

On Fire

Royce da 5'9"

Okay!

What we have here?

It's what the game been talkin'...

SLAUGHTERHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUSE! {BRING IT BACK! }

Okay!

What we have here?

It's what the game been talkin'...

SLAUGHTERHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUSE! {Whooooooooooooooooooooo Kiiiiiiiiiii
iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }

Okay!

This is true!

Militant mind state and the villains concealing the 9 wait. - It's a zoo! [g
unshot]

I'm chilling with primates, I'm a fool!

You feeling it? I ain't play gorilla I'm a real as the crime rate. [scream]

It's so cool! - My right jabs on the right track

It'll slide you sideways go get your ice pack. [shot]

That's what the fights bought, big, punch your lights out

Go pay your utility bill get your sight back. (huh?)

All I got is a bunch of weaponry everywhere

When I was a kid I used to machete my teddy bear.

Friday the 13th? - Nah, nigga was never scared

Sleeping on Elm's Street if somebody tell me Freddy there.

(yeah!)

See I'm a whole 'nother animal!

With a mechanical trap jaw - highly flammable [dogs growling]

Soon as this cannibal track yawn

I split your cantaloupe, Hannibal Lechter with a hacksaw. - I rap raw!

Go in the zone till I'm outside of my body

Your body get outlined in white powder when bullets come outside of the shot
ty. (ha!)

Try to hide in your hotel I'll Al-Qauda

Your lobby then I'll smile at your hotty. [Tarzan shouts] (EM: Whoo!)

Put a ride on my side like Clyde riding with Bonnie

Check out the way I pimp mommy!

After my snake charm her!

She get wet now I'm folding paper (paper!) that's slimy tsunami and origami.
(yeah!)

Yes! - The best ever!

I'm hot as West weather when you dressed in your sweater vest and you best l
eather.

I pull buttons and press levers

I'm backwards as a dyslexd letter, jet setter - etcetera!

Catch you boy on planet COB,

Go fuck yourself give your hand a job!

Like Nikel 9's brother - the kids Vishis

I own half a beauty salon so you know I'm with splitting the wig business. {
Whooooooooooooooooooooooooo}

I got a big dick, bitch! {Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }

What? - That ain't no punchline, I just a got big dick, bitch! (whooo!)

'Bout big business,

Slaughterhouse! - You and your clique gettin' with this.

Y'all at the movies wearing blindfolds

Get, it? - That means you ain't seeing the big picture

I find irony in being the headed rapper decapitating
 I'll get Rihanna on a track and won't even rap on it.
 Just let her moan to the song whilst I'm masturbating
 You the best rapper? Homie congratulations! [scream] I'd rather be known for
 felonious ratchet waving.
 (pop, pop, pop, pop!) You deep, we deeper
 But we married to these streets but - we don't jump brooms we just carry str
 eet sweepers!
 Hell yeah! Detroit city? I'm felt there!
 Leave a brain elsewhere! - It's the name on the card to my health care.
 I'm hard! - You facades
 Piss me off! - I put your thoughts on your broad. [scream]
 You fucking screamer - later with your tough demeanour
 Ya fruit! - I V-8 juice your fucking team up!
 Give me 50 feet! (come on!)
 Why you acting? All brand new 50's teeth!
 Got the bullets looping I pull it the clip repeats - WITHOUT THE DJ!
 I got more gunshots in the Glock - than Whoo Kid got [gunshot] in that insta
 nt replay.
 Ooo, you thought that was a diss to Fif'? Than {Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
 oo}
 You stupider than Muslims looking for gifts on Christmas. {Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
 iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }
 Clip-out! - 'Bout to stick my dick in, the hole
 In the handle, how you gon' walk [gunshot] a mile in my shoes? (whooo!)
 I'm walking on water and Moses and over sandals,
 Giving boxers is the opposite of going commando! [Tarzan shouts]
 That's right; I put a bunch of boxers on your ass, boy!
 I'm fly! - [?] is my handle!
 I'm from the metropolitan [blast] rock bottom, if I spot 'em, I got 'em!
 She wanted to swallow when I shot it - but that's not my problem.
 She's your wife she just my concubine'n
 She like to holla Ryan whilst I'm behind it like she my momma mind it. [scre
 am]
 Willing to get more physical than the lacrosse team
 Blunt so big look like we just rolled up the swamp thing! (EM: Whoo Whoo!)
 I'm high feeling like I should be higher,
 I ride like Michael Myers, wire ride like a bike with no tires! (EM: Whoo! W
 HATTA FUCK? !)
 No case to fight with no priors
 Say good night! - Nickel 9 and Crooked I's on fire...

 That's right!
 Whattup B-Luv? [beat stops] [gunshot] [rewind]