

Royce Da 5'9 "Bomb 1st"

Visit "[Bomb 1st](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bomb 1st niggaz, you gotta hurt niggaz
Put in work niggaz, god made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz, drama ain't certain niggaz
But death is, so you gotta go and get 'em

Bomb 1st niggaz, you gotta hurt niggaz
Put in work niggaz, god made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz, drama ain't certain niggaz
But death is, so somebody gon' get it

Nigga get in ya car, if he pissin' you off
Get him, I don't wanna picture you pausin' 'cuz
With you from the peddle to the floor
From the shovel to the fo' fo', the devil only showed up
for show

Turn this up, turn off your phone
And leave the, "You wanna talk peace?" at home
Faces corps or face them in court
If you don't face 'em you gon' pay, yo safety is short

I got a babe to work for the courts
I'ma license plate number away from the front of your
porch
Or from the side of your house, the product of a ride or
die is about
I'm the opposite of a lot of mouth

It's strange y'all repent after saying my name
I'm about to change it like Prince call me

The skit master, beef with the street trash
The leafs, the trees, grass at ya pad, he's mastered
Squeeze faster, instead of beatin' his ass
Just let 'em have it and you can be the last one standin'

Bomb 1st niggaz, you gotta hurt niggaz
Put in work niggaz, god made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz, drama ain't certain niggaz
But death is, so you gotta go and get 'em

Bomb 1st niggaz, you gotta hurt niggaz

Put in work niggaz, god made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz, drama ain't certain niggaz
But death is, so somebody gon' get it

At night or in broad day, drive by, sittin' in the bushes
all day
However you hunt, go get 'em
The K, the AR, the pump, the hand gun
Get it done however you want, go get 'em

Park in the front, get out, walk and then dump
Pull off slow leaving no tire marks in the front, go get
'em
The go-rilla, know he gon' leave footprints
So he gets his shoes the size a soul bigger

I learned niggaz will turn on you young
Just as the gun misses it hits shit, hence the term killa
Stop lights are not at night, it's where you get chopped
up
If you stop, nigga maybe the cops might

Surroad through and fast forward his life
Blow noodles on his dash board nigga, no excuses
I seen plenty survive, weighing a hundred and eighty
five
In a land where the skinny niggaz die, you gotta

Bomb 1st niggaz, you gotta hurt niggaz
Put in work niggaz, god made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz, drama ain't certain niggaz
But death is, so you gotta go and get 'em

Bomb 1st niggaz, you gotta hurt niggaz
Put in work niggaz, god made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz, drama ain't certain niggaz
But death is, so somebody gon' get it

Visit [Royce Da 5'9](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.