

Royce Da 5'9 "We Deep"

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[Intro "Trick Trick"]

Nephew, these little faggit, pussy ass, bitch ass niggas
think they wanna do something with us!?!
What they wanna do with the D!?!

[Chorus Royce Da 5'9"]

All you gotta do is say my name,
I make the gun sang, sang
like Aoooooooooh,
You don't want,
I have you niggas, bleeding
laying down hurtin' on the corner like Ahhhhhhhhh-
ooooooooahhhhhoooo!
Close your mouth
before your mouth
get you into something
with them detriot niggas
WE DEEP!

[Verse 1 Royce Da 5'9"]

C'mon with that the throne's intact, tact
we the reason niggas gotta buy they own shit back,
back
30 niggas pit black in this bitch strapped
foul mouth niggas get a clip full of tic-tacs[Wooooo!!!]
mr porters sick track, trick trick blat
this that, riff raff, tell ya' bitch lick that.
alcoholic ass clique this a big frat,
cross the line when we steppin' it's gon be click clack!
niggas fakin' they throwin' them hissyfits
they make us start, but they ain't makin' out like ya'
boy and his kissy bitch
Till they get taken out like ya like ya boy does his prissy
bitch
my high price lawyer still hood like a dickie fit
My words like a four forum page
Hold on, you gone collapse like joe joe on stage
if you, ever fuck around with me i'll lift you
it's however you want it
long as I ain't gotta ride with you[Waaaaaoooooooo!]

[Chorus Royce Da 5'9"]

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[Verse 2 Trick Trick]

The godfather n the king of the d
leaving these niggas slept butt ass naked
like they was sleepin' with me
you little bad mouth faggit ass lil' boys
I was bustin' 7'6'2's
when you was playin' with toys
[Transformers sample, followed by insane laughter]
G.I Joe, motherfucka you like playin' games
but see I don't
I like, giving the order, for distrubtin' the satchel
denying alligations, that I was the one that got
you[FUCK EM'!!!]
Kill em' all, and let the lord sort em' out
Duct tape, covered with lines, and board up the house
Gon nigga run yo' mouth
and go out of place
behind ya' momma, brothers, and sisters cause
nobody safe
I paid mine a long time ago
you ain't seen dues
I got a family that'll knock these bitches outta they
shoes
So listen to a professional
We'a get the best of you
And run a gas truck through the center in ya'
postion[Nigga!]
[Chorus Royce Da 5'9"]
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[Verse 3 Royce Da 5'9"]
Show me some respect[uhh]
Or get ya' shit checked[uhhhh]
you act dry
then prolly gon get ya' shit wet[Laughing]
I ain't tryna be big
Give me a big check, check
Could spit techs
Split up ya' team like dipset

[Verse 4 Trick Trick]
Ya' See these niggas rollin' deep in the truck
Got the world sayin'
detroit niggas skeetchy as fuck
take a niggas shit for nothin'
but if you say somethin'
fully automatic double clips we dumpin'

[Verse 5 Royce Da 5'9"]
[DUMPIN!]
Boy we hot
Look at the dough we got
broke, no we not
you spoked and you know we shot
slug him with 40 shots
the proof is my porty pot
my crew startin' shit
like ya' boy 40 Glocc

[Verse 6 Trick Trick]
You niggas worry bout me
you better worry bout sweets
goon squad mic controllin' the streets
fuck with niggas that take bread for heads
coke cain slangers
fuck you little sissy ass myspace gang
bangers[Hoooooeeeeeeeeeee]

[Chorus Royce Da 5'9"]
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[Outro Royce Da 5'9"]
Cheaaaa
Goon Squad, crip ass
mothafuckin' mic gang ass
street lord mafia ass niggas
Ya'll niggas come here, you better call somebody
Trick, Me, Wan
Call one of the bossessss

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