

## **Royce Da 5'9" f/ Phonte**

### **"Something 2 Ride 2"**

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[Intro/Break - Royce Da 5'9"] This is a little something to ride to Kick back and just catch a vibe to I pop me a pill, I drink me another drink, if I was you [Verse 1 - Royce Da 5'9"] I got the flyest arsenal Clip filled to capacity, you can call me the fire marshal I'm ape with shit, I'm on my gorilla thing, thing Me and Preme, you can call us the guillotine team We chop off heads, pop off lead If it pops off, we spendin that rock star bread We doin numbers like the box office Nigga you ain't tryin to box, then stop talkin I got niggaz from Watts to Boston From New York to the Chi to Austin So even if my eyes is off ya, other eyes is on ya That belongs to them killers that's gon' ride up on ya, bong (bong) It's gasoline in my tongue, PatrÃ³n in my kidneys, weed in my lungs Trigger on my index finger, handle in my palm is ringin my animal alarm My mind is on Hannibal Lec', demand the respect I'm takin your life unless you hand me a check [Chorus - Phonte] (Royce Da 5'9") I've been around, seen some things, sexed a lot of girls I did my time but in my mind, I'm still thinkin it's my world [woo-ooo] (I got my finger on the pulse of this music shit, I'm the truest [woo-ooo] Now tell me who this sick and you can swallow everything that's comin through this dick) [Verse 2 - Royce Da 5'9"] Reignin King of the boom bap Bomb strapped to my chest askin "where ya goons at?" I'm old school like a StarTek On a voyage like Star Trek Me unemployed is far fetched I'm hot, I got corduroy flow You can picture but can't shake it, the Polaroid show I book niggaz for shows and put niggaz in comas So I hope that you niggaz is roamers 'Cause my niggaz is Ryders like Winona But we just tryin to have a "Good Time" like Willona I'm a zoner, all I do is zone out like a stoner As far away as Estonia I'm a sucker for a good suckin So tell ya bitch that's it's best if she investin with this good luckin Mami would you rather fly over niggaz heads or keep your ass in the hood duckin? [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Royce Da 5'9"] Pardon my French, talk English Steal your job, the discount is the five fingers That's why Preme is the head not King My drive's on my toes, I got my Bedrock swing "Street Hop" is a culture I rock with the vultures

to make bread with the opposite toaster I'm Py-  
reckless, I'm kitchen, equip sickenin And my neckless  
is glistenin, it's expensive So don't mention your ice  
whenever you mention my rhymes (why?) 'Cause my  
pencil is priceless So what you runnin for? Nigga I'm  
comin for you, if I'm the hyphen, then you the  
underscore True and I'm lawless packin I ain't no  
designer but I got a flawless jacket, whoa After  
+Boom+, this afternoon It's night, night, when me and  
Preme come back for more [Chorus] [Break]

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