

Royce Da 5'9 "Gun Harmonizing"

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"Somebody lift me up, yeahhh
And give me a hannnnnd
Give me a ride, I'm slidin off the highway
There's a curve in the road
I don't know when I'm going, crazy"

[vocal gun sounds and scattin for next 22 seconds]

[Royce Da 5'9"]
Verbalizin my fiend murder
Communicatin while you debatin usin machine
squirters
Brrap, that trigger's my tongue, I let you lick it
Nigga that, fo'-fifth'll, lift a nigga, whole clique up
The Lord call for your soul, it's time to go pick up
Answer the horn, it's blowin at you, you cold stiff up
My heat, heatin my whole hip up, all we do is court
strippers
Your metal freezin like it's a morgue zipper
I (I) ride around with Preme
Not the Preme from Queens, but the Preme from {?}
'Bout to change the game, 'bout to fly the desert, eagle
for y'all people like the wing's the clip, and the barrel's
the beak
My perilous fleece, I'ma throw on them diamonds
I'm a pharaoh deceased, like a spawn was rhymin
And, I would advice ya not attempt to
New (Temptations), the gun harmonizin

[vocal gun sounds and scattin for next 22 seconds]

[Royce Da 5'9"]
Every bullet's a note
I write with a firing pen every time the, trigger pull it's a
quote
Inside a poof full of smoke
Sniffin lines of that gunpowder I'm hotter than a pair of
boots and a coat
And a turtleneck
The best rapper alive could be the best rapper that
died, a murderous
If you ain't get it by now I'm suicidal

I'm wild, a nigga better than me is who I ain't heard of
yet
So I ain't murdered yet
He ain't even been born, his momma's a virgin, she
ain't even fertile yet
Prepare to get back - next time you take a shit
Stand and turn around and look in the toilet then
compare me to THAT
Don't compare me to none of these motherfuckin
wannabe hustlers tough until they standin in front of
me duckin
It's off with yo' head nigga 'less you one of them
Dodgers
We sound off as one, we gun harmonize!

[vocal gun sounds and scatting for next 22 seconds]

[Crooked I]

This shit is musical, my spit is beautiful
And if the best rapper died we'd be sittin at Nickel's
funeral
But we ain't dyin cause our trigger finger nail you
as quick as you clip a cuticle, hollows'll hit your follicles
I split your wig from far away like a long arm barber
Then lift your weight like a strong arm robber
Put that on Moses, I rely on my ride
As sure as Satan's tongue lyin to God, everybody dyin
It's like you standin in a circular firing squad
Singers for hire I find him a job
You see the gauge baritone, the revolver's a tenor
Way the shots spin your body I'ma call 'em "The
Spinners"
Call 'em "Earth, Wind & Fire", put you beneath the
earth, wind and fire
Feel the fire that burnt Richard Pryor
I'm keepin two guns, I named 'em Romeo and Juliet
Make you take five like you and your homies on the
movie set
BLAOW!

[vocal gun sounds and scatting for next 22 seconds]

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