

# Wait

Royce da 5'9"

Shoot...

Trust the fuckin' shooter

Being feared goes farther than any part of me having respect does  
So I play to the tune of my own eardrum  
While I'm out on my quest, love  
I don't speak on behalf of myself, but my impeccable rep does  
Christmas morning I remember waking up wishin' I could just go to sleep  
Cause we only got like two toys a piece  
I ask my pops did he do more for me?  
He said "yes, I got you clothes and heat  
And let you keep a whole two rows of teeth"  
Ha, I'm royalty  
I took whoopin's, I took losses, but no defeats  
Been dropped, and been shelved with no release  
Been in jail, no commissary or relief  
But God looks over me like a cross and rosary  
Rifle in hand, I let niggas have it, I won't hesitate  
Writes on the cans in the cabinet "section eight"  
My son got on them three-fifty boots Kanye West is dressed in bape  
Askin' me questions 'bout gettin' to second base  
Uhh, wifey textin' SMH, house phone ringin' off the hook  
Conference calls from record labels, guess I'm late  
But, my other son's autistic, he wants my attention  
This might just be my defining moment, let them wait

It's my time now, nigga; let them wait  
Pick up the phone, tell 'em hold; let them wait  
Old friends comin' to they senses tryna' reconcile  
After I fell out with them, well fuck them niggas; let them wait

Wait, I'm here for that green, for that mula  
You scheme, I see right through ya  
I'm regal like a Akeem, father King of Zamunda  
One thing's for sure I think they do know  
That me, and Porter, and Jake Uno  
We don't play no games, no, we play sumo  
We attempt to flatten into action  
With all these average, flacid defenseless rappers  
I have no problem killing like sent assassins  
They temper's bad when my temper's graphic  
They hide or they fly while I'm high and flyer  
I'm intergalactic, I've been spectacular  
Flippin' like I invented spatulas, my lyrics is futuristic  
I'm in here with my vintage ratchet with prints and scratches  
My mental action-ly incapacitates fast as my passion  
And pen surpasses my Aston  
And leave a skid road in the street like I'm into smackin'  
I fill my engine with acid  
With my finger wrapped around a hair-trigger that resembles lashes  
I get into bitches quick and then I get distracted  
I'm like the stock market, just like that, my interest crashes  
Like a cymbal, my symbol should be expensive glasses  
She with me, she a afro-centric nympho chick with a ass did  
She callin' me back-to-back for a second date  
While my ex is callin' for make-up-dick.. let them wait  
Money all over the ground like Scotty from New Jack City, I weapon wave

Everybody, step away  
They said that we should go our separate ways, in high school  
Now they wanna jump the line in my shows.. let them wait  
My whole life, they pressured me.. let them wait  
You rushin' me you rushin' excellence.. let them wait  
Police in my rear-view mirror with they sirens on  
But I'm a call my lawyer first 'fore I pull over.. let them wait

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