

Royce Da 5'9 "Warriors"

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[Intro:]

Check the scene, pappas
Slaughterhouse, still standin
There was a murder last night
and the shit didn't really sit right with me
So I had to tell a story
Ohhhhhhhhh baby!
Blood on the walls, {?}

[Joe Budden]

America's worst nightmare, ahead by light years
Hip-Hop's only shining star in the night's air
Right here, don't fight fair, what I write yeah
Might there, throw 'em off like they Bobby Knight's
chair
I been where you tryin to be, I'm already hot
All about cake, Betty Crock' and spit ready rock
They know my bar came venom in a bezzie rock
Kicked from fight club, outfit from Eddie Brock
I'm goin for the kill, focused on a steady plot
John Wilkes the Booth like when he dead aimed his
nezzie shot
You listenin to hip-hop's finest
You rewind this, Slaughterhouse behind this

[Joell Ortiz]

I like rap, this shit is cool, I'm better than mad niggaz
But I'm just as good a crack pitcher as a pad ripper
I say that to say this
Don't let mad liquor turn me to a bodybag zipper and
not a ad-libber
Couple joints ago I was right on that ave wit'cha
Mad bigger than the cats David Tyree had last winter
I'm not a made-up character
That's a Puerto Rican Brooklynite with two kids y'all see
in them mag pictures
And however I gotta feed 'em I will
All they ever gon' need in life is just, me and my will
Interfere with that it's gon' be more than a beat that I
kill
Disrespect with an indirect and you will see if I'm real

[Crooked I]

Fuck you blood-suckin parasites
I'm bringin the terror right in front of your parents'
sight
You parents' eyes, and yeah I wear a pair of pipes
I wear 'em like Sega like on a pair of thighs
I'm Eric Wright, I'm (Ruthless), I terrorize
You'll either perish or be paralyzed; I'm a thousand
degrees Fahrenheit
I'm even keepin them heaters when we perform
On stage rockin like we from Korn, the people roar
What they don't know it's a secret war
inside of a rider I'm seekin revenge on the world for
bein born!
And the desert eagle is "mi amor"
She'll fuck you to death, blow your brains, either or
cause she a whore

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Allow me to reassure your stripe's worthless
Like a pair of Diadora's when it leaves the Adidas store
Don't be comparin us to rappers
Compare us to the Arabs, this a terrorist attack, uh -
BOOM!
Lord have mercy, we here to destroy EVERY-thing
You niggaz is butter in front a FUCKIN machete swing
Motherfucker I'm fly, I ain't no scary goon
Try me and I guarantee you I'ma see you very soon
Leave a nigga ass out like Prince, take his bitch
Put my (Graffiti Bridge) right (Under Her Cherry Moon)
(woo!)
We notorious, pushin them Porsches
Y'all niggaz the orphans; US, we the warriors
[Interlude:]
Ohhhhh, wait a minute papis
Royce, slow down baby

[Joe Budden]

This rap shit is a workout on my legs (why?)
A nigga goin hard on his bike but two million dudes is
jumpin on the pegs
They know when that raw shit get recorded
Either let your speakers enforce it or lay down in a
moshpit
Of course it's the bosses, actin like officers
Runnin in these corporate offices
Hungry lookin for a four-course dish no matter what the
cost is
Like the world's lawless so we don't know what remorse
is
Cause the V need like a thousand horses

Slaughterhouse hoodie on, that's my new couture shit
It's Jumpoff! He be the best
Computers rank me number 1, blame the BCS
It's they fault nigga

[Joell Ortiz]

Ask about your boy, I'm nice with my hands
Maybe that's why, every last thing I write is a jam
Minus the fans, the flights to Japan, I am the man
Anyone who feel they could see me is in dire need of a
eye exam
My mind expands wider than the fanbase of a fire band
And what I release from my diaphragm
sticks to you, like the wrists of Spiderman
Fool a average listeners what you liars can do but you
will die a scam
When I die they will retire my entire hand
for years of scripted whoop-ass, makin intruders try a
can
I guess the moral of the story is Joell's victorious
And e'rything's all gravy like Notorious

[Crooked I]

I left a nigga dead cause he said he was ready for I
Let the Beretta give him wings since he said he was fly
I'm in my Chevy ridin to "Bar Exam" and "Mood Muzik"
They the closest to "Reasonable Doubt" and "Ready to
Die"
Crooked I, watch for snitches and wire devices
My fo'-fifth, fire in crisis, lift you higher than prices
All my ice, and on the mic, I am the nicest
Me and my bitch ride for life like Osirus and Isis
Yeah, word to Run-D.M.C. I'm (Tougher Than Leather-
face)
Never threw a gun in the trash but they call me Weapon
Waist
It's like you movin from the projects to the Hamptons
The way my hammers be sendin bastards to a better
place

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Let me set it straight, they fans been led astray
Niggaz keep gassin with guns with unleaded spray
They don't know they one flow, one medic away
From bein taken away from here in the leaded state
I handle all of my serious issues with metal
I stick you so deep in the earth your zipper can tickle
the devil
I'm skippin the pick and the shovel
I'm pickin you up and I'm shovin your head in the mud
until your kickings is level

Pardon I live for the moment, you rhymin I give the
atonement
like the Indians, I scalp and I wig the opponent (yeah)
But I'm a chief, matter fact I'm a BEAST
I'm a motherfuckin Slaughterhouse G
BOOM!

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