

The Alchemist, Professional Style

(AZ)

Y'all know what it is, Brooklyn's finest
Wild money zone, AZ, Alchemist
Doin what I do best, what y'all can't do
I'm 'bout to hop on the biggest muh'fuckin boat ever
The Queen Mary, 'bout to cross the muh'fuckin Mediterranean
Y'all motherfuckers at war

Cruise ships sail out, inmates bail out
D's flipped my day one dog, we finally fell out
Identifyin bodies at morgues, I need rest
I parlay with the faces, enforced with weed breath
Patron out my pores keep you feelin the vibe I'm 'noyed
No hog, I'm concealin my cries, avoid
Manic-depress' shit, Hannibal Lect-ic
Let off a few shots dip, ran through the exit
{*breathing hard*} I'm too old for this
All these diamonds in these wrists-es and my necklaces-es
Supposed to be 9 digits up, effortless
But it's like I been posessed by the Exorcist
Forgive me, no Emmy's or roleplay here
Just a Bentley 2-door with the cold-faced stare
So YEAH... cool, whatever
Blunts, bottles or broads nigga do whatever
Blood, bullets or war'll be the move forever
Single solo or crew send them dudes to dead ya
Yessir, professional style
Truly, I ain't apply my pressure game in a while
Ruly I'm really moody, aggress only foul
Disconnected now, so press redial, I'm gone

Alc, it's all good, straight from the heart
I speak it I live it I love it
New album comin soon, AZ, Alchemist
Chemistry Files, add it up dunn