

## Royce Da 5'9 "In the Presence of Wolves"

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yo Tre', you gon' spot me or what?

Let the games begin

Jah 5'9", where you at?

Round one (CHI-CHI GOT THE LLELLO!)

Yeah, real niggaz on the prowl, HOO!

You's in the presence of wolves, let go your goods

I smell your blood in my neck of the woods

Fuck around with us and get found on your neck in the woods

Give him respect in his hood, don't mess with his crew

Niggaz be, salty as pretzels when I'm in the Lex' and it's movin

Invadin and steppin in my shoes is a definite intrusion

I'm exceptionally cool, never expect to be under pressure

or rescued, definitely only sweat in the BOOTH

I'm officially fuckin you up with, nuttin but wit

A blizzard is frozen, hidden under the clothin

Listen, you lyrical nothin you, you touchin who?

When it was wrote, you spit it, you thought you ripped it you loved it

It's like, the sun is above us when the wrist is uncovered

Like, all you gon' spit is blood or kick is the bucket

Like 99 percent of you niggaz that rhyme SUCK!

This is, the point of no return, I'm stuck

[Tre' Little]

Yo, yo you fuck-head niggaz ain't makin gangsta music

I make music for gangstas, it's therapeudic

You wild out to it, let the guns go too

Spittin out, skeet out, smoke a blunt to it (ERRR!)

Fake niggaz don't dare, it's too real

Have you doin drive-bys on my command, NOW KILL!

(UHH!)

Go on, sniff the chi-chi, rock along with me

It goes - guns, murder murder live in Rock City

You knowwww - don't let you get beside yourself

It's just a, terrible thing to just lose your health

Look wrong, don't speak, just lose your wealth

That's the truth baby boy - shhh, quiet as kept  
They games we play, official

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