

# Bangers

## The Alchemist

Yeah  
I'm here nigga  
Banks  
G-G-G unit

Now don't try to stand next to me right  
'Cause I'm the nigga they came here to see right  
Ain't nothin' 'round here for free right  
And I'm here to let these motherfuckers know  
That I'll do anything for the dough right  
A felony walkin' out the front do' right  
Ain't a motherfucker I gotta change fo' right  
Therefore I'm a be this way until I go

Yeah! Guess who walk around with diamond chains and rings on 'em  
A pair of throwback Jordan's, with the wings on 'em  
With all this talking I'm guessin' they got them things on 'em  
'Cause if not Milli's the Forty Cal's a ring on 'em  
I know your kind gettin' by leave the city quick  
Niggaz bleed just like us I'm on that biggie shit  
First of all I'm supposed to ball  
I'm supposed to have coast to, coast to calls

And your niggaz on your CD's garbage  
Yeah, they shootin' but they missin'  
Sprayin' up the wall like graffiti artist  
Some niggaz by the bootleg but go and cop the real shit  
'Cause the fans love us I'm nicer than grandmothers  
I wake up get dressed put on my tan butters  
It's been this way since Puma's and Super Man cover's  
A ice pick could do your liver harm  
And have you screamin' in the back of the club louder than lil' Jon

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You now lookin' at the hood meal ticket seven thou on my wrist  
It's kinda hard to keep the balance with this  
It keeps the challengers pissed  
I vacate to different islands and twist  
And back home where the violence exist, now silencers fixed  
You buy mileage as gifts as well as man's best friend  
And I don't own no rottweillers and pits  
It's getting extremely hard for the man to roam  
With little kids putting this picture on the camera phone

Shit change now that the cameras on  
A bitch will jeopardize the marriage to fuck you when that man is gone  
These niggaz ramblin' on about the paper that they getting stop it  
I got more money than you in my little pocket  
Yeah, I'm stingy so it's stretch long

With G-unit sweats on thread needle to Teflon  
Des' Eagle and vest on, 'cause everybody ain't enthused  
That's your name's around about good news, fuck y'all

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{Alright Al, here's the deal  
You need to let me manage ya  
You need to let Swinndelle management  
I, Jerry, from Swinndelle management  
You need to let me manage ya  
Me, I can provide alota shit for y'all ya here me?  
Alota shit}

{Who let the dogs out?  
That was me kid  
I let the dogs out, ya hear me?  
Alright, I can provide this for ya Al  
Your brother, he'll be part of the act  
We can hook it up  
It'll be like criss-cross  
Except we'll make ya put the hoodies backwards  
Me, Jerry, from Swinndelle management  
I can provide that}