

Slipping Into Darkness - The Alchemist Lyrics

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"Slipping Into Darkness"

Never seen before or heard in this fashion

Convert the work to magic

Bury a beat six feet, pour dirt in the casket

Hard to imitate, I'm cut from a certain fabric

My shirt and slacks thirty racks, plus the fur jacket

No turning backwards

Forward motion I'm pouring mimosas

Got me more in focus

Got my foot inside the door and tore it open

Now we going dumb, throwing money

I'm from the Sunshine State

When I eat I need a plus size plate

The main event is this

My jewelry look like the great adventure slick

Promoters paint a stencil on the brick

With my insignia
You made a little splash in the wave pool
I'm even drippier, shoot out the lights
I'm putting 50 up
Then hang my jersey in the rafters
Right next to Hit
Hoppin' out the Trans Am flexing the fit
Fuck all the talk, just cut the check and split
Floor seats while I'm sippin'
My pina colada is drippin' on my pimpin'
But I never get to slippin' into darkness
Never catch me slippin' into darkness
Never catch me slippin'
Alchemist over a Hit-Boy beat
Hit-Boy over a Alchemist beat
Let's do it
I'm not for everybody, but I am who I am
I am what I am
No back and forth, no Martin and Pam
TSA gotta check my wrist, and all they can say is damn
When you move how you wanna move you gon' make somebody mad
My nigga I'm the best student Kanye ever had

Fell out with certain niggas fast, cause I put shit on blast

That's how you smother out the nonsense

I'm hungry as a hostage

They hit me with the blockage, but I made it out the gauntlet

Took short but long trips, what I know for sure is this

Niggas will back stab you way quicker than they'll stab for you

And that might be more soulful than going to Churches after Church

You crossed your man but what was it worth?

You die with a chain, they'll run in your hearse

I guess I'm not the type of nigga you say congrats to

Still put this shit on my back and my shoulders if I have to

I'm thinking both of these two cities should go build my statue

Pasadena and Fontana, I brought chips back through

They thought they knew my sound

I leveled up, I'm highly blessed

Add me on your IG while you play this on your project steps

Two feet on the concrete, somehow niggas thought I lost my step

'Till I did them Nas projects, this time you cannot deflect

I am who I am, I'm never slippin into darkness in this all white Lamb

I'm never slippin into darkness

But they bringing me to the darkness, look

I'm usually homeboys with producers I get compared to

But on this one I wanna see them stretched out, extra leg room

I don't really know dude, he seem like a cool cat
But I never once heard Metro Boomin do boom bap
I never heard a Southside beat without a 808 in it
HB in drunk driver mode, I swerve in every lane with it
I fuck with Mustard he can make that ratchet shit with his eyes closed
But now I'm starting to wonder, can that nigga chop soul?
I just seen Yung Berg spoke on the wave
I should do him like Trick Trick and snatch Hit out his name
I had decoded the game, I had the coldest of days
I'm like Deebo on his cruiser
How you got no credits without co-producers?
Time to give these niggas the Royal Flush, no Roto-Rooter
It's Hit-Boy buckin', just so you niggas know the shooter
Juug season I'm in the A playing Young Scooter
Need em to see me in broad day from the walkway
This feel like childhood summer trips
I been a modest supplicant
They rob you for publishing, that feel like a punishment
How people I only met once don't look like none of us
Moving with this wild behavior, that shit has shattered my trust
Build a million statues in my likeness
And I ain't dissin' on nobody I ain't even write this
It came to me in a dream, they had it out for Hit

So I freestyled this verse over The Alchemist

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