

## Royce Da 5'9 "Right Back"

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"To attack without knowing the enemy's strength is foolish  
And after being warned, to still attack, is stupid  
People who are that stupid just don't deserve to live  
But strangely though, one does find, people who are that stupid."

[Chorus: Royce]

Pop that trunk, get the K nigga  
Get to sprayin nigga, get the pump nigga  
Come - RIGHT BACK; dump on a nigga  
Give him what he want if he want we'll hunt for 'em all  
He'll be - RIGHT BACK; it's got to be like that  
Expect niggaz not to respect you, kill him  
And get it - RIGHT BACK

[Royce Da 5'9"]

For those that don't know me  
Allow me to reintroduce myself  
My name is (chk-chk, BOOM) 5-9 nigga bottom line is  
bye-bye if you out of line wit him  
Itemize y'all deaths in, chronological order  
Those either gon' support him or idolize  
All you could do is try to dodge me  
While you plottin my demise while I'm tryna rise now we  
got a problem  
Cause if I'm surrounded, I'm known  
to pull out the pound and shoot, get on the phone  
and still come - RIGHT BACK - wit a army of dudes  
It's all true, just armed with Uzis lookin to resolve this  
Good Lord, can you hear him callin?  
They just still ballin, they feelin lawless, we kill 'em all  
If it costs too much, we hun-ga-ry  
It means if you floss too much your gums'll bleed  
That's why I don't talk with chumps, I was taught to  
thump  
my way to 21 'til I was taught to come - RIGHT BACK

[Chorus]

[Juan]

For those who don't know

Allow me to reintroduce myself  
My name is (chk-chk, BOOM) Juan Corleone  
Die real soft, fire in a while then he blow  
While you niggaz act raw with your dawgs  
'til revolvers gettin drawn, splash markin the walls  
I don't know but I'm givin it to 'em  
Hittin 'em brutally with them Uzis man really amusin  
how niggaz duckin, divin, hollerin, hidin under shit  
Bullets bustin, bruisin they body, barely bouncin shit  
like, why you lookin at me smirkin nigga?  
I got a short man complex, murk a nigga  
bigger than me, taller than me, my squad in the league  
I ride slow ballin for sheez, all of you plead  
Who wanna test? Keep scrutinize you and your guys  
Two of them nines, better shoot them now 'less you  
wanna die  
I'm stupid high, Lord super sized blessin the dome  
Huggin some long John Wayne shit, fuck is you on?  
We comin..

[Interlude: Royce - having a conversation]  
(Man hell naw, that's Royce) Right, what's up wit it?  
(Whattup nigga, where you been?) I been callin you  
Somethin must be wrong with your phone right? (Yeah,  
yeah, no, yeah)  
Ohh okay, what's up, you got that for me? (Naw, yeah,  
naw)  
Naw? Alright well, I'ma get up outta here  
cause I see you havin fun with your people (Nah shut up  
man)  
Your man he's a funny guy and all that (Yo hold up)  
I'ma see you later (Hold up Royce, hold on)

[Kid Vishis]  
For those that don't know me  
Allow me to reintroduce myself  
My name is (chk-chk, BOOM) yeah, Kid Vishis  
That sick shit, listen, I hit henchmen  
From shotgun wit a shotgun, surprised when pellets  
flyin  
And niggaz that was hatin us dyin  
Roll with them chaldeons that get mad if you call them  
an A-rab  
You might get stabbed for your antics  
Stay rude shooters with Rugers, put the block-a  
out the windows guns cocked screamin out "Air the  
coppa!"  
All races are frown faces with heated ways (yeah!)  
With somethin in the trunk that thumpin just like bass  
Trust me, no mics, this shit gon' get ugly  
Before the boys cuff me, "take that" like Puffy

You've been hexed, squeeze this Tec  
Shots hittin jugular veins, give 'em taco necks  
I rep my set, Rock City, what you bet?  
M.I.C. regardless, you garbage niggaz, we comin.

[Chorus]

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