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Royce Da 5'9 "It's Over"

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(feat. Strick)

[Strick]

What, Silky Don Entertainment That nigga Strick, Royce the 5'9" Rock-A-Block all day, what yo yo yo I'm the type to show up to the studio Write that shit, spit it, hit it, leave ya'll askin "Who dat?" I'm the next nigga to boom, I assumed ya'll already knew that Hip hop's hottest new cat, lay your crew flat Have your label faxin my label askin "Why ya'll have to do that?" It's a true fact, when you rap, the crowd boo that And more than a few cats agree you shouldn't even do rap What you recorded, screw that, buy a new DAT Your girl's a true rat, so when I fucked her I wore two hats So move back you little newjack 'Fore you fuck around and do some shit that get not only you But your whole crew whacked Too strong and I'm too black And pack not one but two gats And I'ma aim em at you black, true dat [Royce] The veteran that'll never retire Devilish, judge the red in my eye Judge the nine instead of my size Ahead of my time, the second coming of a legend in rhymes That'll shine whenever I die We never lie, you'll never get by I just got love, I used to roll wit big shot thugs to hip hop clubs You act up, the fifth got hugged and blasted Pits got dugged and filled back up wit stiffs wrapped up in plastic Give me a heater, you givin me a reason to shoot You givin me the key to your coupe

Midwest, not the middle, Strick clutchin the five Wavin the tec out the window, clip touchin the tire Shit is over

[Chorus]

Shit is over, shit is over The shit is over, the shit is over Cuz ain't nobody fuckin wit us Ain't nobody fuckin wit us Shit is over, shit is over, BYE BYE Shit is over, shit is over Cuz ain't nobody fuckin wit us Ain't nobody fuckin wit us

[Strick]

Aiyyo my mom's got Ahlzeimer's, my dad's an alcoholic So last night, I forgot to drive drunk and hit you Talk lots of junk and diss you Pop the trunk and split you Sick nigga, you don't really want it wit Strick, nigga Freestyle or written shit, take your pick, nigga Bring your click nigga, I'll swing a stick nigga

Wit hotter rhymes, I'm outta control and you outta line I got alot of rhymes, and I'ma spit till you outta rhymes The hot shit, you better off tryin to change the topic I pop shit to let ya'll niggas know ya'll not shit Hit the curb swervin in a hot whip You a punk and I'm here And you probably the one that flunked when I got skipped Incredible rhymin and fuck wit niggas for fun Buck at niggas wit guns, you duck from niggas and run So who's the illest nigga that you know? (Who is it?) Now ask that nigga who's the illest nigga that he know I'll bet he say me, yo The only thing bigger than my dick is my ego I rip and it's over, while you stare at the chip on my shoulder Ya'll don't want none of me Not only will I have ya'll scared to bust But you won't even discuss rap in front of me The odds-on favorite to say shit Then have your crew tellin you that nigga Strick's nuttin to play wit Save it for a rainy day I'll pick the tec up, aim and spray And permanently take your pain away, what

[Chorus - only first 4 lines]

[Royce]

What what you're not in a least, above gettin shot in the street

I show up at cyphers and they scatter like I'm the police Now we got a bunch of drug-connected thugs on records

Stripped butt-naked runnin when they blood is tested All ya'll niggas stink, real niggas know what a bitch smell like

Tell you how we tell lies, tell what he wear his hair like You can't amaze the amazing, change your ways We plant bodies, throw stones wit the names engraved The games you play, make me point this thing your way My niggas rob for consistency, a chain a day I'm about as humble as I can pretend to be A real nigga's best friend, a bitch nigga's worst enemy It don't hurt, it offends me The chrome bursts in a frenzy It's gon' work till it's empty Just makin sure that my gun shoots fastin than yours

And I'm chasin you, and my bullets is chasin yours

[Chorus]

[Royce] Yeah, Big Strick, Royce the 5'9'' Tommy Boy meets Rock-A-Block Silky Don

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