

Trouble Man

The Alchemist

Okay, okay, look
From out of smoking rentals
Candy, through her dental

I grew up squeezin' pistols out of smoking rentals
That cavi was like candy, it ran through her dental, uh
This yellow tape with Alchemist on instrumentals
I guess I'm solid since they judge you on the shit you been through
Who you kin to? Who you friends with?
It ain't no dead weight, it's only deadlifts
Headshots, leave a neck slit
When it come to ballin', I hope your niggas set picks
Look, we gotta score, end up on the shore
With some Spanish bitches, each one of them mi amor
Classic like the Diadoras and woodgrain rifles
The company I keep, I consider 'em idols
Look, God mode
You can't see me even if you lost that blindfold
You can't beat me, I gorilla, bitch this Congo, concrete jungle
I know some niggas who lost weight but never lost they muscle
I know some niggas who lost weight but never lost they hustle
Everything scandalous, pitchin', Rugers is muzzled, killer

Just caught a body in my sleep, I need a dream chaser
Pics of John Gotti and me saved on my screensaver
I put some money on your head, that's a quick weave
Bet they won't even notice he was missin' 'til a week later
I put in pain for this shit, this ain't no cheap labor
'Cause when it come to felonies, it ain't no free favors
Lined him up with two of his mans, gave 'em three tapers
Motherfuck the blender, we gon' put him in the cheese grater
(Take off the top) Yeah
(Shred him to pieces) Where we at?
From the land of the scant, to the home of the scurvy
Could never put my stamp on it 'cause he was never sturdy
How I look beefin' with some niggas I ain't never heard of?
Youngin', he ain't never caught a sentence, quick to catch a murder
Trappin' out of state in Louis V., Supreme
Slappin' all this bass, I show you why they call me B.B. King
Better leave a nigga be 'cause if I'm feelin' bothered
Them niggas with them .223s quick to kill a toddler
Wicked thoughts of a demon committing cardinal sin
Pray it keep me shielded from the evil in the hearts of men
Got stripped of all them precious metals that was gold plated
Lucifer's advocate, the Devil got my soul tainted
Ankle monitor on my foot, out on the tether bond
Baby Saigon, come to my hood, it look like Lebanon
I'll walk you down with that drum like the second line
And leave your brains on the curb but don't pay me no never mind
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