## 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-nowledgement 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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