

Off

Royce da 5'9"

I'm signing off on this
On the same ones the treasury prints
With every intent to see niggas dying off of it
I signed to Sony
A couple of years after the NBA signed Kobe
And he about to retire
So if anybody see Don Lenner
Make sure you tell him I ain't lost it yet
Somebody tell Tom Silverman "Hi" for me
Look in the sky there's a fly sorcerer
Eye-ballin me from of a flying saucer
And my mind is like a full clip
And my competitions' magazines are running low
Like the Source and Vibe offices
Since '99, Hip-Hop been like my orphanage
Got dropped a lot
But every time I signed I got a million
A&Rs and exec's were telling me I'm not appealing
Try to turn me into Nas, I'm not him but I forgive you
This is a Boy Marley
Bob Dillon spiritual vibe that I'm feeling
These scars are time healing
Clearly you lost
You tried to put me in a box-how dare you
Try to minimize a lyrical God?
I'll godzilla these walls
My prime's no time near
I'll improvise till my ceilings
Get wizard of Oz
I'm the illest alive
I'm the rose that rose
From the concrete with the thorn
And when I'm gone I shall live in a vase
Me and Porter just handling business
Boy we came a long way from blasting cannons
And having to throw 'em in trash cans
Dismantling shipments
I had the manager shift at my day job too
I laid down rules
No gas station past 8 mile
Past eight or late drive-throughs
Maxwell tap, you play the whole B side
You flip it over and hear the whole A side too
Now we got iCloud and FaceTime basically
To knock down the grape vine
Make way as the chaos ensues
Niggas safe and ratchet calling themselves bosses
But they not
They David Hasselhoff
And they bay watch
But I'm cool
Nowadays my life be lavish
Who I'm out with tonight
It might be a model or
Might be an actress
She might be a ballerina
She might do plays

She might just like theatics
She might be famous
I must just pipe her for bragging rights
She might get mad at the paparazzi
For flashing cameras at her ass
As she covers her face
As if she's dabbing
She might be dragging
Meet at some uptight fashion show somewhere
Where people like Madonna and Bono go
I might take one look up and down at the clothes
And say, "Hell no, It's time to go."
Come on it's time to go
I might fuck her on the kitchen table
At her crib in the Hamptons
I might lay her down gently
I might slam her
I might even fuck around and yell domino
I soldiers sound off like "you got a pair."
I'm a real nigga
I done lost a lot of friends over the years
I've been losing a lot of hair
Been told that I'm out my mind
But if you only knew what was inside it
You too would choose to stay out of there
I take my hats off to the addicts
Going through something tragic in their lives
Shit even I backed off the madness
I had to take some time off the rap and realize
Now how do I stop being underrated?
How do I get props like, let's say, a Drake?
But I rap with the skill set of let's say
A Black Thought or an Elhzi
If Jay Elec can bag a Rothschild without an album then I can come back to rap after doing some jail time
No one cares about sales now
They care about Facebook status
It's all about gadgets and getting fatter than hell
And consuming shit like them Patti LaBelle pies
Like lunatics, speaking of, I knew this chick
Who used to just be happy to make it out the hood to see me
Then she got on some fucking [?] shit
She's starting asking me to do some shit...
(Record fades to close)