

Royce Da 5'9" f/ Marv Won

"Happy Bar Exam 2"

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[Intro] Yo, Green Lantern man. You know how we do man. We shittin' on niggas dot com It's a fuckin' invasion you bastards We a problem Scratches "Invasion" - Nas Green Lantern [Marv Won] Aye, aye I'm back on my bullshit Come chill with the crook I'm rejuvenated bitch, I feel as good as I look That's awesome Show me who's talkin' and I'll off 'em From Austin to Boston, make 'em floss in coffins Shit, if I ain't the man, I'm standin' next to him Starvin' Somebody bring me a Dexitrim To suppress my appetite I feast on niggas who ain't rappin' right Learn in the after life If I ain't the best baller, I'm right after Mike Cockier than the nigga that make +Flashing Lights+ I'm the king of the jungle I'll stop all the scoring of your block without bringin' Mutumbo A 100 round drums is what I bring to the rumble Brash I ain't get a thing when I was humble And why should I be? Niggas ain't good as me The best black champ we had in a while like Booker T One of the best, but overlooked like I'm Pusha T You little pussies get fucked Here go the douche for free There ain't too much that Marv can't do Make way for royalty Happy Bar Exam 2 [Royce Da 5'9"] You welcome Bubble like Seltzer Bubble lights do a double life crime what else then? Gun shots kinda sound like the llama belchin' Shittin' like I'm rhymin' in the John like Elton I turn a nigga into stone Send out a blast like an e-mail to shoot ya Female Medusa +It Wasn't Me+ like Shaggy Denaun [da nine] did it Like a fag was snitchin' on D-12 producer Give you a buck 50 this evenin' This is my time of the month If you ain't fuckin' with me you bleedin' I can't count how many whips I be stickin' keys in Bitch, you ain't dissin' me, you just committin' treason Red wine or Reislin? Has been, I'm a "he's been..." Everywhere I'm Bigger than Cease's friend Lyrics written down with a G's pen Hood rats on me cause I'm in a trap I'm gonna give her cheese then She with me, she never dick teasin' Wrist freezin' She's tellin' me I'm just seizin' She do whatever I tell her as long as it's with reason So I'm gonna tell her to blow me till she quits breathin' She playin' position, but it's me receivin' The cum comin' through them gums looks like

the bitch teethin' Diss me, get treated like you was just
leavin' After I quit squeezin' I'm the shit fool Every year
in my past, my shit list grew Niggas switched up and
got ripped up like Rick Rude Yeah, I don't fuck around
with that mic You try to fuck with me you probably fuck
around with that white What you a cluck? I psycho spit
Y'all writtin' with lead I'm writtin' my rhymes with rifle
tips I'm excitin' like highlights of Michael's clips I run
the net like my mics a microchip Nickle Happy Bar
Exam 2 It's a holiday nigga

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