

Count For Nothing

Royce da 5'9"

{"One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight"}
Y'all been frontin
Without a ounce of thuggin
You go against me, you too can count for nothin

I'm the king of the backpackers
This T-bone contact to any wack rapper
It's biometric how I wet ya
My dialect's an entire weapon, it's set to just fire reckless
BLAP! Like {"one-two"} guns swoop
In the same booth the federales tryin to run through
Like, like {"three-four"} we raw
Me and Vishis tradin like a triple beam seesaw
I'm a veteran, the mac-11 the pump
You could name whoever you want
Wayne... Yay... Jay
Hahaha, I'm just playin with 'em...
I keep the {"four-five"} on my hip
You take me serious then I might trip
About {"seven-eight"} niggaz and die
Feelin some type of way I figure it's pride
I'm the right-on truth
And that's right, I'm even plottin on my own crew
Joey... Crooked... Ortiz
Slaughterhouse!

{"One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight"}
Y'all been frontin (uh-huh)
Without a ounce of thuggin
You go against me, you too can count for nothin
Like {"One, two"} like {"three"} like
Ha ha, you {"two"} can - count for nothin

(Woo!) I'm what choice is to option
Royce to hip-hop is what, Mike Buffer's voice to boxing
(Let's get ready to rumbllll!) Yes, it's a couple dope dealers
Somewhere that got rich livin the shit that I spit (me!)
I don't re-enact nigga, I illuminate
I know every point what I count like a Q&A
It ain't a arm when it's tucked in my box
Since it's Lindsay Lohan, niggaz call me Fire Crotch
I'm seein clear like a MyBot
I drop my coupe, black shoes, black Noob Saibot
I spit fire like Izod, why not
Cause sho' 'nuff I'm glowin like Thai mock
And y'all cryin like babies over the net
I should call you niggaz Lady Gaga
I call, "You and Em need to get together
Y'all need each other Nickel Shady blah blah! "
If I die I'm a leave heat
I'm a leave the sun behind, I'm tryin to repeat
Don't try to ban the drummer
He's an "Animal" and you can be a random number, uh (ohh!)

(Ahh) I put the gun to lames
Eeny-miny Motown, play the numbers game
Five shots on my block

Is like for once I see like my pops is Cyclops
With both eyes I see you got no sides
Bring it to your Chippendale neck with the bowties
All you stand
Grab a bitch ass like "Aye, " call me OJ Da Juiceman
I get away with murder
That Johnny Rocket in my pocket with my favorite burger
I'm tryin to shake it like a Polaroid
They said I couldn't do it twice, call me Soulja Boy
I said