

Royce Da 5'9 F/ Twista

"Bring You Down"

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(Verse 1)

Top of the food chain, It's just the way that I do things
The dungaree seats in the blue Range
I'm working with new change, a Gemini nigga with
mood swings
had the fiends looking for new things
I stopped playin' with birds and stated playin' with
words
the money wasn't right, so I had to stay on the kerb
And I'll be a player later. But for now
Call me pootay 'Kiss, if not that? Montega Jada
I kick hard bars and blow hard weed
and be everywhere, 'cause I move at God's speed
And my aim is to make y'all bleed
Y'all got embarrassed in the class when the teacher
used to make y'all read
Uh-huh, Mind over matter
And that's all good but fuck that
My new shit is spine over bladder
And everybody tryin'a get to the top, and that's all
good too
but right now - I'm on the ladder

(Chorus)

Look at you then, and (uh-huh)
Look at you now. (yeah)
Don't let this cold cold world, (uh-uhhh)
Bring you down. (x2)

(Verse 2)

I know your queen got her eyes on me
I got my eyes on your queen, The SMG is Heinekken
green
Mad thing is you know before long that we gon' get it
on
My kit costs thirty and ten to put it on
No tints, windows clean - heavy Windex
gears on the steering wheel, I shift 'em with my index
Real life - it's just in another form
Kiss Of Death, it's about to be another storm
I'm a goddamn raging bull

Stay out of jail by just tellin' myself the cage is full
Got niggaz on the payroll, just to squeeze
You're in no position to challenge my expertise
They get a bonus if they leave you
Old school - from the era of the 45's with the penny on
the needle
Boss of the bosses, so please don't violate or cross him
Or you'll be the corpse of the corpses

(Chorus x2)

(Verse 3)

Uh- Huh, You know thw word anger
is just one letter short of the word danger, and I aint no
stranger
Never use a gat more than twice if you don't clean it
and never say fuck something if you don't mean it
And when it comes to life, the route you've been using
thus far aint working right?
Take the scenic
Whatever faith you got, put in a crook
Wanna hide something from a nigga? Put it in a book
Trust me, this album, the vapour's gon' go around
If you aint hot, you need paper to throw around
Yeah, it's getting clearer every day
When you wake up in the morning, look in the mirror
and say

(Chorus x2)

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