

Tick Tock

The Alchemist

Uh, yeah, yeah, yo, it goes tick tock
This is for my niggaz in the bridge, blocks
Comin' through better hide your wrist watch
Because niggaz, well, live they shits pop

Hey, hey, tick tock, this is for my hoes
Make your hips rock
Light a L, baby, let the Crys' pop
Get your tick tock from this hip hop, any day

5-8 with double-X-L, pen saggin' blunts draggin'
But never lived well, imagine, a felon on a two-way street
One way is where blood money coke and homicide leap
The other street opportunity, the chance to live sweet
Think positive k-knowledge k-cypher complete

So you can be an architect, design apartments and shit
Or you can wind up on a jail bus dirty in clip
Soon as I'm on the set, I'm never on a chick, I play it cool
But still ain't pussy muscles get wet, it's just the booze

Check my niggaz, what's the gossip, what's the word
Puff some herb, all I see is niggaz runnin', chin shots
All I heard, dip behind the car, see somebody on the ground
Ambulance came and got 'em they start calmin' down

Now it's back to the same old shit
You know, the Tarzan and Jane-o shit
In the jungle swingin' on vines
I saw the gat with the same old clip
Another nigga layin' the hit

Bloodied up, screamin', I'm dyin'
I be in Queens where the famous hood rats and ghetto stars are
Pimps do the shuffle at night with slutty bars pah

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It's like this nigga, it's on, toilet up for me, roll that shit big
While I reveal the story of a wild street kid
Cock your seat back, relax, while I spit
The spittin' image of how I live

Well, first I was hollyin' for years by them old timer clicks
I was like twelve, they was like, blood, listen
"Keep your mouth closed and your eyes and your ears wide open"
Gangsta, I soaked it all in, my first ammo was a one shot

Deuce, deuce, had my pockets full of bullets, I was real loose
Thug parties out in wave crash, always got shot up

Thug parties out in Queens bridge, always got shot up

No wonder we bugged out it gets so frantic
Niggaz aim on the fight, we cut yo melon
Drinkin' that old English Red Bull and Blue Bull
Mean I draggin' with that cheap shit, fuck it, we was broke

Little bad ass, my nigga rap sat me down, like this
He said, "P, you gon' wind up dead
You and Hav' real good with that music shit
You need to stick to it, dunn, get your mind off the street"

And it stuck in the back of my head
Though I still did my little bit of menacin'
Every now and then bang-outs in broad daylight
Like these things really happen
Niggaz get cut up, I put it in my rappin'

It's non fiction, it's the real deal fiscal
It couldn't get more graphic, I'm so trail
I said, it's non fiction it's the real deal fiscal
City you havin', let me touch that ass

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