

## Royce Da 5'9 "Happy Bar Exam 2"

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[Intro]

Yo, Green Lantern man. You know how we do man. We  
shittin' on niggas dot com  
It's a fuckin' invasion you bastards  
We a problem

[Scratches "Invasion" - Nas]

Green Lantern

[Marv Won]

Aye, aye  
I'm back on my bullshit  
Come chill with the crook  
I'm rejuvenated bitch, I feel as good as I look  
That's awesome  
Show me who's talkin' and I'll off 'em  
From Austin to Boston, make 'em floss in coffins  
Shit, if I ain't the man, I'm standin' next to him  
Starvin'  
Somebody bring me a Dexitrim  
To suppress my appetite  
I feast on niggas who ain't rappin' right  
Learn in the after life  
If I ain't the best baller, I'm right after Mike  
Cockier than the nigga that make (Flashing Lights)  
I'm the king of the jungle  
I'll stop all the scoring of your block without bringin'  
Mutumbo  
A 100 round drums is what I bring to the rumble  
Brash  
I ain't get a thing when I was humble  
And why should I be?  
Niggas ain't good as me  
The best black champ we had in a while like Booker T  
One of the best, but overlooked like I'm Pusha T  
You little pussies get fucked  
Here go the douche for free  
There ain't too much that Marv can't do  
Make way for royalty  
Happy Bar Exam 2

[Royce Da 5'9"]  
You welcome  
Bubble like Seltzer  
Bubble lights do a double life crime what else then?  
Gun shots kinda sound like the llama belchin'  
Shittin' like I'm rhymin' in the John like Elton  
I turn a nigga into stone  
Send out a blast like an e-mail to shoot ya  
Female Medusa  
(It Wasn't Me) like Shaggy  
Denaun (da nine) did it  
Like a fag was snitchin' on D-12 producer  
Give you a buck 50 this evenin'  
This is my time of the month  
If you ain't fuckin' with me you bleedin'  
I can't count how many whips I be stickin' keys in  
Bitch, you ain't dissin' me, you just committin' treason  
Red wine or Reislin?  
Has been, I'm a "he's been..."  
Everywhere  
I'm Bigger than Cease's friend  
Lyrics written down with a G's pen  
Hood rats on me cause I'm in a trap  
I'm gonna give her cheese then  
She with me, she never dick teasin'  
Wrist freezin'  
She's tellin' me I'm just seizin'  
She do whatever I tell her as long as it's with reason  
So I'm gonna tell her to blow me till she quits breathin'  
She playin' position, but it's me receivin'  
The cum comin' through them gums looks like the bitch  
teethin'  
Diss me, get treated like you was just leavin'  
After I quit squeezin'  
I'm the shit fool  
Every year in my past, my shit list grew  
Niggas switched up and got ripped up like Rick Rude  
Yeah, I don't fuck around with that mic  
You try to fuck with me you probably fuck around with  
that white  
What you a cluck?  
I psycho spit  
Y'all writtin' with lead  
I'm writtin' my rhymes with rifle tips  
I'm excitin' like highlights of Michael's clips  
I run the net like my mics a microchip  
Nickle  
Happy Bar Exam 2  
It's a holiday nigga

