

Loggins Kenny

"Royce the 5'9'"

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[Royce]

Detroit, yeah..

Royce 5-9, Tony TOUCH!

The year is two-thousand

Mr. Quick-to-Slap-and-Punch

Uhh uhh uhh uhh.. what?

Yo yo

I'm entirely too hard to listen to talk

I get raw and get this clip and draw, send you to Mars

Niggaz with hidden hearts get written off

Find yaself bruh

You barely know what your click is called, cowboy

You wish you could spar with half of a mind

Kill you with half of a line

without a need to continue the bar

It's a infamous art, not many can spit from the heart

Turnin pens into darts

It's what you call meant for the charts

So rather I'm sayin, "Fuck you," and flippin you off

Man these infinite thoughts in the bank, so enter the vault

My visions assault your sister for description are lost

Every time a nigga piss me off, stick on the wall

So even when the nigga not lookin he listen and pause

Forget it dog, when I spit at y'all, you shit in your drawers

I'm comin at you from e'ry angle

and the shit can be very painful

So how you luh that? Scared ain't you..

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