

# Thou Shall

Royce da 5'9"

Thou shalt not fuck with Detroit me  
Never owned a coogie, Ford truck, or a pair of them gator Maureys  
Please hold your applause for these parables and stories  
Give all praise to Allah, to God be the glory  
My Papa raised me like I'm a dog with rabies  
Playin' the hard-to-hard in a dropped Mercedes  
Ridin' with the chopper daily  
Pupils dilated like I'm Sada Baby  
Nozzle on that gun larger than the one on that Gaga lady  
Play with my time like I'm a playful don  
My arm comes out the car, my window down like I'm tryna borrow some Grey Pou  
pon  
First these bitches love it, then they hate it, then they hate to love it  
I'm straight with publishin', I don't care if the radio station's stubborn  
Y'all hate us busters, I'm David Ruffin  
It'll take me nothin' to put your life on a dollar menu right there by the E  
gg McMuffin  
While these boys order shots, snortin' rocks, and importin' thots  
I'm floatin' with 40 knots to the bag, like I'm a border cop  
Any artist in hip-hop fuck with Nickel stock, sure to drop  
Especially if he Russel Wilson, good guy, sorta pop  
You sure to die, pallbearer's brain flowers, he's mortified  
Me and Porter got the same stayin' power that hoarders got  
Whoever Superman, I got kryptonite in these hands  
But I'd rather soup-a-man, leave you liquified with these cans  
I don't care if you rap niggas is trendin', topic your shit is garbage  
You couldn't make a classic out of that trash if you had Brenda drop it  
You at the rental car spot Enterprise, while I'm enterprisin'  
I don't cop my whips without coppin' rims and a body kit and my tint is dark  
ened  
Closest I'ma probably get to window shoppin'

Alright we're gonna try a new sound

Uh, yeah, yeah

Alright we're gonna try a new sound

Say goodbye to the good guy

I hot boxed on your block and I got the whole hood high

You know who all the dead niggas is, they tryna look live

Instagram post bank accounts, it wouldn't look right

Your favorite rapper's sweet, you look up to geeks

I wanna flip the world upside down and make all you niggas look up to the st  
reets

I don't believe none of you frail niggas

A man should never be described as petite

I don't wait when it's war, I'm on some now shit

Leave your mama prayin' over beef, I halal shit

All these foul styles goin' 'round and y'all allow it

No skill required, the game's overcrowded

So when a rapper say he can spit now, I doubt it

You could listen to Future but just know who the now is

I get to share a stage with Nickel Nine, that's crazy

We on tour with Eminem, baby, that's Shady

Room full of naked chicks, surrounded by pussy

'Cause I rap amazin', you at the crib hatin'

With your kittens, lookin' like the weird cat lady

Trippin' watchin X-vids while I'm with your ex-bitch, 'til I'm restless

Don't want me to send goons to investigate they faux niggas  
And believe me, it's hard to find a coffin that's pretzel shape  
When goin' to the special place  
Say an extra grace, black men in America ain't just slaves  
Long as the queen don't need nothin' for [?] a seven  
While I'm still buildin' credit outta debt  
I know where I'm headed, I don't need the reverend  
Royce gave me access to the lab, I got the key to Heaven