

Boom

Royce da 5'9

Uhh, boom Tick, tick, tick, yeah, 5'9 uhh

Yo

I'm the verbal-spit Smith Wesson

I unload with sick spit, the quick wick could split a split-second Bomb with a lit wick expression

You here a tick, tick, then you testin'

My saliva and spit can split thread into fiber and bits

So trust me, I'm as live as it gets

Everybody claimin' they the best and head the throne

Since B.I.G is gone, if you ask me, they dead wrong

My flow is hotter than the flash from the click

When the hammer slaps the bullet on the ass from the clip

You wind up in a room full of my dawgs

I'll have you feeling like a fire hydrant in a room full of dogs

So come, come now, get pissed on, shitted on

Tough talk turns to, "Can't we all just get along"

You get blazed when the mic's off, shot when it's on

You probably ducked when they laid the gun shot in your song

My gun strutters when it speaks to you, utter shit to repeat to you

Nothing the clip, then give a speech to you

Me and Premier, we kind of the same in ways

We both speak with our hands in dangerous ways

Rap now is a circus of clowns

A whole lot of lip from cliques I'd probably rap circles around

I'm the next best to reach a peak formerly known

As the best keep secret, I guess that I just leaked it

(Boom)

Somebody better duck or

(Run)

Somebody better

(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)

Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9

(Boom)

Somebody better duck or (Run)

Somebody better

(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)

"Boom, boom, bam, goddamn" "Royce 5'9"

I'm a motherfuckin' star, I don't battle no mo'

I provide the the gun clappin' around of applause after ya show

We can go toe to toe 'cuz they calling you hot

Steppin' around all ya punches like, "That's all you got?"

Everyday I'm meetin' somebody and all of they peeps

Quick to shake a nigga's hand and show me all of they teeth

And these bitches I be pattin' they asses
They be all dumb and googly-eyed lookin' at me, battin' they lashes
Rappers think Detroit niggaz not as down as them
Or since I'm down with Slim that I sound like him
Quick to judge me and tell me that my might sell
And say fagot shit to me like I look like L
My advice quit talking, it's over, I was knockin' niggaz out
When you was knockin' sticks offa they shoulders
I got dirt done in my past, I know y'all sweat
I got regrets older than some of you so called vets
Niggaz say I found God with the flow
Bring the police to the studio and bring the bomb squad to the show
Ain't a nigga touching mines
When you listen to my shit, you don't chew, you don't breathe
You'll miss a fucking line Every time I spit, I tick to show you it's hot Leave me in the deck too
long, I blow up your box
Boom
God, goddamn, Royce 5'9(Boom)
Somebody better duck or
(Run)
Somebody better
(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)
Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9
(Boom)
Somebody better duck or
(Run)
Somebody better
(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)
Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9
Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9
Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9
Boom, boom, bam, G, goddamn, Royce 5'9

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>