

# The Alchemist, Body Something

(B-Real)

Yo Alchemist we takin it back on this one my nigga  
Ya dig? Cypress Hill, Soul Assassins, uh

As the game gets older all you niggaz get younger  
You put your hand in my plate, go 'head and question my hunger  
I'll show you how the 6 spit a barrel of thunder  
Shoot the math one round, put you six feet under  
Pour the liquor out, for my homey who didn't make it  
We hold your name up, and celebrate it, never be faded  
You on the grind and sometimes shit boggles your mind  
How you got away with the crimes and you prospered  
Took advantage, of every single thing life has to offer  
Thugs never got nothin nice in the brain  
See cold-blooded ass niggaz swish ice in their veins  
You blinded by the ice on the chains  
Divided by the price of the fame  
You rollin like dice in the game  
It's a gamble, too hot to handle  
Got to know when to hold 'em, fold 'em and then scramble  
Move quick, we blow your head out like a candle.. candle..

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Y'all know I got the shotty pumpin  
So you know I'm gonna body somethin  
Got the blood in your body pumpin  
Big guns that'll keep your party jumpin

(B-Real)

I get... more from the hustle  
I get... more money, more problems  
I get... all the look stoned people  
I get... pigs knockin on my door  
I get... hard times all over  
I get... bitches schemin on me  
I get... dough cash in a tight-ass grip  
I get you a casket bitch!