

## Royce Da 5'9 "Lights Out"

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Rock city nigga  
Yeah  
Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, lights out...)  
You think I call myself King just 'cause I want love  
Yo, yo

[Verse 1]

Like it's easy to blow a whole city that once was  
It wouldn't even be a midwest without Bone Thugs  
Born from broke, I speak in a street for coins  
Try to knock me off my square, nigga I won't budge  
I keep heat in a jeep, you can't beat Detroit  
Try that strong arm shit and you get buried alive  
All ya'll niggaz is big, but none ya'll is ready to die  
You say it's a art, blame nothin' you say in your heart  
It's a freak mind game we play when we smart  
It's a sixth sense that real niggaz got  
Yo, we know, just know, if you a hoe, or not  
If I could filter out the game, I would  
I'll speak niggaz name, Imma bet they got the same  
opinions about me  
It's like a two way street, with two cars racin' each other  
On the right track and goin' the wrong way on the other

Yeah  
Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)  
[Chorus]  
Real niggaz on the prowl  
Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs  
Still drink if it ain't mines  
Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs  
Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)  
Real niggaz on the prowl  
Still drink if it ain't mines  
Yeah, I robbed a nigga before, but do that make me a  
thug?

Was stupid and young

[Verse 2]

Things niggaz can do with a gun  
You never put fear in my heart  
Talkin' all loud and obnoxious

What most of you do when you pop shit  
I'm payin' the price now, 'cause it cost to shine  
Look into the eyes of this nigga before you judge him  
And whoever thought that I lost it done lost his mind,  
nigga  
You better be prepared to die for this nigga before you  
love him  
My shit is real, 'cause I'm the realest  
See how many real niggaz feel it  
So fuck ill, you can be the illest  
I don't ever plan to go back to the streets, it's cold  
Back to work with a mother fuckin' week in a hole  
Lost with blind motivation, I ain't a thug  
I'd rather be Royce five-apostrophe, nine-quotation  
So how you love that nigga, the game done changed

You got a problem on your hands and this a nigga with  
brains

Yeah

[Chorus]

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)

Real niggaz on the prow!

Still drink if it ain't mines

Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)

Real niggaz on the prow!

Still drink if it ain't mines

Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs

{\*DJ scratching\*}

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