

The Alchemist, Tick Tock

(Intro - Nas)

Uhh yeah yeah yo

It goes Tick Tock this is for my niggaz in the Bridge, blocks

Comin' through better hide your wristwatch

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, anyday

(Verse 1 - Nas)

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 appartments 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, scream that 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

(Hook - Nas)

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(Verse 2 - Prodigy)

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 Queensbridge 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 badass, 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 of 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 fiscale
It couldn't get more graphic I'm so trail
I said it's non fiction it's the real deal fiscale
City you havin' let me touch that ass

(Hook)