

# Dead Bodies

## The Alchemist

We out, P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up  
From the world's most infamous, 1st Infantry  
Alchemist, this shit raw like fresh beef playa  
We boyz in da hood wanna see a dead body

Sittin' in a lowrider, murda on my mind  
'Cuz I had too many dead homies in my lifetime  
That's why I ride wit a nine and dem hollow tips  
Lift niggaz like a chrome hydraulic switch  
Wit a hood rat in the car that swallow dicks  
So good that I got P on that 6-4 Impala shit  
She from Compton just like me  
Caramel wit extensions just like Eve

She wanna go to a Knicks game, sit next to Spike Lee  
Well do the right thing, blow a nigga out his Nikes  
She married to The Game, that's wifey  
Ask Gotti get them blood stains out your white tee  
P in the backseat finger fuckin' her girlfriend  
That'll put a golf ball hole in your right cheek  
Start trippin' over colors like Ice-T  
And you can watch your life slip away through an I.V.

We out in Cali, P and Game straight blow that bitch up  
We out in New York, P and Game we blow that bitch up  
You can't stop us, we gettin' this money it's not bangin'  
You can't pull that shit this way, we head bangin'  
Wit dem glocks and dem oo-ops  
Me and my fools shoot, wutchu tryin' do that, I suggest you do not  
My chain is hot, what's more hot than that  
That's how I murda music, that's why your broads on my back

Got two birds on my shoulders, they all over me  
They're ready to fuck Game and whoever else roll wit me  
My presence is strong, I have a bitch seein' dollar  
signs spots stare at me too long  
Have you seein' that white light you come at me wrong  
Or any one of my dawgs, I'll be settin' it off  
You was raised on beef and live real drama  
Don't let the coupes twist you, we lettin' O's off

We out, P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up  
P and Game rollin' the Dutch  
From the world's most infamous, 1st Infantry  
P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up, mixed with the A L C  
N.Y.C. to L.A. we do our sweep

We out in Compton, P and Game lacin' Chucks  
We out in Q B, P and Game rollin' a Dutch  
Dumpin' ashes out the windshield  
Haze got my head spinnin' like dem 24 inch wheels  
Ridin' to Suga Hill bangin' shook ones  
On the westside highway, hand on the steel  
If I like your chain then blood spill  
'Cuz I ain't getta million dollars when I signed my deal

Nigga I'll tie your wife to a chair and blow that bitch up

You better fire proof your crib, I'll blow that shit up  
I'm all about this crime for real, this rap shit is luck  
Try to score points on me, I'll fasten you up  
In that smelly proof bag, real, real fast  
Shoot the duce under my arm, I'm real, real slick  
Can't put a tail on me, I drive too fast  
Can't put tag on me, I smoke people ass

If you from the westside, nigga throw that shit up  
If you bang the eastside, nigga throw that shit up  
I ain't tryna be in The Source or Double X L  
I'm just tryna fuck Trina cuz Dre said sex sells  
And it was either this or jail  
Imagine tryna fit birds in a Honda Accel  
And they caught up on the Fed Ex mail  
So we stopped doin' business and chirpin' on Nextels, we gangstas

I fold people in half, I tore people ass  
But they still wanna ride out as long as we see death  
I get money, and I don't need your help or friendship  
But love, I'ma survive just how I been  
I'ma stay alive till the day I die  
But right now I'm healthy, niggaz betta get up off my  
A bitch is nuttin' we easily fuck it  
We possessed by the cash and these guns we bustin'

We out, P and Game, we'll blow that bitch up  
Ain't nobody fuckin' with  
From the world's most infamous, 1st Infantry  
Mixed with the A L C

I don't know nothing about Alchemist  
Who is he?