

## Royce & Reggie

Royce da 5'9"

Ayo, Royce!  
I don't like that shit, nigga  
I don't like that shit  
Redman in the building  
Royce Five-Fuckin-Nine in the fuckin' buildin'  
Yeah, yeah  
Yessir, let's get 'em, nigga, yo

It's Red, nigga, my bar's up, I hit the gym  
I see you walkin' in my shoes, they're my old Timbs  
And when you ignorant, nigga, media roll them  
And here's the cut, I'm Dr. Dre'in how I bail Em'  
Yeah, in the Bay, they say I'm hella tough  
They say "Red, you spit like kids on that yellow bus"  
Plus I could go a hundred rounds, I hold it down  
Like with smack, sayin' "It's too loud in the background"  
That's me, I need a therapist, attitude airless  
Arrogant like a Eric inheritance  
My middle fingers say "God bless America"  
Drop-top, blood in my mouth, bumpin' Jamiroquai  
I goddamn D 'em, women all on my DM  
Give 'em that super dick, yeah, I Apollo Creed 'em  
I'm workin' smarter, not harder, no doors for my daughter  
She learnin' to be a boss like her father, ehh  
When it come to emceein', niggas ain't got a clue  
That's why no Mission Impossible ya'll for me to Cruise  
And haters hate cause I rock wit' that Coldplay  
He ain't gon' last, he gon' fall, I say "Okay!"  
Watch this while I'm high in a cockpit  
You could die in a moshpit at my show and held for hostage  
Yo Five-Nine! What up, Reggie? I make it clear  
Tell Dae Dae' father that we the king around here

When Redman spittin', Royce, they don't like that  
We two rappin' ass niggas, they don't like that  
I pull up in that G-ride, they don't like that  
I act a fool in the cypher, they don't like that  
Huh, look at your face, you don't like that  
I can tell the way you talkin', you don't like that, huh

I don't like them niggas- I don't like 'em either. Drop a dime on 'em. Fuck them niggas. Lemme go get it

Uh  
I said "Whatever nigga been talkin' big can just die a bigger death"  
Coffins on top of pallbearers, crowdsurfin like Mister Meth'  
I'm slick-handed, 'bout to car-check you, then switch gambits  
Fucked so many bitches; 'bout to start dressin' like Nick Cannon  
You better bring your guitars with you, you ain't with violence  
I suggest you bring your side piece if your wifey ain't a goddess  
I think you're quite a lame imbibement, ya'll niggas party  
Not me, I hang out at bar mitzvahs with Lorena Bobbitt  
My underground train of thought is something you new slaves  
Just can't abolish, askin' "Do Trump wear a toupee?"  
It's crazy as askin' "Do I bump Murals by Lupe?"  
Fly frontier, cry tear tats onto a new page  
To a new moniker, god of your era, born winner

When I die I'm gone with the wind like Scarlett O'Hara  
My Ferrari steering column already put me  
In a different profit margin and era, shit, the Maybach  
Might just put me in Dubai gettin' a white cloth with the Arabs  
Condo so high in the sky, you could fly from right off of the terrace  
There is no such thing as using artists as tax write-offs  
But I have heard of a person buying off a career  
Then ride off in a 911 Carrera  
Leaving behind a artist on Def Jam with the IRS in his ear  
And my question is will ya ever compare  
To that higher up white guy exec who signin' those checks  
Then kill ya

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