

Blue Magic

Royce da 5'9"

Say "a million" two times in the mirror
Then I appear behind you to remind you
With the coupon and two nines
The coupon's the real ya
In for the sales of the product is narcotics
The two nines to kill ya
The two mills represents the two deals
You don't get it then you will
It's over, you niggas over the Dru Hill
We in the mili- terra
Nickel, I'm still the sheriff
I John Doe the flow, I'm from the Dilla era
And I'm guilty of pushing the pen and pencil
What I'm writing, I should be put in the penitentiary
In a sense we push raw, me make blow
It's give or take, you give us cake, we take dough
And our battling ain't in a nigga make-up
It's five G's on your chest like an A-cup
A hundred thousand dollar chain like my face up
Tell Mistah F.A.B. get his cash when he wakes up
Ya niggas sleeping, it's a dead issue
If our issue is bread, you got a dead issue
And I ain't taking about it cause that's a fed issue
Like a vest, write the check or let the lead hit you
Ya ain't getting it, I'm going over their heads
But I ain't dumbing it down cause I'm getting it
Yes, getting it, who you should try to kick it with
You ain't inside of my circle, you probably wishing it
Niggas is eating inside it, it's like Christ-I-mas
It ain't no eating outside it, it's not a pic-I-nic
On top of cream, my whole team be popping things
You niggas got a square circle like the boxing ring
And now you ask who the best rapper
That's a silly question, you should use the X factor
That's like asking Slim Shady who the best cracker
The tec clapping out the hollow tip chest crackers
Straighten your face up, that ain't a diss
I got solaces to feds, that ain't a tip
D.A. wanna indict me
Because I came in Gucci, man-so icy
I got a bitch who will marry who ain't the wifey
I'm the franchise boy, I don't own a white tee
Purp Label, Prada
Hurt me, slay me, nada
Multiple threats on my life, I'm still living it
I'm still hanging in places you ain't visited
I got a bitch I be fucking that's a contortionist
I give her beef, compete, and stick a fork in it
Please, I cum on her spine and watch her lick it up
Spit it out on the table and then sniff it up
Nasty, because she had no daddy
Ya niggas putt-putting around with no caddy
Right now, I'm dead wrong
This nine will put your memory on the ground like a headstone
Living legend, physical specimen
Ghostwriter, like us the invisible session
We in the richest white Benz's, see the kicks is

Quite tremendous, I call it the Jena 6's
Misbehave 'til the beat fades
My life's one big party without the DJ