

Fubu

Royce da 5'9"

I am that nigga, it's obvious
These niggas broke, on their pickpocket, watching us
They see the watch and this jewelry we rocking
Get sick to their stomach, now they try to plot on us
They know this extendo we got on us
Can't name a time when it's not on us
Hope they try robbing us
So they can go back and tell niggas about all these bullets they got from us
I let that blocker on low, I put that pot on the stove, yeah
Now these CDs only product I sold
Fans in Berlin going out of control, yeah
I fuck a lot of new hoes
Penthouse on top of the Lowes, Versace my robe
What's in my pocket? A knot I can't fold
Make sure my Gelato is rolled
Uh, I am on a whole another level than you, uh
My grandma used to say, "Boy, you got the devil in you"
Fuck around, get some metal in you
My name ring bells, I could sell out whatever venue

For us, by us
For us, by us
For us, by us
For us, by us
(For you) By us
(For you) By us
(For you) By us

I'm tired of hearing about what all these rappers'll do
First of all, none of y'all can last in the booth
I don't know what's faster, your wounds turning black or to blue
The media, the slap of the shoe
Step to a nigga just to step on a nigga
Sounds easier to me than counting backwards from two
Bring the hood peace, you expect it by the Benzes
Shell catch an iron, you ain't pressured by forensics
Half you niggas rhyming transgenic
You say they gotta question how you meant it
I transcend, forever monumented
Not even Netflix could document it
My son got autism from injection by syringes
These nerds ain't warriors, we heard the same story and
You niggas blowing whistles at Hurricane Dorian
Blowing missiles back to the word of vainglorious
You sissy
Nigga, this is for us, by us
Why you put yours up? I put up my cup
Survivors of systems meant to divide us
You only can afford what you could buy five of
You a fool in a war with the faint of hearts
I'll let the two encores take your brain apart
I'm at the Louvre on the floor by the hanging art
I'm putting numbers on the board like a game of darts
Product of every single blood freckled Timberland
Buy up every building in the projects to contemporary art deco every tenemen
t
My consigliere is marked echo every sentiment

Cop a hundred rides, park 'em all in one garage
Money on my mind like Rocky thunder thighs
Everybody, everybody friends like they from Milan
'Til they in a hole in a line like the number nine
Long hours of perfecting this, 9-7 shit
Spitting seeds left of shells of pistachios on the keys of the Casios, it's
the evidence
Bearing my soul, DiCaprio from The Revenant
Phantom looking haunted like a hayride
Camera on the trunk like the one from my prayers
Amethyst a gun, cummerbund child, they lied
Clamp a chick in front, one of one I say I
And you know how I do
Put the beef behind me to put your soul behind you like De La
Twin white Maybachs
Steering wheel wood when I'm floating through the hood like sailors
Couldn't be cut like me if you had ten tailors
Put the wifey in a black bent Bentayga
Judge can't exonerate, violate
Got a mansion by the lake, got a maid, Consuela
I was fly even when I was a damn lie
I was flying standby 'cause of how I expand mics
Triple threat, bitch, I make the track and write
The judge can't give me life, bitch, I am life
You a algorithm
You niggas everything the culture isn't
I don't coach the visit
I don't get into the social digits
I just smoke distribute
Microorganism live in my colloquialisms