

Royce Da 5'9**"Shit on U"**

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Hahaha, yeah yeah, haha

No offense to my two niggaz

Y'all know who y'all are, it's personal

Motherfucker, you hear me?

I know I ain't get back to you

You dissed me a while ago, I just caught it

I couldn't understand what yo' fat-ass was sayin!

It's all good though (I will shit on you)

I'm home, it's time for us to talk to each other

Nigga.. (fuck, you)

Yo yo, I heard you on DJ Butter, you ain't slick

Somewhere in between a st-st-stutter and punch diss

I was like, "Huh, what the fuck is this?"

Why the fuck this lame nigga tryna fuck with this"

You was talkin real reckless, you dissed the king

Get your eyes off my necklace, kiss the ring

Crawl 'fore you walk, don't get caught without your gat

Somebody shoulda taught you how to talk before you

rap

I know about how you gotta get walked though your

verse

Niggaz tryna teach you how you talk all through your

verse

The streets, magazines still knockin your verse

On your verse, niggaz just look at they watch in reverse

I'm about realism as far as a fat nigga

that raps and rapes kids, I don't see the vision

You, you do front, me you admire

You told the truth once like, "I'm a compulsive liar!"

Insecure niggaz take offense to the line

All in my my shit when I'm mentionin mines

Yo it's on, better tell Von stick to the rhymes

You better run and get Swift when I get to the nine

It should be, Wall Street y'all and Slum V

But no, nope, you runnin rhyme like Young Zee

Heh, you was a clown in school

Only nigga on stage in a costume, now the world is
clownin YOU

Share it for the rap arrestin the big fat bear

that got him jumpin the character to rap
Uhh, nigga GIMME this mic, you ain't

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