

## Royce Da 5'9 "Boom"

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Uhh, boom  
Tick, tick, tick, yeah, 5'9 uhh  
Yo

I'm the verbal-spit Smith Wesson  
I unload with sick spit, the quick wick could split a split-second  
Bomb with a lit wick expression  
You here a tick, tick, then you testin'  
My saliva and spit can split thread into fiber and bits  
So trust me, I'm as live as it gets  
Everybody claimin' they the best and head the throne  
Since B.I.G is gone, if you ask me, they dead wrong

My flow is hotter than the flash from the click  
When the hammer slaps the bullet on the ass from the clip  
You wind up in a room full of my dawgs  
I'll have you feeling like a fire hydrant in a room full of dogs  
So come, come now, get pissed on, shitted on  
Tough talk turns to, "Can't we all just get along"  
You get blazed when the mic's off, shot when it's on  
You probably ducked when they laid the gun shot in your song

My gun strutters when it speaks to you, utter shit to repeat to you  
Nothing the clip, then give a speech to you  
Me and Premier, we kind of the same in ways  
We both speak with our hands in dangerous ways  
Rap now is a circus of clowns  
A whole lot of lip from cliques I'd probably rap circles around  
I'm the next best to reach a peak formerly known  
As the best keep secret, I guess that I just leaked it

(Boom)  
Somebody better duck or  
(Run)  
Somebody better  
(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)

Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9

(Boom)

Somebody better duck or

(Run)

Somebody better

(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)

"Boom, boom, bam, goddamn" "Royce 5'9"

I'm a motherfuckin' star, I don't battle no mo'

I provide the the gun clappin' around of applause after  
ya show

We can go toe to toe 'cuz they calling you hot

Steppin' around all ya punches like, "That's all you  
got?"

Everyday I'm meetin' somebody and all of they peeps  
Quick to shake a nigga's hand and show me all of they  
teeth

And these bitches I be pattin' they asses

They be all dumb and googly-eyed lookin' at me,  
battin' they lashes

Rappers think Detroit niggaz not as down as them

Or since I'm down with Slim that I sound like him

Quick to judge me and tell me that my hook might sell

And say fagot shit to me like I look like L

My advice quit talking, it's over, I was knockin' niggaz  
out

When you was knockin' sticks offa they shoulders

I got dirt done in my past, I know y'all sweat

I got regrets older than some of you so called vets

Niggaz say I found God with the flow

Bring the police to the studio and bring the bomb  
squad to the show

Ain't a nigga touching mines

When you listen to my shit, you don't chew, you don't  
breathe

You'll miss a fucking line

Every time I spit, I tick to show you it's hot

Leave me in the deck too long, I blow up your box

Boom

God, goddamn, Royce 5'9

(Boom)

Somebody better duck or

(Run)

Somebody better

(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)

Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9

(Boom)  
Somebody better duck or  
(Run)  
Somebody better  
(Watch out 'cuz he's 'bout to blow up)  
Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9

Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9  
Boom, boom, bam, goddamn, Royce 5'9  
Boom, boom, bam, G, goddamn, Royce 5'9

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