

## Royce Da 5'9 "Wall Street"

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[Intro - Royce talking]

You are now rocking to the sounds of my dawg. DJ  
Green Lantern  
Bar Exam 2 nigga. It's a motherfuckin' holiday bitches

[Verse 1 - June the Great]

I slang hope to the world like my name was Obama  
Shakin' hands with your father while I'm fuckin' yo  
momma  
Drama  
But I'ma say I'm in a league of my own  
Blowin' my own horn  
Horns of my cousin, Chevy in Texas  
I had to shout him out he's from the south  
Got pussy with me for my brother when he get out  
No doubt  
It goes one for the money  
Two for the show  
Three for the M.I.C. now let's go  
June's flow is pro  
Turn my speakers up louder  
Learn my shit  
Then recite it up in the shower  
No homo  
Yeah, peep my promo on behalf of the Bar Exam 2  
This is my message from me to you  
They'll probably be happy when I'm long gone  
But that'll never happen cause I got way too many  
songs  
MC's take note, but don't quote too much  
Find your own style and get 'mo in touch  
Plus  
Pussy make the world go round and mine spinnin' out  
of control  
Where I'ma stop, nobody knows  
You don't want me close to ya  
Scared I might roast ya  
But if I should stop, then who these streets gonna toast  
to?  
Here's the book of life, I just wrote you a new page  
Inspired by the beat, by the smell of my purple haze  
Hey, Grand River niggas up to no good

June 1st  
I bring you all closer to my hood

[Chorus]  
Wall Street  
Wall Street  
Yeah, yeah  
Uh huh

[Verse 2]  
My appetite for destruction  
My type to do the bustin'  
I eat the beat up like I got an appetite for percussion  
Lighten the mood like it's night and there's moonlight  
Platoon, high on them shrooms but this ain't no food  
fight  
Witch  
I could fly on a broom stick to my rude type  
My crew don't be 'bout no excuses, gesundheit  
God bless you, sneeze  
I'll wet you, sleeves  
Your arms ain't like ours yet, our recipe is...  
Beef on a platter  
Go on and chatter, it don't matter  
My cheese, I'm eatin' like I'm obese but only fatter  
I only know how to do it the Harriet Tub way  
I'm Underground like the Railroad, I'm prepared to get  
ugly  
My narrative thug day, can only compare me to drugs  
I take a nigga way from him like Jared from Subway  
You, could, never ever be on my level  
You don't know what you're in  
But you're in/urine guns like I took a pee on my metal  
Just me and my shuttle  
We fly  
We go together like my feet and my petal  
We ride  
How could I not be greatest?  
When I got Muhammad Ali boxin' inside me in Vegas  
Aye  
Haters  
I just wanna say this  
I know I'm underrated  
But I ain't under paid when it comes to makin'  
Money  
I'm so hot I feel like the son of Satan  
I'm so hot I feel like the sun is hatin'  
Your bitch  
Hhhhuhhhhuhhhh  
Breathin' like a hundred H's  
I am the reason for your under takin'

There's only one equation  
And it equals I am the sum of greatness

Yeah, yeah  
Uh huh

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