

## Royce Da 5'9

### "Here They Come"

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Intro: [x4] Here they come yo Here they come [Verse One] Yeah Yeah I ex-spits your bole The tire you kicks is toyal Black diamonds lookin' like tires dipped in oil You niggas is about as fly as the wings on a parrot If you a king I turn you into a king on a terrace I'm sick with the fuck-a-nigga flu Defiant as ? The Imus These nappy headed hoes is like a science When I got the permit to tell that bitch "perm it" These niggas ain't got Nothin' up their sleeves like a tank top Stay in the streets with you like some rain drops Nickel can't stop Stick the game up Leave them hands up And then I flee away with Lil' Wayne's spot Here they come yo Bitches in the front row Titties out they blouses Screamin' out that they want mo This is that Lights out Bring them bikes out White boys bring them spikes out I goes in [Chorus] Where the G's at? Throw your hands up Stand up Give me feed back Where the G's at? Where them true MC's at? Guess who stepped through? Royce (He's back) [Verse Two] I'm a problem to these little niggas ain't I ma? I'm prettier than you are honey, how vein am I? Which lane am I? I can do whatever style I'm a mixture between Old Jeezy & 7 Mile Let them bow to the devil's son, heaven's child I'm the present, now and naw, I ain't tryin' to reconcile (nope) All I'm tryin' to say is, what you been eatin' I'm takin' til you lookin' like the '07 Kevin Liles This a new day But I ain't here to shoot you up I'm sayin', not the new Dre and I'm the new Kurupt Machine gun flow Run and put the two two up Tell the label to throw the tutu on you when they suit you up Here they come yo Soundin' like the booth blew up Every time I rhyme you have to come and wipe the poo poo up This is that Light out Bring them bikes out White boys bring them spikes out I goes in [Chorus] Where the G's at? Throw your hands up, stand up Give me feedback Where the G's at? Where the true MC's at? Guess who stepped through Royce (He's back) [Verse Three] A lot of speculation on a nigga's reputation I better state that I don't hesitate to set it straight D Twizzy, them my niggas I don't ever hate We can do a song for the cheddar date, set a date And I ain't never fake Always real always feel Sicker than whoever you

feel is always ill But I ain't sorry, chill I ain't come from  
Sorryville I'm from the land of banana clips and Ferrari  
peels Off leavin' a cloud of smoke the child is dope The  
man is crack and I'm demandin' my advantage back  
(yes) And it's that simple Your man is back sinful My  
bitch icey, nicety as Janet Jack Central Here they come  
yo Drum roll Only one flow Son know And it's the reason  
you don't want "Whoa" This is that lights out Bring  
them bikes out Whites boys... Y'all know the rest  
[Chorus]

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