

# Tesla

## The Alchemist

Dear lord have mercy on me  
I don't give a fuck about none of you niggas  
I'm one person homie  
One nigga in the cruel world  
I used to picture myself in the sky  
And now I'm soaring through the cool worlds  
Ain't it funny how thoughts work  
I'm steaming marijuana cause I figure it's clockwork  
A matter of seconds, I'm innocent  
Now it's, I'm watching diminishing power  
I'm watching all the latest who'd sooner devour  
And I just want a piece of that  
Free from all the greed of the prestigious cats  
I plead they never take my soul from me and I'll bleed for that  
Do you believe in that?  
Nigga's hearts weak, I can feel it  
That's why I hardly speak, only visions  
I only keep my focus on these missions, can't nothing breach it  
Wolf Gang with no secret or misses who bring the heat to the kitchen

God bless the child that got his fucking own  
ESGN we left that other label fuck alone  
Up under the mask, in front of the stove, bitch, I'm right at home  
We shipping the load and ditch the modes, you know we riding on  
East side, fight, tray gang banger, caine slanger  
Smokin the best and the tesla, illegible bitch, I'm lane changing  
You know I do the forges on that fucker  
Bring in the swish unless you ready to jump in orgies  
When I bust, I made a movie out that movie, told your bitch to play the lead  
in that  
My niggas was hitting, while I'mma get it, straight zipping up a freezer pac  
k  
Without the green to beat the bag  
Bitches will lead to that, hell yeah, I know you do  
These ' is motor rolling boots, it's literally the shit to live by  
That, too, you had to, they fucking with gangsta kids  
Whether they good walk, the fly roof, the dope gang, these hot boots  
So pop back as I do, bitch  
I said the dope gang was my boots, sold my past as I do, bitch

And I just broke up with my bitch  
Told her get the fuck out my whip  
Yellow bricks is the money, her name is rich  
You get clotheslined stitched if you snitch, snitch  
I got one clip and I don't miss, bitch  
You're like a bird to the scarecrow, a pharaoh  
I am, hit a nigga with a rare bow  
But with aero prepared to release through narrow ghettos  
My position is bare flow, Flintstone rocks, I know you smell me nigga  
I'm getting money, money is good, what can you tell me, nigga?  
Nothing, comprendre? I'm popping cd's and sensei  
I cover my mouth and hold my tongue for shit I can't say  
Ate her a couple of months, now this house full of hella squishy  
Pussy, don't try to push me, I'm star diving, free falling  
Get off of who? These nuts, free balling  
You got one for and I got four number three calling  
Keep it 300 or 3 stacks, I never act but I'm 'bout the action when I react,

negro