

## The Alchemist f/ Havoc, J-Hood, Noyd, Styles P "D Block to QB"

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[J-Hood] Whattup? D-Block to QB nigga, get at me  
[Havoc] It's another one of those, A-L-C things  
{ "It's the Ryders and the Mobb" - Jadakiss }  
{ "Yo Alchemist, drop that new shit for 'em right fast" }  
[Noyd] This is it homie, we gon' go with this one right  
here  
{ "It's the Ryders and the Mobb" - Jadakiss }

[Noyd]  
Aiyyo, I'm never empty-handed, understand dunn?  
I keep a fistful of cash, the other on some ass son  
Smack the shit out niggaz like handball, or I give 'em a  
fair one  
They ain't gon' do nothin I dare 'em  
I hear 'em, "He a gangsta, he don't take crap  
Until I point this cali' at him, tell him take that"  
In fact, I'm about to blow but that you already know  
Shit I just strap holdin cracks just a minute ago  
Now I'm in a Jag with a rag and the tints is low  
And you mad cause you a fag and your chick's a ho  
Yeah she been around more than any bitch I know  
You should be glad though, I taught her everything she  
knows  
Whatchu reachin fo'? What I done touched a nerve?  
You wanna hurt somethin now you know I'm fuckin your  
bird?  
Cause that's my word, front like you want a war  
And homie we can settle the score, whatchu waitin for?

[J-Hood]  
Yo, I'm the Tracy McGrady of the shit, I take you right to  
a hole  
Shove the tip of the nose of the silencer right in your  
nose  
Y'all niggaz is degenerates  
It don't make sense to do business with a nigga, if you  
ain't gon' benefit  
Fuck a Bentley and a jet, I'm gutter nigga check it  
All I need is two-point-five and a couple Intrepids  
It's drama, I ain't starin you down  
I'ma clap ya forehead and dump you on one of them

merry-go-rounds  
We put the packs of crack in the streets to get you a  
stack  
It's been acid since they made the first box of Cracker  
Jacks  
Beat in the staircase purple'd out, rollin a phat  
Bottle of 'gnac next to me, on my lap is the mac  
If slums hit you they takin your arms  
D-Block have the kind of weapons that Bush, tried to  
take from Saddam  
From Y-O, to your hood, to QB  
Catch me thuggin it out shootin dice twistin up a O-Z  
Y'all faggots don't know me, it's no remorse  
when hollows rip through your corpse  
Homicide'll find you dead on your porch

{"It's the Ryders and the Mobb" - Jadakiss}

[Havoc]

That's what I'm talkin 'bout, yo, yeah..  
Like white on rice, I'll be on you, you couldn't even  
shake me off  
Be in your chest like a smoker's cough  
Put the hammer in your mouth and have you suckin it  
off  
Like a ho tryin to stop 'fore she find the law  
You in the club, you's a thug, why you playin the door?  
Like you know somethin I don't playa then put me on  
You cowards so nervous, I got broads that'll get it on  
with any fella and think before they talk  
Mine like a nigga on the road takin his last walk  
And when I come niggaz kiss they cross  
You know you done fucked up now  
Niggaz talkin just to be talkin, ain't nothin sweet but the  
pound  
Repeatedly vow, they never go against the grain  
Know I been doin it, since a little stain  
{\*gun cocks\*} Pull a hammer, move you right out the  
lane  
Niggaz talkin out they ass like you just sniffed 'caine

[Styles P]

My niggaz live life for the death wish  
Smoke for breakfast, a lot of people hope that I'm  
breathless  
Wanna send my ghost to the essence  
Go 'head nigga, I don't care I heard the light was  
fluorescent  
Niggaz count they ones but never they blessings  
'Til they at the wrong end out of the Wesson  
D-Block five star general

+Die Hard+ like Bruce Willis nigga, I could put a end to  
you  
Ruff Rydin soldier, cold as Antarctica  
I'ma make the plans to pick your man's daughter up  
Big .45 in the sweats of my Nautica  
Fifty-five bricks when I'm tryin to pick my order up  
All my niggaz flow, nobody watered up  
Shoot 'til the gun empty, then niggaz saught it up  
Anytime P in the booth, nigga record it up  
G-host toast, I kill niggaz when the quarter's up  
{\*echoes\*}

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