

# Chips On Pistons

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 strrrr-utters 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, God-damn!" "..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 hook might sell  
And say faggot 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! \*explosion\*

"God..God-damn!" "..Royce 5'9"

Boom..boom, bam, God-damn!" "Royce.. 5'9"

"Boom..boom, bam, God-damn!" "Royce 5'9"

"Boom..boom, bam, G...God-damn!"Royce 5'9"