

Success

Royce da 5'9"

I got these niggas Keno. Bar Exam 2 baby
Let that bitch breathe
(Armz)

I used to give a fuck
Now I could give a fuck less
What do I think of success? It sucks
To much sex
My life is a fuck fest
And I ain't blew up yet
Yet
Let that bitch breathe!
I used to give a shit
Now I could give a shit mo'
Cause I could pull a bitch mo'
Spit Cris, get a clique Christmas, trick doe
Went from livin' piss po' to livin' like I'm Rich Po
The clip explodes
Extended clip looks like it floats
It sparks, get smart before it smokes
Get close and get you a slit throat
A long kiss
You get you a mistletoe
On it's toe tag
Touch you fags quick as Chris Stokes
Pause
I'm bout doe to my outro
So your ass gonna bounce that check your mouth wrote
Ha, like you need Beef
I do you like I do these beats
Then instigate it like I'm QDIII
I've been the greatest, I'm just seein' what's good
I put you in a fucked up spot
Like front seat in the beamer with Suge
Uh
"I wish a nigga would"

Let that bitch breathe

Now peep this
It's like I need three chicks
One Cup to freak this
Reach this level of speakin'
Or eat shit
Shit
I'll shit on y'all niggas
Veezy tell 'em
"Man, y'all ain't got shit on my nigga" (Whow!)
I need a whole new world to fit my big shoes in
And you can have an accident while I'm out with my bitch cruisin'
Slip and bump your head on the bullet
Your clique's losin'
I'll give you "99 Problems" but I ain't Rick Rubin
It's Nickel you bluffin'
You in a pickle, kickin' the bucket
I'm pullin' strings like I'm liftin' a puppet
Ass buster

And I Remain Raw, you can ask Busta
Ask Ras, "Is 5'9" a bad mother
Fucker?"
As far as beef, put it all to sleep
Til I'm at peace like I'm the soul of Chad Butler
R.I.P
Nigga, your fans love ya
As far as I am concerned, you was the last of ya
Back to my guns
Get clapped by my guns
You act like you want it until they ringin' as loud as a bad muffler
You celebrity raps niggas is mishaps
You wack
I'd rather hear Hugh Heff's bitch rap
Or Shar
I know what you thinkin'
"He's dissin' Bizarre."
You over thinkin' it bitch, get in the car
That's my nigga
We'll run a trizzy on you then play you to the left
Like when Jimmy Hendrix flipped the guitar
Owww
Ride with me, who live as me?
What nigga you know will look him right in his eyes and squeeze?
Obie
Let that bitch breathe