

Royce Da 5'9 "I Gotta Shake This"

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Being enlightened is no longer enough
You must apply
Being willin' is no longer acceptable
You must do, make it count

Na, na, na
I gotta shake this, na, na, na

I gotta shake this jail shit off me
He ain't gon' never sell, he gon' fail shit off me
I gotta shake this weak shit off me
Keep shit off me, leave it in the streets like bitch, get
off me

1977, July 5th
Conceived immaculately was me, my mom's gift
Unwrapped right there in the room like Christmas
My mind has been designed to do light distance

Run whole laps around y'all with my thoughts
You ain't hold back on yours, now that's my fault
Now picture me fallin' all the way to the bottom
And I'm layin' and callin'

Somebody come help me find my strength to stop
drinkin' this poison
'fore I drown my gift and yeah it's probably unhealthy
'Cause I went so hard and woke up sober
I lost my good friend and broke up soldiers

Loco, goin' hard as a locomotive
Self-loathin' like I ain't chosen
Chose to bless souls, get exposed
Just know that I ain't foldin', huh

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September 18th, 2-0-0-6

I roll up in the court thinkin', "This should go quick"
On some couple thousand dollar suit type shit
From behind thousand dollar Cartier scripts

I witness my world tumble down like bricks
Two words she slurred and it sounded like this
One year one year, travel through the room like
moonlight
Through the darkness, ooh, it's heartless

How could I beat two felonies then
Turn around and lose like, lose like this
My lawyer sayin' stay calm, people sayin' pray for him
They lockin' my black ass up like Akon

My wife at the crib goin' crazy
Pregnant, yellin', "I ain't havin no more babies"
People sayin' Preem ain't fuckin' with me no more
Niggaz in the pen' lookin' homo, no

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Fresh outta jail feelin' like Christopher Walken
The king of my city, swingin' my dick as I'm walkin'
Up to the 7-50, I open the door
My cousin like several bitches make up the decor

I look in, he got a company porns
I tell him, "Nah I'm good, I woulda chubbed her before"
I'm a new man but I could fuck with a whore
Nigga my dick's so hard it's probably touchin' the floor

Ridin' round in the back of a black luxury toy
Gettin' sucked, like niggaz cannot fuck with me boy
When I look in the mirror all I see is the real
You niggaz shouldn't be here, R.I.P. if you will

I'm the moment of truth
I'm the only significant thing roamin' the scene
Soon as I go in the booth
I'ma do it this time, I'm feelin' really defined

Unsigned to signed, nigga the city is mines

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I gotta shake this weak shit off me

Keep shit off me, leave it in the streets like bitch, get
off me

Bitch get off me, yeah, get off me

Bitch get off me, now do that make me a liar?

Get off me, get off me, get off me

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