

# Trust The Shooter

Royce da 5'9"

Long live the one who got the gun in his hand with his own plan  
Long live the grown man with no gun but still he knows the land  
Long live the one truest  
Death to the one foolish  
Long live the one who ain't gon' say shit, he just gon' come bump into you  
Death to the man who loves himself less than he loves his fucking jewelry  
Long live the man who gon' be the street judge and the fucking jury  
Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' Ruger  
I don't give a fuck who he is, trust the fucking shooter

So many flows, so many flows, so many flows  
Niggas close so many, so so many, so many doors  
Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' Ruger  
The rabbit got the gun now, nigga  
Trust the fucking shooter

Nigga I'm focused like a motherfucker  
Niggas with me loc'n' like a motherfucker  
Pencil barrels smoking like a motherfucker  
When we a rogue shit we chip and dale your whole clique  
We put you where you folks is  
Nigga shoutout to GDs  
And Chiraq, I rock with the D's Gs  
On the car lot like keys please  
And anywhere you hope to be is hopeless  
Cause we in the posted like a motherfucker  
Shoot the funeral up, to the pulpit, podium  
Obituary, smokin' like a motherfucker  
Y'all emotional gangsters, 2016 Emo G's  
Millennials, from the means streets of beefing through memes tweets, and emo jis  
And Blogs  
Sleep on me, I'mma see to it that you see more Z's  
When there's beef I don't call niggas  
Niggas call me and when they call, call the police  
If he ain't grow up wit us  
We'd John Doe 'em  
We John Doe  
A nigga quick  
Leave his frame tore up, shit  
Even Jane Doe her if she with him, Jane Doe a nigga's bitch  
But I ain't aim for it though  
Gun powder and cocaine for my cane corso  
I came into your home  
Openin' 4-4's  
Even though I came in full clothes  
Death in the air got me laying mo-low  
You could pay for protection  
Whoever you with when you disrespect payin' for it, though  
The lord is my shepherd  
All the people is sheep  
Call me the anchor  
I come from the bottom  
I'm deep when I speak on the violence reporting the evil I see  
I know what you thinking  
Here we go, another song about a nigga who got a gun but it's not  
It's a song about a nigga who don't got a gun getting shot

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Trust the fucking shooter  
For you back out make the moves  
Shit I've seen this happen a million times  
Uh, right, long live all the hustlers that come and cop with straight cash  
Long live the plugs that show love, but still got class  
Death to the ones get it on their arm and run off with cash  
Long live all the goons who get half just to find their ass  
Line your fast, you could never minute past rapidly  
Long nose, think sneeze at you  
You know a nigga sinus bad  
Ten nine, you never mind to rag  
I sit and wonder how much mind you had  
Long flight, had the time to lag  
I came from cross the road, to cross the globe  
To off the load, to get all kinds of bags  
Proceed  
You know when I go I OD  
Me and my Co-D  
Like Orenthal and AC  
Roll a Fonto  
Got the Bronco lit  
Uhh, four-fifth  
One four-fifth  
Seatbelt strap  
Eyes focused

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