, they swear I had masonic ties
But my eyes only recognize dollar signs (Everybody's gettin' th at)
The bag I'm in, now I'm different
The Louis luggage thirty-thousand I was power trippin'
I'm at the house snickerin', counting chicken
It's sickening, I whipped the brick now it's submissive
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