

# Silence Of The Lambda

Royce da 5'9"

Let the beat play, Broady

Uh, solidarity like that muscle we refuse to flex  
That synergy that these niggas just refuse to tap into  
In our disparity, match our hustle, we exude success  
Attack us mentally, that's that energy kings get trapped into  
Therefore I'm done promoting the dumb shit  
I'll put a hole in your son while he's holding your Sun Chips  
While you're over there with a chip on your shoulder  
Like you Hova or some shit  
Your flow is redundant, I'll separate your body from soul  
Now your body is cold, spiraling out of control  
Now you're over there, body odor is pungent  
For coming out of your body over assumptions  
Look at all this passive aggressive pussying  
All the past neglectful positions these pussies put me in  
We them cool niggas bringin' food, liquor and fullies In  
They do all the yelling and accuse Nickel of bullying  
Cruelty to MCs Is intellectual vibrato  
Run up full speed, hit niggas with the message like Wallo  
I bleed mint leaf  
I grieve mentally in sync with Ne-Yo and Stevie's sensory  
I squeeze until the Eagle's completely empty  
I'm 3 Dimen-try, now feed me MCs, I'm greed and envy  
Carlito, watch me go repo y'all sweetie's Bentley  
I skid mark through these thoughts with a narc's commit larceny  
I live hardly, to incarcerate me is to kill softly  
Either/or, it's me or it's Bill Cosby  
They tryna kill a Lord online premature as Biz Markie  
Can't expect you to like me more than you love rap beefin'  
You respect white people more than you love black people  
Shit, I let you waste where the apes ate  
I SMH, I let you nay-say, y'all legends ain't safe  
I desecrate Flex, I decorate Sway  
I estimate a hundred left, I let the Kay slay  
I don't carry suitcases on big runs to malls deep  
I don't carry big guns to a small beef  
I don't really care what Mickey Factz has to say, add Lupe  
That's touche, I don't care for big gums and small teeth  
You know the gold all froze if I'ma purchase bling  
Just so you know, not a soul walkin' the Earth this mean  
Bow before the king, kiss the "GOAT" all-purpose ring  
While the God poses like a Bow/Soulja "Verzuz" meme  
Y'all with all the jokes, laugh hard but y'all ridiculous  
I'm with all the smoke, Matt Barnes, Sha'Carri Richardson  
Proving rap pays through the Wraith's cache  
I'm the dude they threw the case at like 8-track tapes  
Blew eight stacks at Peter Luger's 'til it's your faith at stake  
Who waves at the Louis haters through the new Maybach drapes  
We gon' do this for Kanye, if you can relate, that's Drake  
We come shootin' for Conway, Ruger your face back straight  
A hundred and seventy on the dash  
All the felonies and the demonic acts  
With devils like Vlad always selling me all of the trauma back  
I speak to cabarets as a deviation Of drama  
Pastors in wave caps as a recreation of honor  
Glad to appreciate black abbreviations of genres

Battle me A\$AP, that's for PDA with Rihanna  
These male betas with crying attitudes, I ain't mad at you  
My kind of fabric is well tailored to a Byron Allen suit

You are, you are a superstar, a superstar

But usually, I'm choosing peace of Heaven or Taxstone  
From using celery ranch to moving into a new elegant ranch home  
A true MC, y'all doing them regular degular dance songs  
You losin' your teeth, moving like using Kevin Durant comb  
We sheddin' light whenever the mic and drums get blacked on  
The bed of knives, the never polite and young relaxed on  
Here comes the Thundercats song, karate beef, Miyagi  
Keep it completely boxer brief, don't da-dun da-dun get waxed on  
And that's the Ritz  
I'm staying tonight for writing the scripts that last long  
I like my crackers dead and white just like them shits that Shaq own  
Call me Big Cialis, if she stalk then switch my address  
Give Viagra dick diagonal, lick her walls and it's Niagara  
This androgynous fly actress I'm involved with is my Astra  
Lick my ass, and if y'all askin' if I'm gaspin', it's my asthma  
Y'all listenin' to the master whose been talking to the masses  
Whose been listening to thy master through this targeted diaspora  
Y'all get awards to get in wars, I spit water dilution  
I'm ballin', I hit record, I'm gettin' courted by Lucian  
The Lord abuses the blacker culture with actors like Rapaport  
Rap your chorus, distract you boys just to lower the nooses  
The more important the news is, more distorted the views is  
Vax all, they employ Lou to exploit the movement  
To know it's cops killing Blacks, God is a mortal nuisance  
Hole in your top, that's the last straw like quarter juices  
The more exclusive, Dior or Gucci? Imported boosters  
It's still more juvies and 42s that the court accuses  
I wish Nick Cannon the testicular fortitude  
To forty new stepchildren to inject him with the cure to lupus  
Pain ain't even frequent, just evil teasing the godly  
It ain't even inside me, it's just weakness leaving the body  
I flipped my heritage, redefined it to die in jail  
Buy and sell for my clientele but without the Mayans' help  
Ryan, big alliances, clique of lions that's eyein' elk  
Built the giant pyramids in alignment with Orion's Belt  
Well you ain't gotta lie you a hostile guy  
Like you about to ride with new entourage but you not too wise  
You been ostracized, you used to rock with Nas  
You was hot, July, but look at you now, you just Afu-Ra  
Loaded Lux said if we battle then he gon' sit with Lu'  
I told him, "You're dead if we battled, now who gon' sit with you?"  
I'm the great MC, all the ladies see, y'all the latency  
In HD and 1080p and this shit for publicity  
You and Mick couldn't mix your written  
And spit good as a pic of me  
Stop it or sit with the Doc or quit with the hickory dickory  
This Oscar de la Renta cloth is on a Kunta Kinte  
Tutor for the school of pen play, offering a fool the template  
It's hard to differentiate O-Dog or who Larenz Tate  
Judas From Ingrate, who the students from who the sensei  
The car, the mascot far as moving packs on a back block  
Nobody argue with Shaq while rooting Dikembe  
Take your momma out on a date at the Barclay's  
Like I'm Drake on the parquet, call the Uber soon as the rent paid  
When it's the last shot with a second left  
The second bests-es and RJs need to get used to moving with MJ  
Everybody Bron'in' or Allen Iverson cornrows

Heavy grindin' on every island out of the Congos  
I have not encountered violent exchange through a convo  
So I don't holler, I do the bodies, Janes and John Does  
We can kick it, be specific or meet with my Timberland sole  
Y'all timid and bold, y'all feminine trolls pretending it's smoke  
Got bitches sniffin' Armenian blow, I'm Benny, I'm Kenny and Cole  
I'm Bimmy and Po, I'll hit my enemy and chalk any opposed  
If Umi said you really the GOAT, who tryna hit 'em the mos'?  
I'm hollering that we outside like my nigga King Los  
I hardly heart, you be outside unless y'all be whispering low  
"We back outside", quit lying, ho, you sound like Remy and Joe  
No, watch the reactions of your kids  
Masculinity ain't what's toxic, the absence of it is  
I'm Jill Scott playin' Gil Scott Heron  
With Preem, H.E.R. and D'Angelo, queen serving me cantaloupe  
Hammock low, swerve Lambs on Atlanta roads  
Earl "Animal" Manigault, furs lamb or the nana goat  
The pearl handle where ammo go  
Answer war with your girl, nana or aunt'll go  
Cancel cultures annual, Santa Po is the anecdote  
Cancer don't take for granted no family though  
The streets won't hand us no manual so we go Hansel Emmanuel  
You forgot the dude who about the Chi whose was locked inside  
Without him, you'd be dead, probably dread standing beside you  
Fed salmon and lied to, while the red camera disguise you  
You violent but where was that for the Craig Kallmans and Kaisers?  
Nine minute style about me, I had to make fun of bro  
I got plenty problems, my nigga, rappin' ain't one of those  
Rappin' ain't one of those...