

Nigga

Hurts when you gotta kill a nigga you love

It's all good though

Sosa

No more talking nigga

Look

All this chatting for hours is really silly nigga

With no rapping, I swear you gotta be backwards

No matter how many flowers you try to give a nigga

It's like they only want them on top of their casket

Damn

Pay the price for acting ladylike

We rarely see black Eminems

Kinda shady right?

You sent the shot, so I flashed back like it's 80's Night

Playing Big'll put you in a box, that was Gravy's plight

Thought I was hijacking that Live, Now I'm taking flight

Your girl in the Ghost n' gobblin' dick, say goodnight

You know how it rolls, Royce, chess move

You see Ryan, Reynolds wrapped in a lagoon, that's a dead pool

Lupe freestyled and got you outta here

You cried alone from playing yourself, shed a solid tear

All that syllable biblical blblbl is kinda weird

It dresses you up from being direct, cause you probably scared

The fans say I'm on a rampage

Better reunite Slaughterhouse or get cut, you need your band aid

I told him 'Prove you do what I do,' he gave me lampshade

And said no, I gave the bitch room, and then the man cave

Divide his body, the footage got him severed

Contradicting every Live, pull yourself together

Your songs ain't no anthems

Your bar placement random

And you still ain't bring that energy to RJ and Ransom, nigga

I think it's crazy, right? This all started cause RJ said him and Ransom was the best, and you responded on IG. You never got in the booth, and spoke to these niggas. So yo, I'ma borrow they style, and talk to you, nigga

Got rid of the pounds, I had a literal weight plan

On Montgomery Ave, mad, I'm dealing that name brand

Catch Royce at the register and give him a face scan

This ain't RJ, it's Shawn Kemp, original Reign Man

They loving the pressure

Want me to test ya

KRS-One with the lectures

Big Pun with the letters

On the roof, bout to leave Royce sick, clutching Berettas

Bullets rain over you, now he really under the weather (PAYNE)

Randy nickels, I'm dissecting the track

More fly, elegant rap

His pride, get him attacked

This guy, skeleton cracked

'Til Ryan melon is flat

Then the white guy he rides with cosign his melanin's black

Don't cry, give him a clap

I'm Lucifer, the Y-3 fly devilish cat

Who decides Heaven is wack
Now my attention is back
Apply pressure with facts
Marvel at your multiverse 'til you die mentioning that

That's me paying homage to my niggas, cause you were supposed to get in the booth, and respond to that instead of getting on IG on a f*cking rant, nigga . What's your problem, man? And my man killed you. Woke up in the middle of the night, and got you outta here, quick. And you need to stop running. Stop -- stop running nigga. You know what I'm talking about, too

People taking me being unbothered as weakness
Mills at the dock, I'm done harboring meekness
Rob Markman know that my son's father's a genius
All them dumb shots when I'm Ong-Bak with the defense
Ryan Montgomery
Hiding behind every rhymer he defining as brotherly

I've decided he's grumpily
By my discovery
5'9" is trying to be somebody
The upper echelon recognizes by his redundancy
Hov took you off Renegade like it was custody
Your dad ain't even push back, surprising you suddenly
On the sideline, crying uncomfortably
I am abundantly tired and hungrily
I am the gluttony, why am I suddenly
Mocked for loyalty that I'm giving publicly
Lupe is my brother and I'ma ride with him stubbornly
Defending the best and nevertheless
Adrenaline been in my chest
He getting regrets for ever discrediting vets
While living off Eminem's mess
He got a song with 'Kiss and Fab
Read it out the Book of Ryan but I would be lying
If I ever said that shit is trash
All this talk about the pen and pad
You good at writing it's ironic
You won with F-A-B but lost to Mistah F.A.B(Trash)
Playing Mufasa got you some battle scars
If you woulda checked the box, you probably on Amazon
Instead of dying in the jungle, Jordan meme, Avatar
I'm Jeff Bezos, out of space with galactic bars
Wait, that's something that Royce'd do
He'll take something from pop culture and exploit it through a point or two
Like, Sha'Cari Richardson, Bill Cosby, common shit
Current event bars ain't skill, it's kinda obvious, you gotta quit
Do an entendre without comic wit
I don't subscribe to it, I'm the definition of opposite
Chain punching, you do Tetris, I do Columns shit
Get stoned with a great structure until you're monolith
Obelisk, look what I'm amounting to, it's steep yes
At my peak next, no TV when Ryan seek rest
Top of the hill, here's the cliffhanger like Cosby closet
Eating pork, claiming Muslim, hogwash, Ryan wildin'
Stop it novice
Listen what I'm giving you
Yeah I check boxes
That's what morticians do
And stop fibbing too, nigga
You was mad at Cass, and turned to Rakim
When he asked, ain't like the Aftermath
Did the same thing with Payne, then you got scolded

He had you holding on your chin like François Rodin
Look what I have sculpted
Nigga talking checkin boxes (What?)
Y-3 all the time, never a check in boxes
You'll find this chicken head dismembered in Checker boxes
I'm Bobby Fischer you playing chess, with Checker boxes
He love MMA, every day he checking boxers
Joe Budden dick riding, look at Royce, checking boxers
Money and the mailman, I see the check in boxes
Your chick be in my DMs, when I check inboxes
Ask women, this gyno, I'm checking boxes
f*ck that, I'm Craig on Friday, I ain't checking boxes
They off, thinking I ain't got fire literally
You not Christopher Nolan, Ryan, f*ck what you pitching me
On IG, the way that I handled it shows humility
But this nigga bathing in arrogance, insecurity
Disparaging words 'bout Lupe making Mural
You tried to do it and failed, you shoulda called it Plural
Lay him face down and ask him, 'You want a war?'
No spine, this is easy, I'm back to the drawing board

And watch he don't respond to this shit. Any money bet the nigga don't say nothing. And Royce: you know how I give it up. We gon' do this until 2022 nigga. FACTZ