

Royce Da 5'9 "Something's Wrong With Him"

Visit "[Something's Wrong With Him](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Uhh, yeah, my conference calls with Los and Kino
consists of
(Nigga, tone it down, there's way too much killin')
Of course I ignore 'em, a poor man talk
I don't give a fuck if I throw my poor fans off

Pathetic war done entered my brain
And permanently changed me now I'm angry
So fuck a metaphor, fuck hip hop, hip hop sucks
You got, niggaz on top swingin' from 2Pac's nuts

It's like, I could go in the lab and try to write
Somethin' that's nice or bright
But I will be holdin' back my scripture's in the dark
Deep rooted soldier inside my soul
Uncontrollable temper like The Hulk's

My wife don't like my album, it's way too dark for
women
She say it sound like I hold grudges
She rather listen to Joe Budden's, no disrespect aight?
But fuck a party now and everybody like

(What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin')
(Every rhyme you spit is violently put)
Lethal but I have no problem
With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up

I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you
I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you
(Something's wrong with him)

(Just like his pops he don't give a fuck)
(If you like him or not, he's a major problem)
I will slap yo' ass in church
And apologize to Jesus later, punk

Why am I hot and you not and why is you rich?
And why I ain't got shit in my pocket but lint?
This ain't rap no mo', this not a flow
This is beef, there's a couple street niggaz that got to
go

My name is Nickel, I'm from the suburbs
(Yeah)
It's only a ten minute drive to come and get you
(Yeah)

Tired of you hoes, I will slap snot side ways
Outta ya nose, partnah
(Partnah)
I know we got drama but I will still show up
At your funeral and hug yo' ugly ass momma

Everybody wanna know why the flow is so bad
(Why is you so mad?)
Everybody askin'

(What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin')
(Every rhyme you spit is violently put)
Lethal but I have no problem
With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up

I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you
I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you
(Something's wrong with him)

I'm a natural since I wrote Black Girl
I hope that you don't think that I won't smack yo' bitch
'Cause I will clap her if she happen to be witchu
When I kill you

You can get ideas, nobody compares you thugs
I will put out the bub on top of yo' head
This .22 rifle, be shootin' them bouncin' bullets
The enter into your head and exit out yo' foot

Ride off as soon as my clip turns, you click
And them choppers is lookin' for eyeballs
(Yeah)
You could bring yo' roughest, toughest thug
That's jealous, just tell him to touch me, I will fuck him
up

I will knock his ass out
And if I can't beat him I will grab my heater and pop his
ass
Fuck yo' life, stripes I will shock yo' hood
And I ain't never dyin', knock on wood, whattup 'Los?

(What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin')
(Every rhyme you spit is violently put)
Lethal but I have no problem

With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up

I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you
I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you
(Something's wrong with him)

Visit [Royce Da 5'9](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.