

The Infamous

The Alchemist

Just when you thought it was safe to come out
Infamous all in your face, in your mouth
That's right, niggas best to stay up in the house
Watch we getting our money, for the two thou'
Nigga, P back out in the streets, so what now?
Strictly for the ghettos and hoods, in your town
Pableek [?] got bundles of drugs in your town
Like crack, coke and dope - remember me now?
Queen Bridge motherfucker we'll blow your house down
We the big bad wolf that'll eat your food clown
I ain't gotta huff and puff you know my style
Calm as fuck, I just let my gun wild out
I got cash motherfucker I could have you touched
But I rather be hands on with that son
Certain things, you just gotta perform youself son
When I start busting I don't stop till I hitting, c'mon

Everybody got gangs everybody got clicks
But they ain't like this (the Infamous)
Everybody can't afford to live the lifestyle
Of the young, black and rich (the Infamous)
You ain't crazy, don't make me show you
Why they call us this (the Infamous)
We own the streets - who basically control
This rap shit - G-g-g-g-g-g-g-unit!

We got the most gangsta shit, the second most biggest projects
We sold the most crack, since '86
We don't handle a lot of pricks, we the most thug
You think you're dirty over there, but we're more dirtier
We last more longer than them; more songs than them
More money for us, more broads than them
We get the most love in the streets
I had the most tattoos, ever since thirteen
P got the most now; our guns are the most loud
With enough bullets to down mostly the whole crowd
We drink the most Henny, yeah me and Jake
We smoke the most weed, that's mostly the haze
Get the most [?] kicked on a nigga's face
Gotta be the most idiot nigga on the face
Of the Earth, to ever let the thought cross your head
That we're not the most likely to pop off kid

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Right now, I change guns with the season
When I was young I bought Ninja Stars on Jamaica Ave
Hitting trees then; started hitting trees then
We ran the train on the girls and on my family dance schools
We was boasting, little young heaven

I had the Rambo knife, and when I got my first gun I was cheesing
I couldn't believe it; I had the power of life or death
In the palm of my hands, fiending
But quickly to be scheming; if you choose to front on me
That leaves me with no choice but to start squeezing
And I hope they stop breathing
Because if they do pull through, in the hospital beds
They'll be squealing - talking to these D's man
They don't waste no time, they want answers
Even if you're still bleeding
Homey I'm on the fleezy
I ain't got no time neither I'm making money off of this - it's too easy!

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