

Rap on Steroids

Royce da 5'9"

Jahlil beats, holla at me!

Philadelphia meet Detroit
Time to shut your mouth (where your money at?)
Now it's time to show these motherfuckers what's the fuss about (time to go!)
What you dealing with lyrically?
A couple lyricists who don't miss
Niggas ask if Black and Nickle get together for an album, what you gon' get?
You gon' get rap on steroids, rap on steroids
Niggas that's silencers on the nozzle
You won't feel the clap, you'll only hear the noise
Ya'll got these hoes pegged so wrong while you hotel checkin'
I gotta pay these hoes just to keep their clothes on like I'm Odell Beckham
I'm flyer than a hat on Elroy
I just took it back to the Jetsons
I with the static like I got a Crooked I
Near an open exit with a bad connection
Cause no matter where you go
You're fucked if this rubber grip roll back in your direction
What you lookin' at? That's for your protection
This that rap on steroids, nigga, that rap on steroids
I just spit more clairvoyant raps
Than it take to make you half paranoid
Clap a gun at any day or night
Stand over his body then pray to Christ
Like "you gave me life so I'm gon' throw you back one, dear lord"
I'mma throw back one like Fab on the 'Gram
Garage look like it's sponsored by Hasbro
Got the whole ave going HAM
Y'all don't know with what y'all are dealing
I'm on every block, my team bigger
Cause I rap anything I wanna got
The only thing I don't got is feelings
Nigga my mind so clear
Feels like every thought is visine drippin'
No I'm not a lean drinker, but over that Fetty Wap I lean niggas
This that....

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Y'all ran into me on the wrong day
Fuck strong Jay, do gon' say
Just bear arms, you in harms way
You hear alarms, you in Bombay
No Baghdad, get the gas mask
Run break, do a mad-dash to that gun safe
You un-safe in the right place to get blast at
And that's anybody
I stay on that anabolic
I'm far from anatomically correct
Ho's call me that anaconda
Roll a sack of that Santa Barbara
Lead poisonin' in the damn water

Flint, Detroit, Ann Arbor
Philadelphia and Harlem
Roid rage y'all damn problem
Cemetery too damn crowded
I'ma go get the jack hammer
Go bury a body, don't worry 'bout it, don't worry 'bout it
Everybody know everybody
I'm be damned if I didn't hear about it
Thought trifile the assault rifle
Got a twin brother like Irv Gotti, I'm Probably back on steroids
Kinda like crack on steroids
Lou Ferrigno super negro
Gon' and pack your steroids
Nigga my memoir's Renoirs
Everything I do is fine art
Putting rappers in that pine box
When that Black and Nickel Nine spark it's a problem
All stemming from them steroids probably
Got them coming back to Philly like it's heroin callin'
American horror, this that Smith and Wesson revolver
And if, life's a bitch we gon' Rohypnol her
They call it....

Rap on steroids
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Detroit we rappin' on
Steroids, boy
Philly we reppin' on
Steroids, yeah
All the rappers on steroids
Say we rapping on steroids
Nickle I'm rappin' on
Steroids, boy
Pesado rappin' on
Steroids, yeah
All the rap is on steroids
Said we rapping on steroids
I said I said every rap is on steroids
Nuff a them a chat and them a make bare noise
You don't wanna violate and make the K rise
Them a say the rap is on steroids
Nickle I'm rappin' on
Steroids, boy
Shady, I'm rappin' on
Steroids!