

# Caterpillar

Royce da 5'9"

You will not be able to stay home, brotha  
You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out  
You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and skip out for beer during commercials  
Because the revolution will not be televised

This right here for the number one  
Number ones here with your number one  
You ain't number one, just another one  
Now everybody sayin' that they number one

Ring the alarm, the caterpillar keeps firing  
Oh, we in the war, where butterflies keep dyin', ah

I'm a product of Parker Lewis and Kubiak  
If didn't do this, where in the fuck would you be at?  
See there's a difference between us, what I spit hit arenas  
You a drip from my penis, I eat lions and sip hyenas  
You number one when it come to slaughtering mics  
I'm tryna be number one in my son and daughter life  
Uhh, all you niggas my little rapper babies  
Y'all my children, y'all bit my shit and contracted rabies  
Don't you rate me next to these rappers, baby, that's degrading  
My style got so many different facets  
I switch into so many different passions  
I'm skippin' class to be fascinatin'  
My pen is like Big Ben, this shit's just a classic waiting  
Your favorite rapper come at me, I just decapitate him  
Out here congratulating these has-beens who had their highs  
These rappers only won their matches because they strategize  
I bring etiquette to these patterns, and here's my battle cry

Ring the alarm, the caterpillar is firing  
Oh, we in the war, where butterflies keep dyin', ah

This right here for the number ones  
Number ones here with your number one  
You ain't number one, just another one  
Now everybody sayin' that they number one  
Here take your number one, quit  
Number one soul, get your number one chip  
Number one fly with your number one kicks  
When it's all done then your number gon' switch

Hold up, wait a minute  
Guess what I'ma never do  
Show so much respect to you  
That I feel like we're friends, so now we no longer competitors  
That could be the death of you  
Never let someone who's not as smart as you gas you up  
And tell you somethin' you never knew  
Always stay professional  
You always gon' make revenue  
Don't let people next to you that don't want the best for you  
It's completely normal to hold on to a regret or two  
I do what I want to do, they do what I let them do  
Everything niggas be sayin' is a fuckin' lie

There is nothing I can say to you that is realer  
Remember when you raisin' the butterfly  
Don't you ever disrespect the fucking caterpillar

This right here for the number ones  
Number ones here with your number one  
You ain't number one, just another one  
Now everybody sayin' that they number one  
Now you think that you number one, quit  
Number one soul, get your number one chip  
Number one fly with your number one kicks  
When it's all done then your number gon' switch

You looking at her tell her  
The psychopathic killer, the caterpillar  
Don't tell me when I'm supposed to rap until  
Especially when your favorite rapper ain't even half as ill  
A savage still, the track's a banana peel, attack at a silver-back gorilla  
You're havin' a little trouble fathomin' this is actually happenin'  
Like Anderson Silva back when he snapped his shin in half  
And then had the shit hangin' by a flap of skin  
After he tried to plant the shit back on the mat again  
Pad to pen I'm batty like eyelids when they're blinkin' a lot  
You copy me, but you're not  
You can't be butterflies  
My offsprings are just moths  
I see that thing I'ma squash it and rip the wings of it off  
So ring the alarm, pull the extinguishers off of the wall, set the sprinkler  
s off  
Like Jada Pinkett and Queen Latifah  
'Till the shingles come off the roof we'll shout at the ceiling  
Slaughterhouse in the building, middle fingers aloft  
Say what I think when I rhyme, in ink-pen I talk  
And the language I speak is my mind  
Kingpin and Penguin combined  
Spit like it's King of the Dot  
A singular thought I think of will help you distinguish apart  
The frauds from the cream of the crop  
(Wait a minute)  
Hold up like a flashcard  
Damn dawg, is that copyin' or payin' homage?  
It's sad because dad taught you to rap as a damn toddler  
My dad is your grandfather  
I have to rehatch on ya  
Come back as black wasp  
Half yellow jacket, you can't swat a  
Sasquatch dancing on top of an ant trample it and stomp it  
Smash it and stand on it  
Dammit, I can't stop it  
The rap is a vag' and I'm goin' in like a tampon in this bitch  
It's a manslaughter  
Stampin' out grasshoppers, you can't be no Rap Gods  
In fact you're exact opposites  
You make a wack song, and can't hold a candle  
But even Daniel-son whacks off  
You jack-offs need to come to grips like a hand job  
The boom bap is coming back with an axe to mumble rap  
Lumberjack with a hacksaw  
Number one, but my pencils are number twos 'cause that's all I dos with 'em  
Poop is my suit and I'm  
On the john like a prostitute when I'm droppin' a deuce  
And when I'm producing them lyrical bowel movements  
These beats are like my saloons

'Cause these bars always got my stools in 'em  
And I don't need Metamucil to loosen 'em  
Bitch, shit is real like I pooped Jerusalem  
I'm 'bout to go spin another cocoon and I'm cuttin' you from your mother's womb then I'm flushin' you