

Royce Da 5'9 "State Your Name"

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(D-Elite.. state your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Tre' Little]

C'mon, Tre' Little don status, hold my dick
I came in this game like it's more than rap (c'mon)
Say ya label push the date back, now that's what you
get
Dog, I'm tryin to destroy the salary cap
The Source is happy we came six covers, it's covered
That'll last about May, June, well into the summer
Why talk about different colors for various Coupes
Shit green, fart blue, ooh clever you
Got mami droppin drawers before the first phone call
Help me ma, I'll take a shot at any one of y'all
We some gangstas, study the "Ten Crack
Commandments"
Stay +Big+, and worship "Hail Mary", that's how we live
Lay low good guys, catch you with a hook I
know why you lie, ya crew ain't quite like mine
Spit it like ooh my, these labels like ooh my

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Cha Cha]

It's the C-H-A, say it with me niggaz
Cha Cha Cha, y'all Cha Cha Cha
You cannot lie or deny these niggaz ain't rah-rah
Put the barrel on the bridge of your nose and turn you
cock-eyed
Steppin to us not wise, told you how to get live
Such threats expect five guys, five tecs
Go in depth best with the finger next to the index
Make they gats all sing in unison like a quintet
They don't say whodi, son, dunn, or young'n
You can owe 'em and say hi and they greet you like
"Hey guy"
Whattup though Nickel, Jah, Tre', X, and Cut Throat
My brethrens all veterans all throwin up sevens
When we rock hits to the sky throw 'em up to the
heavens
Us and crews clash no more, we built the Rapport
So add a million sold or more is when I get at you

whores, uh-huh

Me and Royce here to restore what we were buildin
before

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Cut Throat]

Cut Throat, the livin threat street shit the blueprint
The guideline rappers sideline until they buy mine
Them little guns y'all blow, I stay on the low (uhh)
Rap like this and work the scale like so (uhh)
Take it to the gutter, we could duke or shoot it out
Switchblades pump gauge, whatever you about
Burn you to ya hood, we could bang for the work
For the buildings or the blocks do the thang to the dirt
I'm a FUCK-in fool, crews DUCK and move
Stay in a FUCKED up mood, one FUCKED up dude
When it's hot I, breathe in the heat, don't even sleep
I, be knee-deep in the beats that made me
Let you know how many fo'-five slugs your gut take
a certified gangsta specialize in duct tape
Show your favorite thug how to be a thug, top that
nigga

Turn your favorite drug into another drug, cop that
nigga

[Jah 5'9"]

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

Jah da 5'9" speak and shake rhyme great, history's
made
The street gangsta city flow race against time
You feel the breeze push past, you get a grip
Never sign for cash, my hustle's the shit {*whoosh*}
Millennium game, earth tone keep it in range
Close to the grave I rock, fake niggaz shouldn't doubt
us
Surrounded by crooks, full clips and fine weed
Choice clothes, on my Bossi, and fine hoes
Long nights, bust those in small cris'
Niggaz playin themselves for thinkin we rhyme alike
How would you fight me, I'm like ten families strong
Calm gladiator, song navigator
Manipulation by song, relate to it niggaz
Henny on the rocks toast to the real, in God we trust
Them whole blocks got a story to tell
All of a sudden seasons change, you're welcome

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

[Billy Nix]

Billy Nix, black man is here, listen close
Spittin, just to niggaz, X address the niggaz
Most niggaz don't see right, see light like it's darkness
No offense but your flow's slow and dense
No guns in sight, no might for the heartless
We run ya mics, you write like you're retarded
I know my niggaz hearin the D, ya smellin this
Didn't know, you shoulda spoke while broke sayin poor
You spoke that which you wrote while broke yellin rich
Then Biggie up, "Kick in the Door," play it some more
This is the evolution of emceein, who dissin us?
Gettin Rah, stick up nigga, hand me ya listeners
Get a job we here, D-Elite, touch it
Matter fact, niggaz is wack, Wall Street fuck it
X government agent remember yo' name, remember
yo' game
You niggaz won't be spittin the same, motherfucker

(State your naaaame, gangsta!)

My God!

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