

## Royce Da 5'9 "Fuck A Hook"

Visit "[Fuck A Hook](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Comin up next is the incredible  
DJ's and MC's

We takin it back to the beats and the  
RHYYYYYYYYYYMES...

5-9 is BACK, about to make a nigga spin on his BACK  
lookin down at him lookin astounded

Not on a cardboard, on the ground with people  
surroundin

Ready to draw around him; an outline of his body in  
chalk form

His niggaz'll bark for him, for real, his heart's warm

This nigga here let the trigger talk for him

So you've been warned (GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO  
GO GO..)

I don't even need to be drunk forever, the liquor is  
rootin me on

I turn tables fast as Jam Master Jay do

I'm N.W.A., I choke hoes like Dre

If you could choose between a broke nose or the A.K.

Poke holes in the pavement, throw foes in the grave

I make movies like Cube 'cept I use hammers

YEP! I shoot but I don't do it with cameras

NOPE! So you can call me Malcolm

You can all witness what I be doin to all of these  
rappers (yes!)

Wit'chall sloppy tactics; don't try to copycat me

if you ain't tryna box me back

And watch your back, don't take another look into the  
eyes

of a nigga that's willin to ride 'til he blind

(Fuck a hook.. fuck a hook)

(Fuck a hook.. fuck a hook.. fuck a hook)

Chk-chk-chk, Royce.. 5.. 9.. (he's baaaaack)

Yeah, and it's on

Chk-chka-chka-chka, I will rhyme all day

YES!

I'll show you the back of your brain

Slap you with the back of the gun

I aim to hit, I pack macs, accurate ones  
Clap you when the rappin is done  
Change the clip, I send rappers back where they from  
I'm tired of bein a fuckin day late and a dollar short  
Changin fast, the game I ask is not a sport  
And I'm back! All of you rap niggaz hide your mics  
I'm ridin, dyin, and I ain't flyin by on them bikes  
I'm walkin, talkin, you eye me you dyin tonight  
And I, am the head reaper about the sick shit  
This iron is showin you the shine designed by Christ  
You about to see dead people without the "Sixth Sense"  
And yeah, takin food off my mother's table'll  
get you killed regardless, like my brother's label  
My heart and arteries a part of me, that'll test the truest  
We can do it, put your vest into it, yeah

(Fuck a hook.. fuck a hook.. fuck a hook)  
Yea - NO!  
Chka-chka-chk, you don't wanna play with him today  
Yeah, hardcore! Rhymes galore!  
Like I told you BEFOOOOOOOOOORE..  
OHH! Givin you what you need  
Yeah, the rap game is DEAD, I'm bout to breathe life in  
it

Bring it back to when niggaz was cypherin  
Yeah, back in the DAY, when nobody needed radio play  
I was straight long as my radio played tapes  
And this went on before all of them pay dates  
We was backflippin and windmillin to save face  
I hope before you lay on your back, you sayin your  
grace (pray!)  
These days, we'll give you the mac so stay in your  
place  
These new cats that rap to me they groupies  
You never see 'em in Max Julius or them Guccis  
Or they woulda got robbed for them Diadores  
or the Gazelles, we the store, we take, we sell your  
items we took, have you goin to tell  
We crooks, we either goin pro or goin to jail  
I know I'm a spare - many lifes  
This rap shit is comin with ME, cause don't nobody  
know how to share  
(Fuck a hook.. fuck a hook.. fuck a hook)

Chka-chka...  
("Get in your mind, get in your mind  
Get in your mind all day!!")

