

Wall Street

Royce da 5'9"

You are now rocking to the sounds of my dawg. DJ Green Lantern
Bar Exam 2 nigga. It's a motherfuckin' holiday bitches

I slang hope to the world like my name was Obama
Shakin' hands with your father while I'm fuckin' yo momma
Drama
But I'ma say I'm in a league of my own
Blowin' my own horn
Horns of my cousin, Chevy in Texas
I had to shout him out he's from the south
Got pussy with me for my brother when he get out
No doubt
It goes one for the money
Two for the show
Three for the M.I.C. now let's go
June's flow is pro
Turn my speakers up louder
Learn my shit
Then recite it up in the shower
No homo
Yeah, peep my promo on behalf of the Bar Exam 2
This is my message from me to you
They'll probably be happy when I'm long gone
But that'll never happen cause I got way too many songs
MC's take note, but don't quote too much
Find your own style and get 'mo in touch
Plus
Pussy make the world go round and mine spinnin' out of control
Where I'ma stop, nobody knows
You don't want me close to ya
Scared I might roast ya
But if I should stop, then who these streets gonna toast to?
Here's the book of life, I just wrote you a new page
Inspired by the beat, by the smell of my purple haze
Hey, Grand River niggas up to no good
June 1st
I bring you all closer to my hood

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Yeah, yeah
Uh huh

My appetite for destruction
My type to do the bustin'
I eat the beat up like I got an appetite for percussion
Lighten the mood like it's night and there's moonlight
Platoon, high on them shrooms but this ain't no food fight
Witch
I could fly on a broom stick to my rude type
My crew don't be 'bout no excuses, gesundheit
God bless you, sneeze
I'll wet you, sleeves
Your arms ain't like ours yet, our recipe is...
Beef on a platter
Go on and chatter, it don't matter
My cheese, I'm eatin' like I'm obese but only fatter

I only know how to do it the Harriet Tub way
I'm Underground like the Railroad, I'm prepared to get ugly
My narrative thug day, can only compare me to drugs
I take a nigga way from him like Jared from Subway
You, could, never ever be on my level
You don't know what you're in
But you're in/urine guns like I took a pee on my metal
Just me and my shuttle
We fly
We go together like my feet and my petal
We ride
How could I not be greatest?
When I got Muhammad Ali boxin' inside me in Vegas
Aye
Haters
I just wanna say this
I know I'm underrated
But I ain't under paid when it comes to makin'
Money
I'm so hot I feel like the son of Satan
I'm so hot I feel like the sun is hatin'
Your bitch
Hhhhuhhhhuhhhh
Breathin' like a hundred H's
I am the reason for your under takin'
There's only one equation
And it equals I am the sum of greatness

Yeah, yeah
Uh huh