

Royce Da 5'9 "Airplanes"

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Since '99 I've been dope in this
Focusin'
Unfocusin'
Sure as the sun floats and sure as the sun smokin'
I was the gun totingest
My cuz told me
Don't get demoted, keep it close to your digits
You know you get it, you let yourself get too close to
them chickens
I said, "I disagree"
Then I let Superhead lick on me
Strokin' the kitten, the cat stacks
'Bout to turn around and write a book about both of
them bitches
Next stop, to the top
I done went from A to X,Y
Almost at Z
Chillin' at a rest stop
My new bitch call her my PS3
You?
Your bitch pussy call it my X-Box
Me I'm the rhyme ruler
Me and Denaun together
Deadly as Nas in his prime
You 'bout deadly as a benign tumor
Since '92 been a highly touted retarded truth
Prolly 'bout to Eli Porta-potty somebody booth
Never sellin my soul, I'm sellin' my skills
I'm on Raps Radar now
Elliott Wilson
Painter of the underground canvas
Even though I can't freelance no more
The underground's famished
Before I settle for less then average
I'll swallow a watermelon
Follow it with a double down sandwich
I swear that God told me
Slaughterhouse would be the second time around for
me
All eyes on me!
I know I'm not the greatest
I go hard

Your boom box is now invaded
Bogart
Look at me today
8 years ago, I was popular for being hated
Solar!
Nickel Nines the ruler
God combined with Buddha
Gifted oblongata, prized medulla
Each lines like a computer bomb designed by Mcgyver
That only can be detonated by a MacGruber
I'm thinking if I ain't binge drinkin' then I ain't livin'
Somebody told me I'm prolly dyin', but I ain't listen
By the time it could harm me I'll prolly die by a trigger
So I'm only goin' cold turkey, right after Thanksgivin'
I paint pictures between blank scriptures
Scriptures, now just how contradictory is it that I pray?
The names Royce and I be poppin' so much pussy
Dwight Howard look at me sideways
And while the bitches try to grab all on my dick
I can't even get my own nigga to rap on my shit
You form a clique it should be sacred
I shouldn't say shit
Cause the Truth Hurts
Like the bitch that Dre ditched
Nobody loves my niggas like me
Sober or wasted, for you there's no replacement
I swear that god told me
Slaughterhouse would be the second time around for
me
All eyes on me!

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