

Royce Da 5'9" f/ June the Great

"Wall Street"

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[Intro] [Royce talking] You are now rocking to the sounds of my dawg. DJ Green Lantern Bar Exam 2 nigga. It's a motherfuckin' holiday bitches [Verse One] [June the Great] 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 [Chorus] Wall Street Wall Street Yeah, yeah Uh huh [Verse Two] 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 Hhhuhhhhuhhhh
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

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