

We Ridin

Royce da 5'9"

Riding, surviving (Royce 5'9")
Trying not to die, and tryna cop a island
Five-Nine and sleazy
The game needs me, cause I'm drama
I got problems, I can't resolve 'em
It's no beefing, I can't call 'em
We riding, surviving
Tryin not to die then, look 'em in his eyes then

Remember me? The hype man that came in to blaze shit
Brought in by the white man like I came on a slave ship, in chains
Good old master done turned his back on the only rapper
Can match him and burn him on his own track with him
No going back wit him, cause holmes acting
Like he's got Capone backing him, why? He's gone platinum
Wow, I'm hurt cause now it's words
Cause now he's famous 'bout as down to Earth as Uranus or worse
My value will grow with my next release cut the check
I suggest you invest in extra ink
My next album should raise the brow of every man
Woman and child, and today I gotta get paid
Cause you gotta sign on your door that says keep out
I can't find you no more I can't reach out
You truly know more later after you learn
My last favor to ask you is where, don't do me no more favors

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I'mma show you mothafuckas, how to go from no buzz to a big-ass buzz
I'm a ill mothafucka, I don't need nobody to hold my mothafuckin' hand
Whatever nigga, one-hundred, '03 is my year, nigga
Royce 5'9"
The Drama King, nigga... DRAMA!

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(In the background)
Rock City Version 2.0 in stores right now
Feel me?!
Dead or Alive the new album coming in spring, niggas
If y'all are not gonna buy the motherfucker, pray for me
If not, FIGHT me, motherfucker! Holla...
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