

## Joe Dolce

### "D-Elite"

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Once again relax, it's just music.  
Niggaz right here, show you how I do  
Niggaz right here, show you my crew  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah

Fuck a team like you who swing like you  
We block shots in the ring lightning  
Rock hot rocks kill, get the cream still  
Blasphemous mind ill steal rhyme skill  
Nas couldn't rhyme for this, Nickel-Nine will  
I go through, cool out, blow a whole crew  
Cool out bro, out-glow a whole jewel  
We bout to blow up, got your nose up  
You could catch a blocka-blocka try to stop or hold us  
And your block a whole bust, live news  
Ride through with one girl and five dudes  
Best crew in the D, niggaz best move  
All you niggaz gun sleep and your vest used  
Niggaz bluffin, bore me, nothin for me  
The only overlord me, only glory, you reach!  
Wake up and smell the aroma nigga you sleep  
The contract is out on The King, nigga you breach  
D-Elite - Jah, Cut Throat  
Billy Nix, Little, Nickle, Cha, upmost  
Respect dawgs, expect your neck cut rope  
The barrel of the Swiss, whole tec up close  
If the block was any hotter I could start a cult  
I was trouble the minute my momma's water broke  
You never see the weak destroy me, I'm focused  
I was raised by a postal employee, need I say more?  
{\*echoes\*}

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