

Alchemist, Different World

Yeah, yo, I grew up in the projects of QBC
I grew up in the lap of luxury where chickens love for me
I used to watch ~Sesame Street'
I used to watch the D's play in the street
Plus I couldn't wait to squeeze my first heat
I used to pray to God before I went to sleep every night
Same time I was kissin' them dice, hittin' my number twice
Holdin' hammers with the heat out with nice
Same time I was poppin' cap guns on BMX bikes
With grass stains on my jeans and scuffed up knights
I was like, "Fuck school, I ain't goin' to class"
Easy money in the street, I was rolling with that
Never good at math but I knew how to add up cash
I used to win at the spelling bee's, my education was proper
My family wanted me to be a lawyer, a doctor
I was smooth talker, back in those days, I was a moon walker
With a picture of my shorty inside of my school locker
I never had shit, I always had it all
We used to play with guns, we used to play ball
I used to pump crack, in school I paid attention
I was a hard head, I used to always listen
We turned bitches out, I used to love them hoes
We wore hand me downs, I always had new clothes
I used to stay bent, I couldn't hold my liquor
It's kind of bugged out, two different stories in one picture
Yo, the first year of high school my parents noticed me slippin'
Smokin' cigarettes, skippin' class, catchin' detention
Every night all I heard was freeze, niggaz gettin' bagged by the D's
And some pissed, I got a disease
Fourteen and watchin' me on teeny raps on forty inch screens
I learned how to tilt my hat, sag my jeans
Wanted a piece, thought that'd be fresh
Me and my brother used to yank those shirts
Straight off people's necks
Summertime, River Park at 1 2 fifth
Stickin' kids with my identical twin
If I could go back in time, I would take you with me
Show you what it's like to live a lifestyle so risky
I put in work in rhymes and beats
While you was puttin' work in the streets
It's bugged out, whoever would have thought that we'd meet
But it's this rap shit that made this whole package complete
They put us in the studio and put these raps to this beat
I never had shit, I always had it all
We used to play with guns, we used to play ball
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I'm West Coast, I'ma rap it forever
But I had to move to the East to get all of my respect and my cheddar
To tell the truth, the only thing I really left is the weather
All of my friends the same, we always kept it together
Picture this, shook one, drop the Mobb on top
Now I'm rollin' state to state with shows nonstop
Seen the money Hav and P was gettin' off the top
All for hip hop, I wasn't goin' back to the block
My man Muggs introduced me to you Nitty and G.O.D
Brought me to the studio to play music for Hav and P
You can't forget my dunns Noyd and Gotti
I was a nobody, they showed me love, told me they got me
Remember the first time I hit the bong, I was doin' it wrong

Took us some months till my high was gone
They we showed you how to roll up dutches, then it was on
Now we rollin' all across the county with hit songs
I never had shit, I always had it all
We used to play with guns, we used to play ball
I used to pump crack, in school I paid attention
I was a hard head, I used to always listen
We turned bitches out, I used to love them hoes
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