

# Hit Em!

Royce da 5'9"

Yo Royce. The gloves is on? Don't play around with these motherfuckers. It's time to...

Hit 'em. (It's the Bar Exam)

Hit 'em. (Royce Da 5'9")

Hit 'em.

Go

5'9" stand back he about to blow  
Snatch your hoe, let her go she about to blow  
That fo fo that he's holdin' is about to blow  
I thought I told you motherfuckers it's over  
Bliiiiiiiip  
Stick up  
I got the gats out grindin'  
Give me any kinda Preme track I rap out rhymin'  
And bliiiiiiiip  
Switch up, turnaround and rap bout diamonds  
Tell the underground I'm shinin'  
I'll be back I promise  
What you lookin' at dog?  
Your boy is fire  
The more time goes by his nose gets higher  
Plus he been pushin' that bar  
He knows what he wants  
He'll fuck a Pussycat Doll before he retires  
It's all about black and white  
It's like a piano  
The white and black cards you dealt  
Life is a gamble  
You might rap hard today like you an animal  
Then suddenly, tomorrow you gay, like The Sopranos  
I done seen it all  
Lyrical niggas who dumb it  
Down  
For y'all niggas to sing along and still do nothin'  
You simple like the ABC's, is y'all countin'?  
You like a caption at the bottom, with the ball bouncin'

5'9" stand back he about to blow  
Snatch your hoe, let her go she about to blow  
That fo' fo' that he's holdin' is about to blow  
Preme tell 'em who it is just so that they know

"Royce Da 5'9"

Hit 'em

"Just a young nigga caught in the mix"

Hit 'em

"It's rugged and underground"

Hit 'em

"You can't run no games"

Go!

5'9" crystal clear  
Pistol in here  
You disappear and soon as I shoot it if you appear  
You see it clear if I appear to be clutchin' a shottie

The butt on the gun is bigger than Buffy The Bodys  
I go upside your head with it and fuck up the party  
Ooh, I make your ass loose those couple Bacardis  
The 40 long came along with a couple of bodies  
I know a couple Corrleones, a couple of Gottis  
My story long nigga, I stay deep in the drama  
I get my Maury on nigga and sleep with ya momma  
I done did wives, did dimes  
Did niggas in when the tripped  
Cause they found out the kids mines  
Blew the tec off  
Drew the column up on who the best  
Put himself, Nas, Jay on it and moved the rest off  
I'm a "Gang"sta as well as a "Star"  
Put 'em together and you caught me pickin' up where Guru left off

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