

Royce Da 5'9 "Shit On You"

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Yo, this is a J-Dawg exclusive.

[Speaking] Yeah, I'm speaking on behalf of Royce the 5'9, and the rest of Wall Street. Me and my boys are tired of chicken shit bastards like those D12 bitches. Don't get me wrong now, Eminem and Proof, those are my boys, we can get down anytime of the day. But that fat bastard Bizarre!? He's going to get himself a good ol' country ass whooping. Let me tell ya, Royce the 5'9 is kinda pissed at Bizarre because, this chicken shit bastard, goes around getting on mix tapes with the crew... then he wants to turn around and diss somebody!? Isn't that a bitch!? Hell I don't know, this guy might even get his damn ass whooped. If I was him I'd stay indoors. Boy I tell ya, this mother fucker, he wants to go around dissing Royce the 5'9; then turn around and call him up, so he can get a goddamn spot on the Rock City remix! (hahahaha) Ain't that a bitch!? (ha... what the fuck?!)

[Royce Speaking] Yeah yeah, no offence to my true niggas, y'all know who we all are, this is personal. Mother fuckers. You hear me? I know I didn't get back to you. You dissed me a while ago. I just caught it, I couldn't understand what your fat ass was saying. It's all good, I'm home. It's time for us to talk to each other... nigga.

[Royce Rapping] Yo yo, I heard you on DJ Butter, you ain't slick
Somewhere in between a s-st-stutter and punch you diss
I was like "Huh? What the fuck is this?"
"Why the fuck this lame nigga trying to fuck with this?"
You just talking real wreckless, you dissed the King
Get your eyes off my necklace, kiss the ring
Crawl before you walk, don't be caught without your gat
Somebody should have taught you how to talk before you rap
I know about how you gotta get walked through your verse
Niggas trying to teach you how to talk all through your

verse

The streets and the magazines still knockin' your verse
On your verse niggas just look at their watch and
reverse

I'm about realism, as far as a fat nigga that raps and
rapes kids

I don't see the vision (shit on you)

You do front, me you admire

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

Insecure niggas, take offense to the line

All in my shit when I'm mentioning mine

Yo it's on, better tell Vaun "stick to the rhyme"

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

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

But nope, you want to rhyme like Young Z

You was a clown in school, the only nigga on stage in a
costume

Now the World is clowning you

Sherriff of the rap, arresting the big fat bear

That got a jump in the character to rap

Nigga, gimme this mic, you ain't doing it right

You called yourself an idiot, I'm just proving yourself
right

This is strong over the weak, long career over
deceased

And me doing you wrong over your beat

You speak when you see me, but you talk the flow

Fucking clown, smile nigga, honk your nose

You probably looking at it like I'm making a big deal

But nigga that's what I do, I make big deals

Take a chunk of the budget, and keep they brow raised

And watch the little people split the pie five ways

Nigga go play, matter fact, catch up

I am six figures bigger, and my book's kept up

Y'all a rap boy band, and you're testing me now?

Y'all a group with one star, like Destiny's Child

Fuck that, no nigga, how can I relate

to a group with four dudes, who's easily replaced

I erase niggas when they talk backwards

I call Paul and have him write you off on his taxes

I'm a solo artist, you just one of the crew

Fans coming up to y'all like, "which one is you?"

You're the fat one, tell them that's your name

You'll tell a joke whenever too, that's your game

Who cares if you've been on tour, you don't come off
(shit)

Nigga all you do is run on stage and run off

One loose cannon? that's strange

'Cause the only cannon in the crew

Was planted, wherever Proof's standing

I speak to Em and Proof, I'm speaking with love

They're my niggas, y'all is sissy niggas keeping a
grudge
I don't give a fuck nigga, you can beat up with gloves
And if you want beef, fuck it you can meet up with Bugz
I shit on you... (fat mother fucker)

[Royce Speaking] Ayo, cut that shit. Fuck that nigga,
you diss me you gon' be dissed back, nigga. Yo mama.
(mother fucker) And I beat yo' ass. Wall Street yo.

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