

Royce Da 5'9 "Iâ€™m Me Freestyle"

Visit "[Iâ€™m Me Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1:]

I got money on my mind
That's why I'm twice on my grind
I'm nice cause I rhyme like it's my life's on that line
The second that I'm provoked, I snap
Into a point that ain't controllable
Then it's either war, or another quotable
Don't let me get a hold of you dudes
I'll murder you on camera, get Kelly's lawyer and get a
mole removed
I probably shouldn't have said that
Fuck y'all
On the record, off the record
If I'm on the record I'ma off the record
I need a push when I'm tired of rhymin'
Go ahead and diss me
Cause me and George Bush got a lot in common
We both got no sense, we love to go to war
And we stay lookin' for weapons of mass destruction
This industry is Hilary Clinton literally listen
You ain't got no choice now, roll with a nigga
If you twisted enough to picture a devil mixed
With an angel that's sick
Drunk inside a Range Ro that's kiss
Wish I could stick
Every rapper in this bitch in the building
Let 'em cipher while I fly a plane through that bitch
Cause I hate y'all
I'm tri-polar with the 8 ball
I want you on my album
I pull out the K and make y'all
In case y'all
Wanna share my light
I'm gonna tell it like it is
Fuck it, it's my chair my right
I'm a motherfuckin' problem
I don't care if y'all don't like
Times three nigga
I'm me nigga

I'm me nigga

[Verse 2:]

Big dick, bitch, big balls
We the kind that supply the rock like Chris Paul
The same kind that aim 9's, insane conscious
Then we get rid of The Rock like Duane Johnson
Lady killer
The fly version of Orinthal
You ain't got no DUI's then you probably a cornball
Wittiest
If you call a labtop a laptop
You sound like a scientist but you're probably an idiot
Your stories ain't holdin' up
Y'all niggas lyin'
Got me thinkin', y'all is too young or y'all ain't old
enough
Niggas sayin', "When is Royce gonna stop beefin' with
rappers?"
Bitch, when hell freeze over and Wayne sober up
By the way, fuck all DJ's
I'm just kiddin'
I just threw that in there to get y'all attention
No intention of ever dyin'
Nigga, life too sweet
Two words for who don't like me "fight" and "me"
I take care of my family
They say, "Do the Kid Rock like Pam Lee?"
The answer is, "Yes".
And I invest
It takes money to make money
So I make green off of green like Stan Lee
Smart shit
I ain't got beef with no Joe Budden
Y'all niggas gonna get these niggas killed tryin' to start
shit
Niggas hire muscle cause livin' is a privilege
The only rapper I admire for his strength is Xzibit

I'm me nigga

[Verse 3:]

I kill you
Right away
Soon as you cross, go ahead, you got the right-a-way
Give a nigga iron like vitamin
Play
I will ride up in broad day and night a nigga's day
Drunk
I'm a recovery outpatient
You at the top you shot
Your spot is now taken
Psychotic is the ploy

How the fuck you rappin' and you gay
And you've been spotted with a boy
Like a dalmatian
If I switch up I'd probably be instantly sellin'
Got a clip full of pellets known as MC repellent
While you talkin' about your money
And how I can't have none of it
I'll hit a nigga low
Just for the dag fun of it
I'm never gonna lose
Never lost and I'ma prove it
Except for my virginity, but I was tryin' to lose it
I be on some Tom Cruise shit
Standin' on the couch in the club
Laughin' bout my dime new chick
She the shit
But if you ask her she's useless
I'm in the pocket got a rocket down under like Houston
So I'm gonna keep being me
And you should keep being you
If being you offends me, indeed it's gonna be me &
you
But understand that if it's that
It's either gonna be me or you
So pump your breaks before I do you
Like a got a key to you
Shut your power off
I'm a G-A-N-G-S-T-R
Yes we are

I'm me

Visit [Royce Da 5'9](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.