

Royce Da 5'9 "Gun Harmonizin"

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"Somebody lift me up yehh, and give me a hand, give me a ride, im slidin on the highway, there a curve in the road, i dont kno where im goin"

Chorus: Royce killin them gun sounds...

Verbalizin my fein murder, communicatin while u debatin usin machine squitters, blatt that triggers my tounge, i li li licka nigga that, 4 fiffa, liffa nigga, hole clicka, the lord call for ya soul, its time to go, pick up, ansa the horn its blowin at you ya cold stiffa, my heat headin my hole hippa, all we do is court strippas, ya metal freezin like its morgue tippa, I ride around the preme, not the preme from queens, but the preme from twick, bout to change the game, bout to fly, destined? , eagle for yall people like the wings the clip, and the barrels the beak, my perril is fleece, im a throw in dem diamonds, ima pharoh deceased, like his palm? was rhymin, and i would adives ya not to tempt er, new temptations the gun harmonizer

Chorus: machine gunnn

Every bullets a note, i write wit a firin pan, everytime the trigger pull its a quote, inside a booth full of smoke, sniffin lines of that gunpowder, im hotter than a paira boots and a coat, and the turtleneck, the best rapper alive could be the best rapper to die, da murderouss, if you aint get it by now, im suicidal, im wild, the nigga betta then me is aint herda yet
So i ain murda yet, he aint even been born, his mom is a virgin, she aint even fertile yet, prepare to get back next time you take a shit, stand and turn around and look in the toilet to compare me to dattt.
Dont compare me to none of these motha fucka wanna be hustlas tough until they standin in front of me duckin, its off wit ya head unless you one of them dodgers, we sound off as one, we GUN HARMONIZAZ!

Chorus: Blatttt

mmmm ba ba ba baaa

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