

## Royce Da 5'9 "Malcolm X"

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\*Royce talking\*

D-12, worst fucking rap group ever (You ready?)  
Royce Da 5'9" would like to apologize to the family of  
my homeboy Bugz  
for lettin' that line leak out the radio, it was a long story  
how it happened  
D-12 though, y'all better quit actin' like that wadn't my  
man too  
Like I was tryna disrespect him or somethin', I was  
tryna disrespect y'all  
'Cause that's what I'm doin' (gun-cocking) from here on  
in  
My new name from now on, don't even call me Royce  
Da 5'9" no mo'  
Call me Malcolm X, 'cause e'rybody in the city wanna  
kill me (\*gun shooting sounds\*)  
I'm Malcolm X now hahahahaha, we gon' see who goin,  
I ain't goin nowhere motherfucker  
We gon' see, e'rybody who against me, nigga I'm mad  
(BITCH)  
Haha, yeah, there's only one problem  
Everytime you motherfuckers breathe on the mic  
It's a motherfuckin' lie nigga, nobody believes you  
(\*echoes\*)

[Chorus]

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN (2x)

Y'all niggaz sound like y'all write y'all rhymes with  
motherfuckin' crayons, BITCHES

\*Royce rapping\*

Yeah, what rap crew I gotta snatch up out the game  
(bitch)  
Who must I smack for sayin my name?  
Somebody gon' die, it's probably YOU  
You couldn't fit Bizarre's body in my shoes  
Niggaz quick to talk, all hood 'til I pop up  
Plus, you just act tough cause Suge got locked up  
I am above y'all, when you droppin your raps to diss me

I only recognize the top of your hats  
And I don't like Proof, punk-ass, he think he tough  
He keep thirty niggaz with him, cause he weak as fuck!  
I ever catch you by yourself, I'ma fuck you up  
Snatch your little cheap-ass chain and piece you up  
You better hope you and the white boy keep in touch  
And be a good little hype man, or your lease is up  
Since Slim signed 50, I don't see your teeth as much  
That's good, cause you got a grill like a fuckin truck!  
DAMN HOMIE, it's history, over, hang it up  
Go somewhere and hang up some 50 posters, PUNK  
You speak too late, y'all prolly gon' go up to them  
awards  
and get yo' ass whooped by B2K  
I just wish Eminem would stop tellin' everybody he ain't  
speakin' to me  
Like I'm one of his hoes or somethin'  
How 'bout this, I ain't speakin to you, chump  
And I'ma keep pickin on your weak ass crew  
You, BITCH, Bizarre you a fat stutterin fuck  
You a joke, I choke whoever buttered you up  
I've been ridin by your house, you don't come out too  
much  
You hidin, when I find you I'ma snatch you out of that  
truck  
and tie your fat stankin ass to your couch and just  
FEED YOU, you already look like you about to bust  
Nigga you can run or hide; I'll be on your porch  
with a cheeseburger tryin to lure you outside!  
'Cause he's in it, Bizarre say G-g-g-g-g-unit  
I bet you throw some extra "g's" in it  
Just like a stutterin' fool, can't reach intelligence  
He sweats when he raps, cuz he got a speach  
impediment  
You, BITCH, Porky's pig and Porky's tomb  
About to dig his own grave with a fork and spoon  
You, BITCH, Denaun and Swifty please  
Give it a year, both y'all be wreckin' 50's lease  
What do I know, that other nigga y'all got in your group  
I don't even know his name, but he can shovel my snow  
You, BITCH, let's face it I gave it to y'all  
My lil' sister got six puppies that's braver than y'all  
(puppies barking)  
Niggaz is startin' the beef I'm 'bout to end with the  
quickness  
I'm 'bout to end this quicker than Bizarre can finish a  
biscuit  
Quicker than quick shit, y'all ain't felt the half  
Quicker than Eminem can pinch Elton's ass  
Don't call me, I ain't ready to squash ya yet, kiss my  
ASS

I don't wanna talk to ex, I am so sick I should be  
compared to cancer  
Y'all throw up ya dukes and don't swing like Fred G.  
Sanford  
I be makin' muh'fuckers scratch they heads when I  
rhyme  
Y'all lil' niggaz crack ya heads then rhyme, go play;  
you lil punk ass niggaz, y'all can scream and yell all  
you want  
I feel like I'm battlin' Kenan & Kel  
You, BITCH, none o' y'all can put in the card to kill  
Paul better call me, like he called Benzino  
Matter of fact, I might even do a song with Ray  
Sign with Murder Inc. and hit you with a song-a-day

[Chorus]

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN (4x)

\*Royce talking\*

I don't even want you lil' punks to think I'm mad  
Y'all lil' niggaz are Ninja Turtles, you're nothing  
Nothin', you not on my level, I will beat yo bosses ass,  
nigga  
Tre Little, bring it on

\*Tre Little rapping\*

Tre Little, the baby gorrilla, I'm just that guy  
I'm 5'6", got stacked lines, shit that high, I'm ridin'  
FUCK you and your commercial appeal  
I turn yo' head into blue 'n yellow Purple Hills  
I bet you whatever that nobody beats my family  
Eminem, Nelly said that he'll eat you like candy  
What did you do, got on the phone and called him up  
You don't wanna talk to Royce, but you talk to us  
You, BITCH, yo' crew some local hoes  
I'll hit you harder than that white girl that broke your  
nose  
You and Royce can squash this with one talk  
Step around from your security and talk to that man  
I understand you backin' yo' crew, but diss my brother  
Anythin' that happen to him, somethin' gonna happen  
to you  
And I don't give a fuck for that, nigga, I'll do life  
I advise you to stop; yo' money don't buy you stripes  
Only thing that money brings is fake niggaz and  
problems  
Followed by niggaz who hate fake niggaz and rob 'em  
But you niggaz is WACK; Denaun I'ma stab you  
So many times, I'ma feel bad when you collapse!  
You niggaz is so BITCH you make me sick to my  
stomach

Every beat that you ever made sound like it was missin'  
somethin'  
Timbaland lookin' ass, nigga, my style is realer  
What producer you ever know only good for album  
filler  
We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN (2x)

\*Royce talking\*

You!, Yea, punk ass niggaz, yea we in the streets now  
too, nigga  
Big Homie's out nigga, what up

\*Tre Little talking\*

Yea you studderin ass motherfuckers, what y'all  
thought  
My brother here ain't have no backbone?  
Nigga, it's on when I see y'all  
Proof what the fuck you thinkin' of nigga, that's cash  
boy  
Need the white boy to get y'all started ass niggaz  
Fuck y'all hoes, I told Royce I ain't like that motherfucka  
Faggots, I smack the shit outta any one o' y'all niggaz  
Sell my bill one nigga  
What the fuck y'all thought nigga y'all'll get bought  
bitch  
Street orientated; y'all motherfuckers hate it  
Learn how to flow stop bein' mad y'all bitches  
Trick, trick, when I catch yo' bitch ass, yeah dude  
Asked about cash nigga, you comin' to yo' doom  
You'll end up like click boom, bitch  
Rock City motherfucker, regardless  
Get the point bitch, or get the hollows motherfucker  
It's Cash Flow, bitch, Big Homie

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