

# The Alchemist, I'm Back

&quot;You better check your files...&quot; {\*echoes\*}  
{A-A-A-A-Al-Al-Al-Alchemist}

(Obie Trice)

I'm onery honestly, I ain't gotta be cocky  
It's a aura about my persona I be rockin  
You can't ever knock me, I'm old triclops  
My mental vision is clearer, than the red eye drops  
Niggaz stop, I really came from grams, 100's  
Grams and onions with major plans to run shit  
Rubber band man like fam that's Southern  
Nigga this is the truth, this ain't a jam for frontin  
Obie Trice, the first black rap artist  
to reach a platinum plaque from where home exists (yes)  
And they hold me down but of course you got haters  
Haters, get 16 shots, now who's your favorite  
Made it honestly, without havin to rob ya  
Honestly you should be happy I'm not up in ya Honda  
Or your Capris, capiche? You scared  
I'm a beast on these beats, releasin masterpieces  
&quot;Cheers&quot; was the debut, look what a nigga gave you  
Your dollar spent well instead of me tryin to play you  
Now it's my second effort, effortless  
The weapon is still kept in the scrotum section and  
I still rep my wreckless set  
Screw crabs, they're underneath the earth restin  
'Til I'm beneath the dirt  
Show me a nigga hotter God damnit I'll invest in him (woo!)  
Nigga got it locked, ain't no testin him  
Plus I got a glock that'll subtract chest on him