

Grits

"Don't Try This at Home"

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"You Have Agreed, Not To Try This At Home. Anything Else"

[Proof]

Who am I?

I'm a basterd, I stolen off ya and blast at ya
Smokin' more blacks than the part time wars in Africa
I'll ?? out the martyrs for beef
Rest in piece alot of you reef(?) designing your greef
By snatchin' your brother, smackin' your lover
Paralizing your cousins, smokin' your mother's
husbands
A dozen chosen showguns to shotguns
Roll up on you with no guns but still pop one
I bomb like napalm from the curb to your house
And "Please God" the last words out ya mouth
No affiliates, just dogs and troops
Most lyin' death than this morgue and roots
All we choose to beef, I bring spatulas
Flip it and throw it back at ya, so bring your gat with ya
Spectacular murder manufacturer, fuck binocular
Only heaters talkin, I'm trappin ya just to flattin ya
Hop in the accura, roll up on the back of ya
Chill out in 5, and then them niggaz act alive
I smoke branches from off the tree tops
I hang with real niggaz, PA's, PK's and Pete Rock
Y'all niggaz with pre-ops, spill blood and Reeboks
Don't discriminate blastin rookies on the e-box(?)
Your streetforce involves just for excitement
Like if you wasnt you never heard of enditement
I sum it up quick so that you can understand me
Fuck you, your crew, your bitch and your whole family

[Bizarre]

Bizarre's a villin, bitch I ain't illin
I'll pull your fucking head off while your ass is
winddillin'
Go heads the triggers of the penot scott villian(?)
Vericons(?) march, atleast shoot a million
Dirty Dozen the first week? at least a billion
If not, it's back to robbing and stealin'

Bizarre's the illest, the shitty is the worst
A thousand dollars for any nigga that can last longer
than a verse
And what's the worst is I don't give a damn
Offer Garth Brooks a stolen grand am
Come to your record label, take all your doe
Take your rap name and have your manager booking
you shows
I don't give a fuck if we don't get along
Bitches know my name without the Slim Shady song,
bitch..

We in this bitch with DJ Butter
Who gives a fuck?
We in this bitch with Wallstreet and we don't give a fuck
about nothing

"You Have Agreed, Not To Try This At Home. Anything
Else?"

[Royce Da 5'9]
Yeah yeah..
What's my motherfucking name? Royce Nickle Nine
A messiah of all, much higher than y'all, undeniably
raw
Quick to blow the fuck up and reform again
The bomb threat re-occured, re-warn your men
I promise you get toared up and re-torn again
Not one slur or word will be re-born again
As long as the shit cracks and they turn a loop up
I spit it until it's pitch black and burn the roof up
Better step the fuck up for the shit getting spit
Turns to whips getting lit, turns to tick-tick-tick
Niggaz be rapping just for the clubs, just for the love
That hit you had in the club sound like shit in the truck
That's why I love that nigga X, cause he raised my brow
With every rhyme, without having to take my style
It'll be a cold day in hell when these two soldiers lay in
hell
Talk to me

[Billy Nix]
Billy Nix, I'm really sick of this silly shit
Rappers, get on the mic, swearing they're really spit
But you really fake, tough guy stop at your thirty-eight
Drop your gloves and get taped, stop with your murder
rate
Alot of kids listening to you
Wishing they you, wishing they was in a position with
you to piss on their crew
Buttfuck all your sickness, we got the medicine

I'd rather piss on the capital, shit on the president
X-Government, still flowing, still showing
I know where you niggaz come from, know where you
niggaz going
We was all raised in the same dangerous cell
Understand I ain't a stranger to hell, I just don't like it
Rappers say the same thing getting retired
So I write something I like and pray that you bite it
Take an old gangsta rapper and make him retire
Take a young conscious rapper and keep him inspired
Black man, where you at man, take a stand
They taking this rap shit like they took our land
Fuck America that's right, you ain't hear me stutter
Wallstreet, Dirty Dozen with DJ Butter

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