

## Royce Da 5'9 "Royal Flush Freestyle"

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[Intro - Royce talking]

Yeah, Bar Exam 2 nigga. It's a motherfuckin' holiday  
bitches

[Verse 1 - Canibus]

Bar Exam 2

I landslide you to lava below

Gotta stance nigga flow

How bars? How far can you go?

Only as far as the mind

Canibus and Royce 5'9"

Bar Exam 2, spit a rhyme

A miniature version of me, told me he wanted to MC

I told him, "Be careful who you be."

He said, "I'ma just be me."

I said, "Yeah, I see. But you don't understand what I  
really mean."

Look at the manifest list

It got my name down

A bald head for the cool crown

How you like me now?

I terrorize rap music

What manner of creature could do this?

Canibus stupid

Retarded, autistic artists

You click, perfects target

Staff Sargent Canibus talkin'

I would not let off the gas

Traverse it through San Stone's past

The Ripper spills whiskey from a flask

[Verse 2 - Elzhi]

I take green, blowin' out smoke screens

Poke queens, leave them with soaked jeans

You're the definition of what "joke" mean

I'm star status

Like glowin' lights throughout the far stratos-

-phere, it's clear who repertoire that is

Pursue whites and fuck a shoe price

My cheese outgrew mice

I'm too nice, cut through slice, I'm seein' you twice

The lead pacer

Been makin' moves like Speed Racer  
Indeed tracin' line that fucks with your mind like a weed  
lacer  
Try and boast, ain't lyin' close, so what I diagnose  
I could fry and roast any guy till they applyin' ghost  
Pee on peons beyond eons  
Till there's neon Klingons  
Close encounter of the three kinds  
You may fall, I'm AWOL, my heaters will spray y'all  
And put you in a hole like Robert Peter to pay Paul  
I could give a fuck  
Got a flow to leave a river stuck  
You hear deep it lines ??

[Verse 3 - Royce Da 5'9"]

Osama McCain, you climb in this ring  
Rhyming with Obama the king  
End up on the bottom of the things  
Living inside of ominous springs  
I'm in a dream  
I spit the only kind of sickness that vomiting brings  
That means I'm ill sick  
And plus I'm real bitch  
I should've played Hancock instead of Will Smith  
Cos I'm drunk and flyer  
I'm the super hero minus all the chump attire  
And I bleed hardly  
Tell your idol his times up  
And he's barbe-cue  
Every rhyme lined up like steve harvey's do  
From the pies to the brick man  
Niggas couldn't follow in my steps 'less I died in some  
quick sand  
So come and see a nigga burn a show  
And give me a hand before I give you the fist like a  
germaphobe  
And you probably too scary to scuffle  
If you ain't hit a nigga before you buried your knuckles  
I got a hundred round drum  
I shoot the first thirty to kill everybody that trash your  
hook up  
Category blast the butcher  
Empty the clip just to make that 70 show like ashton  
kutcher  
Nigga you at war with sharks the government team  
Will leave you airless/heirless like jordan sparks or a  
motherless queen  
We put it on y'all, tape a niggas phone call  
Sell it to the net for a phone card  
Then use it to phone y'all mommas  
I throw you niggas a bone and then I bury the drama in

a bone yard  
The flow's in prime  
I got more plastic on me than all of hugh heffner's hoes  
combined  
My niggas got GT's and shit, yeah I know mini coopers  
While you niggas rolling around in the mini coopers  
I'm the shit for real, y'all niggas mini poopers  
Drunk, wildin, commitin vodka and henny bloopers  
Who could give a nigga the snoop foot  
Stretch him out on the floor like the Manut look  
You shook, nigga I'm like the crew cook  
I put a price on the whip and I'm like the blue book  
With an appetite for destruction with the greed stigma  
Explains my past and adds to my enigma  
If it's digital or analog  
Bar Exam 2 is the present, the distributor is Santa Claus

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