

## Wait a Minute

Royce da 5'9"

Wait, wait, wait a minute  
Wait a goddamn minute  
Wait, wait, wait a minute  
Wait one fucking minute  
I'm looking at your year end list  
You're choosing rappers you're friends with  
Who be rapping what their friends did  
Toolie ratchets and extensions  
Wait, wait, wait a minute  
We done already heard their best shit  
We already got the message  
They on a lean, molly, Percocet trip  
Think I found what real success is  
Running around here since "The Message"  
Forty pounder full of death wish  
Money counter full of blessings  
I sent a cannonball right at the cannon barrel  
Through your wall, closet, through your damn apparel  
Through your grandma chair, through your granite counter  
Topping, I ain't tryna stop it 'till you standing on the doorstep  
Of the man upstairs, nigga, you're next  
Wait a minute, nigga  
I've been going crazy on these records way before Flex  
This the bad half Shady vortex, armed in navy warfare  
Y'all done bar them Bailey boys  
Best to back the fuck up or get smacked the fuck up eighty million different  
ways  
If I say it's fuck the world then the world's getting fucked  
Eighty million different ways  
When I'm finished with it  
Then the world's gon get the AIDS like some 1984 sex  
This the traumatize your favorite rapper year  
This the homicide related racketeer  
All I'm tryna hear today is trap and drill  
It's all downhill from here like Jack and Jill  
Wait, wait, wait, wait a minute  
Wait a motherfucking minute  
I'm giving all my hoes an ultimatum, she my mascot  
I'm just tryna motivate her, I'm just popping shit  
She just getting ass shot  
Like a Soulja Boy home invader  
I get a whole clip to all my haters  
Just so I could go and get exonerated  
Wait, wait, wait a minute  
Wait a motherfucking minute  
I watch you niggas go tool up  
I'm Compton menace on school bus  
It's documented, boy, prove what?  
Been dropping gems since I grew up  
I got to feel this void move, bruh  
The target's been destroyed, boo ya  
These nerds rapping for attention  
For a word from Vlad or Akademik  
Prefer to slap you over engine  
I merge rappers for the Guinness  
Wait, wait, wait a minute  
I know you heard I'm back in business

I'm going harder than Tha Carter X  
I'm birds flapping independent  
I'm tycoonning through the pressure  
I'm typhooning through this weather  
I might do a nigga beat for 'em  
Give him back to him a little PHresher  
Got the cash holding on line two, brink trucks noise on one  
Casanova with the rifle, fuckboy, don't run  
I'm live from it with the streams  
Buying guns and getting beams  
You guys coming with your teams  
It's feeling like iFunny with the memes  
I flip the blade like "say something"  
Around dough like Rajon  
Let you rip the stage  
Then I come and rip the stage down more like Trey Songz  
Category slaughter gang shit  
Feel me, nigga, this is God hustle  
Phantom or the 'Vette, Tammy Lahren, Charlamagne shit  
The odd couple  
Wait, wait, wait a minute  
I'm prime away from fucking mating with her  
I bend her over, stick her on the expensive car  
Tyler fucking Creator with it  
You a lame, you from Twitter fame  
You had a chain, now it's your nigga chain  
Face down on your computer keys sleep  
Closest you gon' be to laying in your name  
Body bag after body bag  
Leave a trail laying in your lane  
I'm Cold Chillin' on the record business  
But I ain't saying I distribute Kane  
Wait a motherfucking minute  
You popping molly with the actors  
I fucked the baddest of the white bitches  
I'm Talib Kweli with the blackness  
I'm Mos Def with immigration  
Ladies on top of ladies  
I'm most def with immigration  
Babies on top of babies  
Wait a motherfucking minute