

Royce Da 5'9

"Gone"

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[Statik Selektah] This shit right here is called The Return Of Malcolm Don't take it too personal. Listen close [Royce] I feel like I'm at the height of my jump while y'all pivotin' While y'all visitin' I'm livin' here, ball in a year The hundreds and fifties in cheeseburgers The twenties is balled up You lookin' for singles they all in the air The hundreds of bitches that we murdered We ain't literally speakin' We just team up and we squirt all up in they hair Give us some coke and a promise Give us some nut in the throat She suck till she spittin' up coconut vomit Get it? Pardon me miss I'm just fed up with the way the system is set up The shit that they had me livin' in prison was better Rhymin' perfection Is it a set up? To give me a year in the county around the time of election? Or should I just shut up? Zip it or kick it? Try to get you to picture the vision Lyrically, this is my petition to picket Free me or, eventually see me The heat in my belt hangs an inch from my pee pee like a key to my cell To censor me is to censor my CD which inspires me To spit what will eventually be the key to myself Times is changin' Everybody's Gods the same But they minds ain't So I talk about they kind is dangerous Blacks against Affirmative Action sounds as insane As the war in Iraq while Saddam is hangin' A dead man's a dead man Ain't two of a kind You can't break me I'm head standin' doin' my time It's nothin' My crew bakin' my bread while I'm jail Had niggas buffin' my boots and makin' my bed Time will tell who down to bail If you gettin' down and how wild your arms will flail When I bomb I unwind like I'm a spawn from hell The only shots you takin' are those that evolve from shells (The following name has been edited to keep the peace) Something is on your mind then nigga say it You scared? If I was tryin' to X you out then you know you'd be dead You need beef with me like you need a hole in your head You little Stone Throwers You signed-to-a-label-ass-niggas ain't sayin' shit till you own yours Whenever them triggers is buckin' I got to write a label to Trojan requestin' them niggas to up it Cause my dick get bigger My balls get larger To a size that my drawers can't swallow For y'all

it suicide The verbal amphetamine The ? is cold place,
inserted with Ketamine Spoken, they pulsate
Earthquake Houston we got a problem I'm settin' your
turf straight Your troops I private piles 'em up The
holocaust (cost) you pay is Hitler's Way You dis me,
and get merked for Christmas But the curse if gift less
I'm the first to spit shit From a podium Go to your local
church to get this Y'all sell chickens I only serve the
biscuit Leave your blood on the street You get curbed
with blisters Chicken noodle soup your brains, let it rain
And I clear it out All the vets say I'm official And you
can ask Diddy But now that I'm doing time like Shyne
Nigga I'll probably +Press Play+ on a pistol Political
prisoner Got ammo around my torso like Rambo
Banana around my waist like I'm a gorilla It's time to
apply my pace now on the fo' rilla Bandanna around my
face like dead prez [Woman's voice] Statik Selektah
[Royce] Take a breather You are now ridin' with a flow
the fliest Selassie inside Who Jesus chose Who Hov
inspires Extreme formula in this chess game Accept
change You the king We the queen corner a Best thing
spittin' since a geyser The methane rhythm, it's
supplier Written with the fire Doused by the best team
With him when he ridin' Out Cause the check flame
when it get divided Bout Niggas livin' through
decisions Learnin' ain't givin' you the business Quittin'
is a privilege Suited at a funeral, killin' any witness
Over dead prez's I'm here to view the digits Clearin' out
the air space Pointin' out who ain't dead Gods gift to
this world I'm going out with reindeer Comin' back and
bang ya Leap Year is a thang of the past When I return
and spring from my ashes Like a deranged angel Who
came cause you asked But I ain't here to save you, I
came for your ass It's sorta like the reaper Blowin' at
your concert We write through the speakers Knowin'
that it's God's work Rap is a prison that'll trap you in
freedom The contradiction of your past The after you
see Him I don't have to proceed with no master's
degree To change the art I came and waxed the
museum I saw, I conquered I paused my disc to do a
bid So y'all can spit bout how you do it big Nigga is you
grown or you a kid? You trash And don't make me blast
And turn your dome into a lid Open your mind Put led in
your brain You dope for your time I'm ahead of your
game The door's open And I'm in it I'm so focused You
still focusin' And when I'm finished you gonna be hopin'
it still opens Maybe I lucked up? Either I'm straight
crazy or slavery got a nigga fucked up Eminem and
Kramer The minimum will blame 'em The average
nigga got the word spinnin' in they chambers The
average nigga raised by the average nigga, aye It's

the average nigga way To say "nigga" with an "a"
Riddle 'em and hit 'em with the K Let it speak when he
fiddle with the trigger Let 'em kill 'em with the say
Sodom or Gomorrah Which one are you the more of?
Chevy's sittin' on 30's and 20's on the Saurus Fiendin'
for that spot The money bout to burn a hole in my
pocket So I got to extinguish that with a "Blao" Put it out
with a Phantom Bring it out on the block With no driver
Hoes, y'all wanna drive or not! I gotta peel the peddle A
lot of troops done died Why deal with the devil, knowin'
I got a truce with God? Gotta peel the peddle A lot of
troops done died Why deal with the devil, knowin' I got
a truce with God? I gotta peel the peddle A lot of troops
done died Why deal with the devil, knowin' that I got a
truce with God? Nickel

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