

Out the Barrell

Royce da 5'9"

I beat and fucked around to check me a record exec' over this check
I'm not no overnight success
Only thing that ever came through for me in one night
Is Joe Holt in this vest, slow floatin' is best
Argue, go and admit that your wife sent me that "Hey, stranger" text
I gave her that rain check, I Oran "Juice" Jones'd the bitch
I'm bout to take all of your confidence, I guess that is that Wraith I'm in
On 8 Mile with two tones on it
And don't think I won't pull right up on your line in it
When my window down and spray out of it like I'm Ray Donovan
The AK Iron Man on that gun, on it since 8th grade
And he don't take names, he AA Anonymous, it seems I'd ride again
Ya'll pop-outters, all of ya'll Amir tryna salvage your hairline
With ya'll fly down while I fly private when I decided I'm tired of him
I don't hang out with nobody, I play the hand I was dealt
I'll swear I'll phone God, I play my cards like I'm playin' Solitaire
.44's shootin' loud in here, 'bout to leave behind a big black cloudy mami
Click-clack-blowin', your's be "Pewm, pewm" like Vladimir
Gun raps and violence, what the fuck is the problem here?
I'm laid back in an Aston Martin, come holler then
The day that they quit makin .38's and MAC-10's, maybe I'll stop rappin' abo
ut 'em
'Til I see that, I'ma be laughin' to media's reaction at me relapsin'
This ain't PG accumen
Tell your A&R I ain't handin' in nothin' rated R
I'm rated G for get the fuck away from me
'Fore I make you get your hands up and play Tracey Lee
You need to make your way home
These bullets got legs that ain't on
These bitches be

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I beat and fucked around and bought ratchets for all the addicts
All I think about is phone calls but the thoughts is just automatic
My pen Engels, Criss Angel, my hook set screens, 40's
Kareem Abdul-Jabbars, we get together, we bring the best out of Magic
Yes, I'll be spazzin', yes
Yes, I believe I can have a shoe-out with Inspector Gadget 'til he's
Fresh out of gadgets, yes

If it ain't real beef, preacher, don't sweat it
Bitch, please get your phone ready
Tell the homies if they want a picture I got the same piece of chrome
Sweets long, bishop on credit
I be with known felons, Mom said I be with the wrong fellas
Sayin' shit like "He's s'posed to be better"
But last time I went broke, that shit will always hit me forever
If I ever see somebody eatin' a chicken bone, I want in
Like gettin' your door kicked in by them boys from three letters
This the only time I'm gon' tell you
You ain't been out here long enough to go against me
I'll have you out your own element
Squeeze you out them lil' three blocks you be on and, um
Show you that I got a lot of crazy hombres under my umbrella
You got heat but not no sombrero
I'll tell whoever do the work to do your ass work 'til they Dunharrow
I'll put your body in Huckleberry somewhere where they only got one sheriff
I'll put your granny in a can up river, yeah, it's a bunch of crimes in hip
hop
But I treat it like it's only one chair and I'm a stand up nigga
I climb in that ring with anybody who don't honor them gloves
Hand on the Bible, one hand in the air and I will promise them blood
Niggas sittin' there waitin' furious for me to be past my prime
So they can create some conspiracy, might as well be waitin' on a spirit
You waitin' on a miracle, you waitin' on a fear
You might as well be waitin' on Caitlyn on her period
While he waitin' on a chariot
With somebody in it who's gon' praise the Mona Mirriam
I appreciate your patience, the more the merrier
I'm sure somebody told you temptation today was just ordinary
I'm pretty sure you wanna hit Berry Gordy in the face with forty berries
Or throw some sticks and stones at Jesus
But nigga, my chrome is squeezin'

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