

Pendulum

Royce da 5'9"

As the Lord swings the pendulum
'Round and 'round, the Lord swings the pendulum
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When it ain't nothing left to be, for these hoes, but a bitch
Ain't nothing left to heat on the stove, but a brick
Ain't nothing left to eat for the po', but the rich
As the Lord swings the pendulum
Time to divvy up your pieces with the deal
All my people gon' be speaking what they feel (What they feel)
All my people gon' be eating what they kill (What they kill)
Rob the rich and leave 'em with the fucking bill
Nigga, we gon' rob the rich and leave 'em with the fucking bill
We gon' rob the rich and leave 'em with the fucking bill
Rob the rich and leave 'em with the fucking bill
Roll this weed with your degrees up in Hell

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All y'all dudes is straight facades, you just lie and scheme
Mark Cuban 'round your shooters, you just buy a team
Started beef on IG and hide behind a meme
Dark secrets, closet probably look like Halloween
Y'all come out the closet just to market y'all new garbage
I'm inside your bitch apartment, dick is parked about nine inches in the car
cass
Like Mister Marcus
Too narcissistic to be licking carpet
Too artistic to nut, this a catharsis
Fuck all that shit you talking
Y'all won't stand, y'all won't kneel, all y'all with is marching
Hard labor for your racist Caucasian bosses
Talkin' straight into a wire while it's taped across you
I'm still learning, wheels turning, tryin' to get the fortune
My side chick is still burning out, my dick is scorching
Talkin' 'bout, "I think I'm pregnant, I'm not with abortion"
Any child that slides out you is an instant orphan

That's why it's nothing left to be, for these hoes, but a bitch
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Your video got four million hits
Oh shit, somebody told you, "You're rich"
You been mixing up your passion with your goals for that fix
For that rose, for that risk, for that blow, for that sniff
I was still a slave just four hundred years ago
Going massive for a cracker wearing a robe
And I just did a deal for my masters and my soul
For that whip, whole clan is in the Phantom
Damn, the roles have been switched
Look, I'm tryna just survive until my payday
Dodging these piranhas tryna rob me, thots around me hollering, "Date rape"
This bitch that's with me now, all she like to do is kiss and sixty-nine
All she gets is time, shit, I ain't signed to TreyWay
Now, I'm falling in a downward spiral
My main ho is Bow Wow's side ho with "model" in the bio
I'm startin' to sound dated
'Cause I ain't paid attention to the climate since the Nae-Nae
I remember sprayin' Cris', hanging, playin' Hurricane Chris, "Ayy, Bay, Bay"
Now I'm syrup sipping, can't sniff, playin' "Dre Day"
Now, don't nobody come and kick it, damn, Pelé
Wishin' that I had one wish, playin' Ray J
I feel like I'm sittin' on a plane that's goin' down
And I'm a pigeon with no wings, sayin', "Mayday"

Calm down, it's your pilot, first class the way you flyin'
Fuck them niggas that's in coach
They too far, can't see you rollin'
Mad that Coach designed your coat
I seen it all before, one-minute-later shit
The next one, niggas ain't gotta commode to take a shit in
Now they in they feelings, reminiscin'
Talkin' 'bout, "Remember when in," nigga, no, I don't
If it ain't business, we ain't never spoke
Don't try to stop me when I'm in the airport
To take a pic, 'cause I won't even pose with you posers
Sorry, I don't know ya

On my mama, nigga
This my shit, nigga, I'm taking it right now, nigga
2019 is my year
I recorded the whole mixtape in 24 hours, nigga
And I dropped it the next day, on MyMixt-
You niggas is trash bruh, making all this trash ass fucking music, bruh
Saturatin' the fucking game, bruh, get the fuck out of my wave, bruh
I sat back 2018, I sat back 2017, and watch all you lame ass rap niggas bruh
, sit down and fuck the whole rap game up, bruh
Trolling and shit, bruh