

Ten Pints

The Alchemist

You can sing one verse and go to lunch

What else?

Then you come back, do another one

You know this shit triple Mafia

See, I was afraid, 'cause I can do this shit so good

That it will be a hit

Then I'll have to sing it

Thunder in my blill burning, got a nigga wheels turning

I caught lightning in a bottle like a nigga windsurfing

Blow strong as a hairdryer, hold one in the spare tire

First one in the drug zone to cook up on a air fryer

Countin' all these rackies to the neck, can't get a dollar out
me

Auntie calling back like, "Damn, nephew, must forgot about me"

Come outside, spent a sixty with me, O up one-oh-five

Limit five-hundred, checks come out, she always clear her debt

Black Sicilian, stacked a half-a-million off them Chia Pets

Real smooth and mellow, love my bitch, ghetto as Mia X

Stitched and knitted with the 'Chemist, tailor-made, tailor-
fitted

Meal-prepping, spun the work up, made it do a pirouette

Gamble with my life, OT commute, I never lost a bet

Caught unc' at the store coppin' a rose and a Milwaukee's Best

He ain't like that last batch, that old shit is what drewed him
in

Told him that this new shit that I got, it ain't gon' clog or s
tem (I can do the motherfucker on wax)

Here today, gone tomorrow

Know it's kill or be killed, but who willin' to take it further
?

Here today, gone tomorrow (Here today, gone tomorrow)

I'd rather wheel and deal before I beg, steal, or borrow

This shit hit harder than tar and ten pints of Tris Pharma

So many choppers, got the strip hotter than the Sahara

Clip full of R-I-Ps for niggas wearin' body armor

Took the stock off my ARP case I bump into karma