

## Royce Da 5'9 "187"

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[Intro - Saigon interview on Ms. Drama TV]

[Ms. Drama]

So did you give OJ th-the lyrics to say in that particular song?

[Saigon]

For his song? No, he wrote his own lyrics. But...I'm not...

[Ms. Drama]

Did he give you lyrics to say?

[Saigon]

No, but at the same time it's like, and we just havin' fun with it

I'm not gonna, go, try to be super scientific, lyrical, mira-

I'm not Slaughter-I'm not a part of Slaughterhouse

[Ms. Drama]

So do you co-sign Slaughterhouse too?

[Saigon]

Oh, well, most of 'em. (haha)

Strictly I even co-sign Joe Budden like (okay)...

He's just a faggot. He's a fuckin' faggot

But...he can rap, knowhat!msayin'? The rest of like...

Joell's my NIGGA. He not gonna just start something

(So how...)

He's not gonna just say, "Damn, I need attention.

So let me just pick on somebody for attention."

[Ms. Drama]

And they're very close though.

[Saigon]

They are close.

[Ms. Drama]

But ho-how do you think they all get each other's back?

[Saigon]

I don't know. I don't know how they close  
I-I couldn't be close with a nigga like that (That's all...)  
Yeah, I'm a fan of Joell (Okay)  
I'm a fan of Crooked I and I'm a great fan of Royce  
And you know...I think they can rap  
But I just don't think these motherfuckers can make  
records youknowwhat!msayin'?  
I don't think there's one song on there that we gonna  
be singin' two years from now

[Sample - Man talking]

From the say you're born...till the day you die  
If you're one of the poor one's you just gotta work hard

[Verse 1]

My shit is laid out  
Fuck that beef shit, that shit is played out  
Why is it harder for, peace over violence?  
Niggas don't know The Art Of War, we roll in silence  
It always got to be that one nigga that's the loudest  
That ain't gon' do no poppin' when it's time to be about  
it  
RAAAA RAAAA RAAAAA RAAAAA  
Fuck outta here with that shit  
You puttin' way too much passion into that wack shit  
Put your dukes down nigga, we come in peace  
With them AK-47's, we from the streets  
Calm down, shhhh  
You so emotional  
I know where you're at in your career is such a low for  
you  
I understand it  
But understand this  
My daddy taught me manners  
So it's foreign to fly off the handle and talk to cameras  
That shit is lame, lames we don't respect  
We wonderin' why the fuck you so upset  
We know the streets'll swallow you  
Look what that powder do  
Look at you try to embody what's not really inside of  
you  
I promise you  
That if you chill now  
In 5 years I will not ride through the McDonald's drive  
thru and bother you  
I'm here for fries  
That's it  
Chicken nuggets  
Give me some sweet and sour sauce too and quit your  
buggin' [gun shot]  
I'm just above it

I'm too mature for this  
It ain't smart to go to war for this

[Chorus]  
Cause I'm a rider  
I'm about that 187  
Cause I'm a rider  
I'm about that 187  
You not a rider  
Not about that 187  
You not a rider  
[gun clocks] [shots]  
187 [x8]

[Verse 2]  
Got the illest flow because I flow it from my soul  
You said yourself you got The Greatest Story Never  
Told  
These niggas got the balls to say that I can't write no  
record  
But them plaques on my wall say y'all should read the  
credit  
R dot Montgomery, ghostwriter and for the right price  
Y'all know the rest  
Get your doe biters  
Y'all goin' left  
Get your emo in check  
Later with them vendettas  
Handle your liquor better  
Let's play some tennis  
Go back and forth, who winnin'?  
You will give into a Koch deal away from (finished)  
Fuck outta here with that  
Step your bars up  
Your shit is garbage, what you tryin' to kick knowledge,  
be honest  
Step your cars up  
That little Benz you know is lame  
I'd rather ride in a remote control Soulja Boy chain  
I'm so insane  
I flow with open flame  
Note to self: leave him floatin' if he spoke your name  
That's why I don't bother nobody  
I catch a body all alone cause I don't ride with nobody  
Niggas figure's been put on Jenny Craig  
Look what the prison built  
You big up top with skinny legs  
C'mon Johnny Bravo  
You fuckin' with the whole Detroit, chill out  
The S.O.B.s without the swing, you needs to get out  
I'm quick to stick the clip in

Just ask my nigga Crooked  
Joey Budden got you niggas trippin'

[Chorus]  
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