

## Slow Roll

The Alchemist

All my youngins be on go mode  
Slow roll, all my youngins be on go mode  
Let's get it

Used to pack it up, had to slow roll, tryna trap me up a dough roll  
Hundred round Drac' and the long nose, thuggin' on 8 with the .44s  
High-speed chase 'til the drugs on, runnin' from Jake and the popo  
They claim the game but they subpar  
Sweat a hundred Percs, need another jar  
Been a hot boy with them rock stars  
Watching out for the sweep off of Dunbar  
Little Grand Marquis just be unmarked  
Sitting on a corner in her hood parked  
Said he beat his gun charge, seen't 'em in the hood  
Hop out the back of a squad car  
Either you trap or you farm hot  
Choppers with straps on the arm stock  
Slidin' with Glocks in the armrest  
Got some get-back, we ain't duckin' no wreck  
Put that chopper to a nigga lips like some fuckin' Carmex  
Blow the Artex, DJ run it back like a fuckin' hot track  
Thuggin' in the projects, I wish I could bring my nigga Mas back  
Turn your town into Old Country Buffet  
But we met the plug at Outback  
We was back and forth down in K-Y, runnin' with the Wildcats  
Met my young dog up in Mount Jax to get off the loud pack  
Hate my irritating ass Js but a nigga love to count racks

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Slow roll (All my youngins be on go mode)  
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When my doc' write, look like scribble-scratch  
Straight drop got a nigga block slappin' like a pitty-pat  
Stuff a bitch with a thousand Xanax in a jimmy hat  
Hothead with a heated temper, quick to Windex a nigga fitted cap  
Right hand man the grim reaper, index finger, don't trigger that  
Dumb thinking you can fuck with Blockworks  
How the fuck a nigga figure that?  
He done got whacked, hit him in his hat  
Twist his top back, we'll peel his cap  
Bloodstains on the concrete  
All-white stitch with a hint of grey  
Broken glass, middle of the street  
See the bricks chipped from the ricochet  
Wipe a opp off the hit-list, slidin' off with them misfits  
Ridin' 'round with this big bitch, I just made another chicken play  
Don't let that money go to your head  
Cause the money change hands anyway  
In the Feds on his death bed only time when a nigga pray  
Shawty took it straight to the head, R.I.P. to my nigga Tay  
Free Justo, free my nigga K, gotta hold it down for my nigga Ray  
Used to let him pour his own trouble  
Champagne glass full of rose bubbles  
Louis belt with the gold buckle  
Mr. Micheal Mary with the stone jungle (Whatever)

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