

The Alchemist, What's Poppin' Thun

(Prodigy) What's poppin thun {*4X*}

(over Prodigy)

{A-A-A-A-Al-Al-Al-Alchemist}

"You better check the files..." {*echoes*}

"Mixed with the A-L-C"

(Chorus: repeat "What's poppin thun" start of each line)

... nuttin but that brand new shit

... nuttin but that cash on the bed

... it's nuttin but that food, that bread

... nuttin but my gun on your head

(Prodigy)

Smoke game Cambodian, doly in the Benz

Turnin up the sounds of 2006

This the future of rap, I'll give you a glimpse of this

So you can be ahead of the game and impress your friends

Bumpy Johnson and Dutch Schultz, we blowin up hoods..

{*explosion*} {A-A-A-A-Al-Al-Al-Alchemist}

(Chorus)

(Prodigy)

Smoke game Cambodian, doly in the Benz

Turnin up the sounds of 2006

This the future of rap, I'll give you a glimpse of this

So you can be ahead of the game, and impress your friends

Bumpy Johnson and Dutch Schultz, we blowin up hoods

This is theme music my nig, you wake up to it

Get dressed, throw on your gun and Jacob to it

Ladies throw on they pumps and makeup to it

You can grill all you want...

But when that light turn green, I'ma go from 0 to 60

in like 3.9, my thun told me shine baby shine

So I get it like I'm out of my mind

Man I did that already, I'm ahead of my time

I'm on some new shit now, if it ain't money I ain't budgin

Cause my hammer do the buckin {*blam*} over dumb shit

I gotta move right niggaz want it with the kid

You can't touch me boy my roots is too thick

and run deep in the dirt, I'll give you the business

Well my crib say "Welcome" on the mat

So you can lay in the bushes, 'til your feet drenched

But you gon' have a hard time tryin to find which one I'm in

And which state I'm in, P the fuckin rocket man

Don't matter it's the hot shit, for that moment

P shit is timeless, he keep goin

(Chorus) - 2X

{A-A-A-A-Al-Al-Al-Alchemist}

"You better check the files..." {*echoes*}

"Mixed with the A-L-C"