

Turpentine

The Alchemist

Ch-ch
Yeah, uh
Where we at?
Bo Jack
Let's get it
Uh

This that bricktictionary slingo (Yeah), I mix and mingle with my gringo (Ayy)
Was just me and my dog, his name was Bingo (Let's get it)
B-I-N-G-O, three five extendo roll (Grr)
Fancy footwork, was tappin' on it with my tippy-toes
Really she a ballerina, boy met world after Topanga
Told me she love dirty dancing, we did the Macarena
Whipped her back in shape so quick, you would've thought she had a trainer (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
All I needed was a Pyrex pot, a beaker, and a strainer
Look both ways before you think of crossin' me, it's dangerous
Jermaine, Jerome, McNichols, my defence attorney on retainer (Mafia)
Why they searchin' far and wide, lookin' for the perpetrator?
He was just workin' my line, now today, we perfect strangers (Blockworks)
First come, first serve, first in line (Yeah), servin' birds of the shine
Cleaner than some turpentine (Brra), off of North and 39
Way before the kid was signed (Uh-huh), I had the best hand
Had the royal flush, four of a kind, what else?

Hard times out here, that's where we at
Hard times got a nigga in all black
Who run the streets first
I'm goin' Jack for that silver pack, where it's at

Wolfgang Grill with Jibril in that 850
Brick of bull dagger, juggin' seals out in Bay City
Fuck chimin' in, Bo Jackson got that straight drizzy
Clucks dialin' in, phone tapped, line stay busy
Four phones ringin' in the council, I'm a real gritter
Prices cut in half on them blues like a pill splitter
Servin' Dorothy Toto got her heels clickin'
Name ringin' bells, ain't no such thing as self-proclaimed real niggas

Fallen on hard times
All fucked up
Take us off the street, ain't that right, papi
Right

[?] be phonin' home, talkin' all mixy 'bout them raw brickies (Damn)
Ever since I lost my dog Trixie, shit be crawfishy (Cause)
With that pixie dust, serve you with even hands
Seven grams'll get you in the game, just bring me a band
Duckin' Captain Hook and the Pirates of the Caribbean (Uh)
Feds tryna send me to Neverland on the Peter Pan (My dad)
What we been seein' on this private jet, I'ma need a xan (A barbie doll)
Sleep before we take off, just wakin' up after we land
All money, no valve of lean, I buy Celine them yams
This VLONE tee the only time you gon' see me with friends
Helicopter sound like propeller when I swing this chopper (Brr)
Clean a nigga clock, don't know if he a opp or he a fan (Brr)
A1 yola, Faygo cola, game time, MVP, the fam (Brra)

Sellin' coke, but at the same time, was buildin' me a brand
Times done got so hard, need a new line on them kilograms (Locked)
Been fucked up since El Chapo got locked up, they need to free that man