

The G Code

The Alchemist

I got this pretty, brown queen, her kids addicted to chicken nuggets
She used to play college ball, I'm just trying to ball
I'm trying to sit on leather 'til my time is called
When it is, fuck it, it's been a wild ride
Since '95 with the jeans set back on the scene fresh
Beamers that lean left
I'm on the fucking roof doing squats, ain't no boots in the box
Just some dead, white man and his Glock
The cyrus cock-eyed doing 360's in front of Popeye's
Nobody could control me, Allah tried
But then I ate ribs, fuck I hate myself, this shit is banging though
Shoot the pistol, bite the mango
Out for tango, bravo
Applaud me, the seats are coffee
My mother wrist look like it's coughing, it's costly
Hide the dope inside the four-seat
Hit me on the jet before 3
I'm there at 5 like basketball team

Looked in the mirror like oh my progression's beautiful
Look how you wear success, what could any problem do to you?
You seen everything so nothing new, no one's unusual
You made it through and niggas fell, survived the greatest crusible
How you rebel, you claim that you already in hell
And you just trying to float up everytime you take an inhale
Statistics say my destiny is with shells or in jail
Man, I'm just trying to make the things I pencil if it helps
I just hope the steps that I've exampled could inspire
Manifest your desires and we can set this bitch on fire
Who's a liar? If said that I wanted it, but I reached that
While I'm spitting heat crack, them black sand beach raps
They riding dirty for surely, you better keep your seat strapped
Seen a baby boy with Tyrese, got his drink jacked
Meaning watch out for them young niggas
Show me green, I fucks with you, never fronting
I'm puffin blunts

Ayo, the steel cold-crushed and flux
She touched the real with he deal, playboy
The Illinoise got you iller, still a laid boy
The Rudy Ray Moore, but with that clay-born she stay warm
My Ason stay stunting like say, son
You know I told 'em wise play dumb
Hop out that grey one and keep low
Illegal lingo like Ocho Cinco, blow the weed smoke
Good of for three tokes, don't try that East Coast
My people brought if back for the lax
And Latinos lax my leeno, I crack my single
Roll off the leaf and chief the keef slow
Serve up some fresh quiche and cut the cheese
Dust the eagle 'til she shine like a bald boss
From Baldwin to [?]
If the sober receive note it ain't a loss
And that's the G code
The cross match the gloss on the linx
We got the streets on like moccasins be
Model my meat flow, I'm honor, B

My oceanography is no philosophy, it's peace, bro
Chunk the deuce in the trunk, the chumps needs those