

Malcolm X

Royce da 5'9"

Yo, yo, this is a J-dogg exclusive
D-12, worst fucking rap group ever (You ready?)
Royce Da 5'9" would like to apologize to the family of my homeboy Bugz
For lettin' that line leak out the radio, it was a long story how it happened
D-12 though, y'all better quit actin' like that wadn't my man too
Like I was tryna disrespect him or somethin', I was tryna disrespect y'all
Cause that's what I'm doin' (gun-loading sound) from here on 'n
My new name from now on, don't even call me Royce Da 5'9" no mo'
Call me Malcolm X, cause e'rybody in the city wanna kill me [*gun shooting sounds*]
I'm Malcolm X now haha, we gon' see who goin, I ain't goin nowhere motherfucker
We gon' see, e'rybody who against me, nigga I'm mad (BITCH)
Haha, yeah, there's only one problem
Everytime you motherfuckers breathe on the mic
It's a motherfuckin' lie nigga, nobody believes you [*echoes*]
Y'all niggas sound like y'all write y'all rhymes with motherfuckin' crayons,
BITCHES

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN
We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN

Yeah, what rap crew I gotta snatch up out the game (bitch)
Who must I smack for sayin my name?
Somebody gon' die, it's probably YOU
You couldn't fit Bizarre's body in my shoes
Niggas quick to talk all hood 'til I pop up
Plus, you just act tough cause Suge got locked up
I am above y'all, when you droppin your raps to diss me
I only recognize the top of your hats
And I don't like Proof punk-ass, he think he tough
He keep thirty niggas with him, cause he weak as fuck!
I ever catch you by yourself, I'ma fuck you up
Snatch your little cheap-ass chain and piece you up
You better hope you and the white boy keep in touch
And be a good little hype man, or your lease is up
Since Slim signed 50, I don't see your teeth as much
That's good, cause you got a grill like a fuckin truck!
DAMN HOMIE, it's history, over, hang it up
Go somewhere and hang up some 50 posters, PUNK
You speak you late, y'all prolly gon' go up to them awards
And get yo' ass whooped by B2K
I just wish Eminem would stop tellin' everybody he ain't speakin' to me
Like I'm one of his hoes or somethin'
How 'bout this, I ain't speakin to you, chump
And I'ma keep pickin on your weak ass crew
You, BITCH, Bizarre you a fat stutterin fuck
You a joke, I choke whoever buttered you up
I've been ridin by your house, you don't come out too much
You hidin, when I find you I'ma snatch you out of that front
And tie your fat stankin ass to your couch and just
FEED YOU, you already look like you about to bust
Nigga you can run or hide; I'll be on your porch
With a cheeseburger tryin to lure you outside!
Cause he's in it, Bizarre say G-g-g-g-g-unit
I bet you throw some extra "g's" in it

Just like a stutterin' fool can't reach intelligence
He sweats when he raps, cause he got a speach impediment
You, BITCH, Porky's pig and Porky's tomb
About to dig his own grave with a fork and spoon
You, BITCH, Denaun and Swifty please
Give it a year, both a y'all be rakin' 50's leaves
What do I know, that other nigga y'all got in your group
I don't even know his name, but he can shovel my snow
You, BITCH, let's face it I gave it to y'all
My lil' sister got six puppies that's braver than y'all (barking sounds)
Niggas is startin' the beef I'm 'bout to end with the quickness
I'm 'bout to end this quicker than Bizarre can finish a biscuit
Quicker than quick shit, y'all ain't felt the half
Quicker than Eminem can pinch Elton's ass
Don't call me, I ain't ready to squash it yet, kiss my ASS
I don't wanna talk to Hex, I am so sick I should be compared to cancer
Y'all throw up your dukes and don't swing like Fred G.? Sanford
I be makin' motherfuckers scratch they heads when I rhyme
Y'all lil' niggas scratch ya heads then rhyme, go play
You lil punk ass niggas, y'all can scream and yell all you want
I feel like I'm battlin' Keenan & Kel
You, BITCH, none o' y'all can put in the card to kenell
Paul better call me, like he called Benzino
Matter o' fact, I might even do a song with Ray
Sign with Murder Inc. and hit you with a song today

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN
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I don't even want you lil' punks to think I'm mad
Y'all lil' niggas are Ninja Turtles, you're nothing
Nothin', you not on my level, I will beat yo boss's ass nigga
Tre Little, bring it on

Tre Little, the baby gorrilla, I'm just that guy
I'm 5'6", got stacked lines, shit that high, I'm ridin'
Fuck you and your commercial appeal
I turn yo' head into blue 'n yellow "Purple Hills"
I bet you whatever that nobody beats my family
Eminem, Nelly said that he'll eat you like candy
What did you do, got on the phone and called him up
You don't wanna talk to Royce, but you talk to Puff
You, BITCH, yo' crew some local hoes
I hit you harder than that white girl that broke your nose
You and Royce can squash this with one talk
Step around from your security and talk to that man
I understand you backin' yo' crew, but this my brother
Anythin' that happen to him, somethin' gonna happen to you
And I don't give a fuck for that, nigga, I'll do life
I advise you to stop; yo' money don't buy you stripes
Only thing that money brings is fake niggas and problems
Followed by niggas who hate fake niggas and rob 'em
But you niggas is WACK; Denaun I'ma stab you
So many times, I'ma feel bad when you collapse!
You niggas is so BITCH you make me sick to my stomach
Every beat that you ever made sound like it was missin' somethin'
Timbaland lookin' ass, nigga, my style is realer
What producer you ever know only good for album filler

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN
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You!, Yea, punk ass niggas, yea we in the streets now too, nigga
Big Homie's out nigga, what up
Yea you add water and stir ass motherfuckers, what y'all thought
My brother here ain't have no backbone?
Nigga, it's on when I see y'all
Proof what the fuck you thinkin' of nigga, this cash boy
Need the white boy to get y'all started ass niggas
Fuck y'all hoes, I told Royce I ain't like that motherfucka
Faggots, I smack the shit outta any one o' y'all niggas
Sell my bill one nigga
What the fuck y'all thought nigga y'all'll get bought bitch
Street orientated; y'all motherfuckers hate it
Learn how to flow stop bein' mad y'all bitches
Trick, trick, when I catch yo' bitch ass, yea dude
Asked about cash nigga, you comin' to yo' doom
You'll end up like click boom, bitch
Rock City motherfucker, regardless
Get the point bitch, or get the hollows motherfucker
It's Cash Flow Bitch
Big Homie