

The Alchemist

Goldie Lookin' Chain

Yo... where's my draw... I can't find my draw.... No, that's Paul's draw... I don't want Paul's draw, I want my draw

Yes, Mystikal, back in position
Known thru time as the metaphysician
You hear my words but the message is hidden
Like Jeffrey Archer being fcuked by the wardens in the prison

Travelling thru time on a golden BMX
Cruising dimensions on a never ending vortex
I went to the future and this what I saw
Charlie Ferris was Prime Minister and he'd legalised draw

Whoa... I'm the alchemist, I'm the illegal alchemist
I'm the alchemist in Newport

I said, "One, two, three..."
This shit is called Alchemy
Turning stuff into gold you see
Then sell it on for the GLC

Em Why Ess Tee Eye Kay Ay to the Ell
Like Paul McKenna I'll put you under my spell
Gold chain around my neck and a Celtic Tattoo
Sweet herbs and spices and Medieval glue

I taught Einstein how to bust the rhyme
I had four bongs but he had nine
Alchemy and draw, the magic equation
Chalked on stone floors, with a brief explanation

2000 years of traveling thru time
Melting down gold and busting the rhymes
My gold shines and I sold Shakespeare speed
And showed Dylan Thomas how to smoke the weed

Whoa... I'm the alchemist, I'm the illegal alchemist
I'm the alchemist in Newport

You knows it, Spa.

Like King Midas, spraying his fluid
Dressed like Cadfael, and known as the druid
I saw Queen Victoria being fcuked by a stallion
I'll melt down your sovereigns and make a medallion

24-carat gold bad young brother
Word, to your Daddy, your sister and your Mother
Step closer unto the etheric plane
My name is Mystikal, ye Oldie Lookin' Chain