

Royce Da 5'9" f/ Trick Trick

"We Deep"

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[Intro: Trick Trick] Nephew, these lil' faggot pussy-ass bitch-ass niggaz think they wanna do somethin with us~? What they wanna do with the D? [Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"] All you gotta do is say my name I make the gun sing (sing) like (ooooh) You don't want it, I'll have you niggaz bleedin Layin down hurtin on the corner like (owwww) Close yo' mouth, before yo' mouth (oooooooooh) Gets you into somethin with them Detroit niggaz WE DEEP! [Royce Da 5'9"] C'mon with that, the throne's intact We the reason niggaz gotta buy they own shit back Thirty niggaz spit black in this bitch strapped Foul-mouth niggaz get a clip, full of tic-tacs (woooo!) Mr. Porter's sick track, Trick Trick back This that, riff-raff, tell your bitch lick that Alcoholic ass clique, this a big frat Cross the line when we steppin it's gon' be click-clack {*blam*} Niggaz fakin, they throwin them hissy fits They make us start but they ain't makin out like ya boy and his kissy bitch 'Til they get taken out like your boy do his prissy bitch My high price laywer's still hood like a Dickie fit My words like a fo'-fo' on page Hold on, you gon' collapse like JoJo on stage If you, ever fuck around with me I'll lift you It's however you want it long as I ain't gotta ride wit'chu! [Chorus] [Trick Trick] Okay, Trick... The godfather and the king of the D Leavin these niggaz slept butt-ass naked like they was sleepin with me You lil' bad mouth faggot-ass lil' boys I was bustin seven-six-two's, when you was playin with toys {"Transformers!"} Hahaha - G.I. Joe Motherfucker you like playin games, well see I don't I like, givin the order for distributin the satchel Denyin allegations that I was the one that got you FUCK 'EM! Kill 'em all and let the Lord sort 'em out Duct tape, covered with lines and board up the house Go on nigga run yo' mouth, and go out of place But hide yo' momma, brothers and sisters cause nobody's safe I paid mine a long time ago, you ain't seen dues I got a family that'll knock these bitches out of they shoes So listen to a professional, we'll get the best of you And run a gas truck through the center of yo' position, nigga! [Chorus] [Royce Da 5'9"] Show me some respect, or get your shit checked You act dry then you probably gon' get your shit wet I ain't tryin to

be Big, give me a big check Then spit tecs, split up the
team like DipSet [Trick Trick] Okay, see these niggaz
rollin deep in a truck Got the world sayin Detroit niggaz
skeetchy as fuck! Takin niggaz shit for nothin, but if
you say somethin Fully automatic double clips I'll be
dumpin [Royce Da 5'9"] Dumpin, boy we hot, look at the
dough we got Broke, no we not; he spoke then you
know he's shot Slug him with forty shots, the proof is
my porty pot My crew startin shit like your boy 40 Glocc
[Trick Trick] You niggaz worry about me you better
worry about sweets Goon Squad, M.I.C., controllin the
streets Fuck with niggaz that take bread for heads,
cocaine slangers Fuck you lil' sissy-ass MySpace
gangbangers (hohh!) [Chorus] [Outro: Royce] Geah,
Goon Squad Crip ass Motherfuckin M.I.C. gang ass
Street Lord Mafia ass niggaz Y'all niggaz come here
you better call somebody Trick, me, Juan Call one of
the bosses

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