

Turkey Noodle Soup

The Alchemist

Ayy, Cutty Mac, it's all bad

Ayy, Ali, I told these niggas it was on (Big Creature)

Ayy

Block star, twelve rollin' heavy in them boxcars (Yeah)

Real syrup sipper, pour the Wockhardt on a Pop Tart (Uh-huh)

Wedding cake stuffed up in my Backy off of [?]

Had to send the plug another addy, he send off the boat (It's on)

Slidin' with this thirty in my coupe, perky and a deuce (Skrرت, skirt)

This nigga Al sick, I came, turkey noodle soup (Big broski)

Blew a ticket, but the next million, I recoup (Uh)

All these bitches know I'm the sexy symbol in the group (Poke)

Big forty, bitch fat, but she still fine (Uh)

I just smacked a base rental, blowin' through the yield sign (What else?)

Hopped out and ran with a broken leg

Now the doc writin' pain meds, puttin' on a clinic (Scripts)

Roll up in front of your man, smoke it to the head (To the face)

Have him digging' through the ashtray when I'm finished (Facts)

Couple bands, it ain't shit to put 'em on your dreads (Big racks)

Can't even blaze 'til we make it past city limits (Let's get it)

Lil' cuz swiped the rental from Avis

The coupe got a unibrow, call it Anthony Davis (Skrرت, skrرت)

These niggas talkin' me to death, bitches rantin' and ravin'

Clap a nigga show, give his ass a standin' ovation (Brr)

Rollin' out of public housin', slept in the vacants

Havin' nightmares of niggas fightin' federal cases (Where we at?)

Lil' brodie on his Tor browser (Where we at?)

Bo Jack in that V12 with the horsepower

We don't do no felony favors (Skrرت, skirt)

Huh, we do the courtesy flushin' when the feds raid

We dropped the bag off to Toledo, head in a day, uh

Bring me eighteen for a zero, only charge and pay

But, Eli, I want ten for a four and a baby, uh

But I nine-to-five the meth on a daily basis

Brodie sittin' in the same neighborhood as Slim Shady

And I'm leavin' room for everybody to get food, just bring me champs, baby

It's brazy, my mule and my old lady

Every time we got to safety, she deserve to have my baby

Ain't no fakin, pssh

Huh, ridin' through the mountains, my ears poppin'

The only way this car won't make it if a deer stop it

I really shoot that work back and forth like a chair rocket

My cokehead mumblin' his words, his jaw lockin'

He bought six eight-balls at once, he emptied his pockets

Uh, tuh, gave me every dollar

How the fuck he homeless and he gave me all these thousands?

I know a nigga under thirty, rollin' thirty-six ounces

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You wanna go to jail, always sittin' in them trap houses