

Surf & Turf

The Alchemist

Where we at with it?
Blockworks, let's get it

Slums of Detroit, drugs from the port, plugged with the source
Gun in my shorts, blood was the sport
Jumped from the porch, hung like a horse, Ones with the Force
Drunk in a Porsche, trunk full of corpse
Dump with the torch, run for the Ford, love for my daughter
Son was the fourth, youngin' on the run with a warrant
Motherfuck a judge and the courts, club full of dorks
Got it out the mud in my 'ports, had to let the love run its course
Cousin up North, plugged in New York
Plugged on the Coast, doves and them storks, tub full of dope
Road trips to Ypsi', what's good with the coke?
Real niggas like Nipsey give a hood nigga hope
Dub with the smoke, got about a dub in my coat
Ain't even on the flyer but think I'm in love with the host
Glove on the toast, this for all my cousins and folks
Bloods and my locs, they know I'ma thug 'til I croak
That's how we comin'

Overlord status, I be slummin'
My son think that I don't love 'em, he don't know his daddy thuggin'
Said, "I been out here since a youngin'"
Runnin' up a check, thumbin' stuffing hundreds in that Drummond
These niggas know that's how we comin'
It ain't no future in your frontin' when my shooters get to dumbin'
You know my crew ain't missin' nothin'
Over them bloopers and them pumpkins, niggas know that's how we comin'

1st through the 3rd, 15th through the 31st
31 3rd, big 3, and my dirty Squirt
Burnin' sherm, me and Nick Speed, here you heard it first
Curtis Curb, niggas cook beef like it's surf & turf
You know we swerve and purr, slicker than fish grease
Them early worms get the birds with the big beaks
Shit got your bitch workin' my nerves out in Twin Peaks
Gin neat, olive martinis, we don't mix drinks
Big links, only built for Cubans, think I'm big Meech
I been brickin', now I need that Cuban with the big sink
I been street, was me, Nut, and J-9, now we in deep
When it's just me, it's just me and my 9, feel like I'm 10 deep
On the Warren, planted in the hood, feel like Big Squeak
Off of Forest, dancin' with them Wolves, niggas been sheep
The hood want the music, trying not to let this shit leak
My son tryna fill my shoes, but daddy got some big feet
(You've got some pretty big shoes to fill)

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Came with the Crips, came with the 'scrip, churn up the grits
Can't never slip, thang on the hip
Burst from the whip, drive-by shooter
Autopilot when I bye-bye losers
Look mama, no hands, look mama, mo' bands
Big house, mo' land, lil' Vince a grown man, came with his own plan
No friends wanna pop me, homie you can't stop me
Thuggin' with the Wop, burning up Del Amo swap meet
You know who the opps was, ain't nobody shot me
But I shot, mm, hmm, hmm, maybe 'bout three
Wasn't doin' too much, I done made a few bucks
I can get you Ku Klux'd, underneath the white sheet
Off the porch with hot feet, could've ran a 40 in a 4-flat
.44, snub nose, homie let me hold that
I ain't never shoot it though
Trade it for a deuce-five and a Sidekick slide
Put that shit on Tiny Scrap, pulled up where they find me at
Shot and then we fired back, almost hit the gray Benz
Send it to Atlanta, got the Tesla with the gray rims
Try me, I'ma put you on a stretcher, that's on gangland

The breaking news tonight is that two people, according to Detroit Police, were shot inside which prompted all of this inside this Citgo gas station, he re on 8 Mile
Camero, doesn't have a headlight on, and somebody if not a couple people could be running out of this vehicle, one, two, three-