

## Joe Tex

### "Knuckle Up"

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[Hush] + (Royce)  
What? (Knuckle up)  
Yeah.. (Whatchu say?)  
Hush (Uhh uhh, Royce Nickel-Nine)  
Yeah, we represent Detroit Rock City  
(And we'll FUCK you up!) Yo, yo, yo!

[Hush]  
You're fuckin with a straight-up menace  
That'll run inside your apartment complex and start  
sprayin tenants  
I stick bastards for a wealthy scheme  
Punch through your chest and snatchin out your self-  
esteem  
Stabbin your spleen, precise like a javelin team  
Grabbin the green, quicker than a crack and a fiend  
Quick draw, faster than it takes you to blink  
I spit thoughts, faster than it takes you to think  
You catchin a sink, drownin in whatever you drink  
I'm huntin you down, bustin at your leather or mink  
I'm meltin your ice, I'm heated in your average rink  
Lockin it down, and rockin like I'm trapped in the clink  
Slappin a freak, trappin every rat or a fink  
Fast with the ink, blast you out your hat or your link  
Shatter your teeth, every time you chatter or breathe  
Unravel your cream, Detroit it's ether that or the bing  
Hush, I get madder and mean  
Matter of fact, all of y'all get splattered in three - pieces  
Just your body and arms in shirts sleeveless  
Beggin for Jesus, before your heart collapses and  
seizes  
Who needs this, crush the fine line  
I'll be on the phone callin my boys and 5'9"  
Detroit city cats that are born with nine lives  
And I use that are yours, you better shoot me nine  
times!

[Chorus 2X: Hush] + (Royce)  
Knuckle up! If you see us cop a plea and duck  
Knuckle up! (When you see us in the streets in a truck)  
Knuckle up! If you see us droppin B's in a buck

Knuckle up! (When you see us in the D, nigga what!)

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Uhh uhh.. yo yo, yo

I done took more bitches off more niggaz hands

And, more niggaz ran from po-po's in a van

Stick to my word so I don't threaten niggaz no more

If I make you a promise then it's safe to say that it's honest

My guns, tired from being fired, while yours sit on the shelf

I'm like a sole concept in itself

Chokin my weapon, burnin your vest

In 2G, rap niggaz learn from the best and hope to be set

Knuckle up - I don't depend on my toast to spark

Wrap my fingers around your neck and let the chokin start

I'ma be on top pissin 'til I soak the charts

You don't like me but I'm still here like Rosa Parks

A flow is a flow, so - lo and behold the art

I listen to you and go, "ehh," on your dopest part

I don't do these open mics, I tear shows apart

Whodie I'm a +Hot Boy+, you get roasted dark

First nigga to hit the flow is smart

Last nigga that hit the flow you 'bout to see him and his folks depart

Bling bling - chain glow in the dark

More flooded with mo' ice, cold-blooded with a frozen heart

He's not street smart, he only knows the park

But we can share this rap pie long as he knows his part

If you was even close to smart, you know I roll with sharks

and dogs that bite and only supposed to bark

[Chorus] - 2X

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