

Royce Da 5'9

"Boom Video Version"

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ticking sounds

Uh!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

tick tick tick, yeah! 5'9" uh...

Yo...

I'm the verbal spit Smith Wesson

I unload with a sick spit that quick wick to split a split-second

Bomb with a lit wick expression

You here a tick tick when you testing...

My saliva and spit can split thread into fiber and bits

So trust me, I'm as live as it gets

Everybody claimin 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

Wined up in a room full of my dogs

I have you feelin like a fire hydrant in a room full of dogs

So come come now

Get pissed on, shitted on

Tough talk turns into "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 strrr-utters when it speeks to you

Utter shit to repeat to you

Nothing to clip then give a speak you you

Me and Premier, we kinda 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 clicks I'll probably rap circles around

I'm the next best to reach you

Peak formely known as the best kept secret

I guess that I just leaked it...

Chorus:

Boom!
Somebody better duck or run
Somebody better (huch up this spot to blow, oh)
Royce 5'9"

I'm a motherfuckin star
I don't battle no mo'
I provide the guns clappin around of applause after the
show
We can go toe-to-toe cuz ain't callin you hot
Steppin around all you punches like "That's all you
got?"
Everyday I'm meetin somebody and al

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