

Let me talk to 'em
This what it come to
Uh

Uh, look what the wind blew in
You just beginning what I been doin'
Open your cranium with a drill, let a pen screw in
Kick the door, force the Allen Iverson shoe in
Playing both sides all up on the fence, you been (What you gon' do?)
Scratch me, I'm popping up to the events you spin (Surprise)
Need security, so many dead and buried, presidential spin
Sunk beneath ninety percent limo tints, I sit
Gold belt buckle enhancements intense my drip
Gymnastics I perfected, in a sense my flip
Any record suggested to be rinsed, I skip
I'm stubborn and hard-headed (Nah, fuck that)
See a cloud of smoke and the car jetted
Put a stamp on the product, it was marketed (That's me)
Raise the bar, set it above where your arms stretching
Havin' dreams I was losing steam, you far-fetchin' (It's not possible)
Tires rub members only like The Friars' Club
Pliers tuggin' on you, wrap the body with a wire plug
Throw it straight from the boat, not a designer drug
Climbin' up the ladder of success until I'm high enough
I'm drippy, won't bust a fit until I'm dry enough

Uh, yeah (Well, I must've been away too long)
Uh-huh, ayo (Because my feelings are dead)
Check me out now (I, I feel no remorse)

H-A-V-O the chosen, stay golden
Let a nigga get all his roses, stay focused
One door closed, another one just opened
One M, two M, three Ms, every day a weekend
Goin' off the deep end with ALC
Knowing we the best, come on, they all see
This one or that one? Fuck it, take all three
Hatin' on yourself, when you hate on me
We godly, they not even probably
Things got rocky, only made me [?]
Wait up, nigga, my weight up, nigga
Every verse you heard, I ate, nigga
Walk in the park for us, the bars is up
I don't rock with them lames, in Mobb we trust
Cradle to the grave, fucker
H-class ALC, my day oner

Alchemist, P, The Infamous, ALC
When you put it in your fuckin' CD player
That's what I'm talkin' 'bout