

# Alchemist, Tick Tock

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-nnowledgement 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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