

How can you do this when you're spankin' brand new to this?

I'm the leader  
I'm the leader of this game  
Old school or new  
Old school or new

Uh, my predecessors never heavy lectured (never!)  
Daily messaged through the text, vexed, totin' extra (tote!)  
Pedal bike sales, baggin', pumpin', just tryna stretch it (stretch!)  
Snipe your bitch, no Wesley, double cup full of Texas (po' up!)  
Back room, project buildin' with eight niggas talkin'  
BAPE shop in Japan, had a dream J Dilla called me (uh!)  
I paid attention to the Fugees and I killed 'em softly  
All white, feelin' Godly, I'm cloud-steppin', don't bother (uh!)  
I take offense to disrespect over who lyrical  
Triple threat, every move I'm makin', all pivotal (every move!)  
Far from Biblical, I want threesomes, I need a chick or two  
Polar bear stretched out in my livin' room, he from Alaska (uh!)  
No more masters, had me spittin' with the Kiss voice (a-ha!)  
Raspy but I'm classy, knockin' André and Big Boi (yeah!)  
Outcasts of my generation, I ain't never fit in (never!)  
Now I'm blowin' sour in clubs, I could never get in (light up!)  
In Tokyo, reminiscin' on my cousin that overdosed  
Seen a fiend so high, thought he had caught the Holy Ghost (ah!)  
Catch a body in Harlem, lay low out in the Poconos  
Watching Scarface wanted to be Alejandro Sosa tho

Sometimes I feel like I'm stuck in the wrong fucking era  
(Microphone check 1-2)  
Like I'm a hostage cause I'm in the wrong era  
(Microphone check 1-2)

You supposed to be the future of the world  
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(Microphone check 1-2)

Uh I drag individuals, bragging on residuals  
Divide jiggables, while the flag is indivisible  
My state is digital  
How these rappers the hottest, how you rappers the coldest  
My fireplace is the igloo (oh)  
What you say is the truth then I salute ya, De-La-Soul  
I pop the Ruger and pop the new some  
The extra extensive extent we've gone  
To send you in witness protection  
Exit with this throne  
I can hit you niggas ex  
Or I can get you niggas x  
Or I can get you niggas XXXTentacion  
Bitch we not the same thing, me I come from a different world  
I flip you out yo' frame like the wayne wayne, then hit ya girl  
Run up bare-faced broad day, the fuck ima wrestle for  
Leave your ass on heavens staircase touched at the chapel door  
Fuck you your national anthem, that shit don't concern me  
Cause it's your country I'm smoking Monte Crystal  
Discussing bitcoin and cryptocurrency

That's probably why white people stay connected  
My people stay corrected, white people stay protected  
From the same dangers in life that my people stay subjected  
The USA got a race obsession, hatred  
I hope you know that's why I race my possessions  
I treat my Porsche like Oprah  
And my Wraith like Stetman (ah)

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[Royce Da 5'9:] PRhyme