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## Royce Da 5'9 "D-Elite Part 2"

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State ya name gangsta!

[Tre' Little]

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Tre' Little don status hold my dick Say ya label push the date back now that's what you get I came in this game like it's more than rap Dog, I'm tryin' to destroy the salary cap The Source is happy we came six covers its covered That'll last about May, June well into the summer Why talk about different colors for various coupes Shit green fart Blue, oooh clever you Help me ma' I'll take a shot at any one of y'all Got mami droppin' draws before the first phone call We some gangstas study the ten crack commandments Stay big worship Hail Mary that's how we live Lay low good guys catch you with a hook I, know why vou lie Ya crew aint quite like mine Spit it like ooh my, these labels like ooh my

State ya name gangsta!

[Cha Cha]

Its the C-H-A, say it wit me niggas Cha Cha Cha Y'all Cha Cha Cha You cannot lie or deny these niggas aint rah rah Put the barrel on the bridge of your nose and turn you cock-eyed Steppin to us not wise, told you how to get live Go in depth best with the finger next to the index Such threats expect five guys, five techs Make they gats all sing in unison like a quintet They don't say whodi, son, dun, or youngn You can owe em and say hi and they greet you like

"Hey Guy"

What up though Nickel, Jah, Tre', X, and Cut Throat My brethrens all veterans all throwin up sevens When we rock hits to the sky throw em up to the heavens

Us and crews clash no more we built it from poor Me and Royce hit and restore what we were buildin before

So add a million sold or more when I get at you whores

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## [Cut Throat]

Cut Throat the living threat street shit to blueprint The guideline rappers sideline until they bow down Them little guns y'all blow I stay on the low Rap like this and work the scale like "So" Take it to the gutter we could duke or shoot it out Switchblades pump gauge, whatever you about Burn you to ya hood we could bang for the work For the building or the blocks do the thang to the dirt I'ma FUCK-in fool crews DUCK and move Stay in a FUCKED up mood one FUCKED up dude When its hot I, breathe in the heat don't even sleep I be knee deep in the beats that made me Certified gangsta specialize in Duct Tape Let you know how many fo' five slugs ya gut take Show ya favorite thug how to be a thug, top that (NIGGA!)

Turn ya favorite drug into another drug, cop that (NIGGA!)

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## [Jah 5'9]

Jah da 5'9 speak and shake rhyme great history made The street gangsta city flow race against time Never sign for cash my hustles the shit You feel the breeze push past you get a grip Millennium game, earth tone keep it in range Close to the grey I rock fake niggas shouldn't doubt us Surrounded by crooks, full clips and fine weed Choice clothes my mind blocked seein fine foes Long nights bust those in small Christ Niggaz playin themselves just thinkin we rhyme alike How would you fight me I'm like ten families strong Manipulation by song relate to it niggas Henny on the rocks toast to the real in God we trust Calm gladiator song navigator Them whole blocks gotta story tell All of a sudden seasons change, your welcome

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[Billie Nix] Billie Nix black man is here listen close Spittin just to niggas, X address the niggas Most niggas don't see right see light like its darkness No guns in sight no might for the heartless We run ya mics you write like you retarded No offense but ya flow is slow and dense I know my niggas hearin the D ya smellin this You smoke that what you wrote while broke, yellin rich Didn't know you shoulda spoke while broke sayin poor Then biggie up kick in the door play it some more This is the evolution of emcee who dissin us? Gettin Rah stick up nigga hand me ya listeners Get a job we here D-Elite touch it Matter fact, niggas is wack, wall street fuck it X government agent remember yo name Remember yo game you niggas wont be spittin the same, motha fucka

State ya name, gangsta!

My God!

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