

Royce Da 5'9 "No Talent Rappers"

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Verse 1 (Cutty Mack):

I fell in love with hip hop...
I wanna rap cousin,
That's when he gave me a brick,
Told me rap something,
Crack something,
Act something,
Pack something,
Stack something,
Gat something,
Back stuntin,
Don't make me clap something,
I tell niggas once...
Then I'm back busting,
Gats dumping,
That's nothin,
Pass me the bag youngin,
I beat niggas bloody,
Weak niggas swear they...
Thugs, till they mugs full of blood,
They say J nutty,
Whenever rock bottom,
I'm on the block wilin',
Flock niggas stock pilin',
Squads out the drop clownin...
On my 7-digit,
Bitch youa never get it,
Spitting like that...
I'm in the kitchen writing raps,
With the cheddar sittin,
By the glocks and the grabs,
And the blocks in seran,
Where the bakin soda vision
Where the pots and the pans,
Rock in a slab,
Niggas swear they the shit,
Till they rottin in a bag.
Mid Verse (royce):
You hearin the beat...
niggas here with Juan..
Cutty Mack... Me... 5'9"...

The streets is mines...
Ride out!

Verse 2 (Royce):

I'm in the drop wit the top up wit cash
Mashin the pot wit the glock in the stash
You boxin you possibly got you a shot in yo ass
Dropped in a box in the trash
Chopped into pieces... stabbed
Wit the top of you leaking...
Feet from the opposite half of you reekin,
Cops with they badges, keepin my stock up fo cheap,
Charges get dropped quick as I could get knocked
And I'm back on the streets,
The untracable track "mop and the bleach",
It's a check if he gets on it,
Spits on it,
Wreckin the next nigga destined to flip on it,
For that paper with the dead presidents on 'em,
Best flow nigga put yo neck and ya wrist on it,
A soldier be rollin fo dough or for dollars,
Yo flow to mines is, like a Rover to an Impala

*mid-verse

Verse 3 (Juan):

In a spot in a lab,
Killin niggas is something that's probably what's had
On a block with the mag,
On the track spitting mad,
Killin whole staffs,
Whippin bombs up, choppin the whole car in half,
I'm a gangsta nigga,
If I can't carry nigga,
Shank a nigga,
Make a nigga,
Shakin until he,
Skatin in a,
Ambulance wit the sirens off,
With the benz whippin off,
Let my little youngins take the tires off,
Real hip hop...
Snitches get dropped
Cocaine...get rock, operations get watched
I spit it street 'cause it's in me...
I know Death is Certain so i merk a nigga fo he merk
me,
Niggas act silly,
Till you catch this shizzy

Put the semi slug in em,
Till he shit n pissin' Remi
I'mma nut punk
Bust pump
Snatch trunk
Mashed up
Smack chumps
Look at em like "And What!"

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