

Writer's Block

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, yeah
I don't know what else to say
I can't, I can't think of nothin'
I'm stumped
Here we go (Here we go)

On your feet (On your feet)
Stand up (Stand up)
Everybody hands up (Hands up)
Uh, man, I dunno, man
Everytime I go to think of something played out to say
You already said it

I ain't calling names cause all of y'all the same, plus
I'm the king, all my past pain all done changed up
All these plains, all these lames, since the Slaughter's came up
Cause they know they hands tied, feet ball and chained up
Niggas be quick to call me the new 50 Cent
Because of my relationship with Marshall
Used to make me a little partial, but here's the brain fuck
We the same cuz
I'm probably about to fall out with a young buck
While I attempt to fuck the fucking game up
Bitch, splat, only thing I fear in here is chit-chat
You are hearing bars like your ear against a Kit Kat
Shady guys like the Navy, drive, wavy bye-bye
Maybe my Glock can turn your top to baby's Maybach
My shit is powerful, literally sick, trust me nigga
It's ugly to kill a thing if the bigger I get
The more disgusting and fuckin' disfigured it gets
Niggas expect me to go pop, oh, stop
Y'all about the champagne, I'm about the toast
I, only fuck with mailmen with heroin from Boca
Niggas that'll smoke you while you staring in your postbox
Only incense he enlightens when he's thinkin'
While that sinks in, I got a Brinks ink pen
I'm back, muthafucker
Notice the flyness on the cover of the XXL
I'm back from the dead like Tobey Maguire from the Brothers
How y'all realer? (How y'all realer?) If I said it, I did it
If I didn't, I seen it first-hand like a car dealer
Give up the throne, your lease up, I am the Mona Lisa
That decoded Da Vinci Code, you throwin' your piece up
Is a waste of fake like a phony B-cup
Nigga, the mistake was like my only teacher
Wait 'til they get a load of me 'cause

I've got Gucci's on my feet
Diamonds on my neck
Diamonds on my wrist
Bitches on my dick
But y'all already said that

Choppers in the trunk
Models in the front
Bottles in the club
But I don't give a fuck

But y'all already said that

Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard

For me to come up with shitty to say (Ayyyyyy)

I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all

I think I'm runnin' out of cliches

I'm gettin' writer's block

Psyche!