

Royce Da 5'9

"Who Got Bodied"

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[Verse 1]

Now I don't told this nigga to shut his mouth
I guess he wasn't hearin' me
I'm beyond this peon, he's scared of me
Apparently he don't see that he don't compare to me
Cause he ain't remain silent like T.I.'s security
It's clear to me he'll fuck up his own cash
Take your little freestyle and shove it up your ass
Followed by the "oohs" and "aaahs"
Your foolish pride gonna fuck around and put you on
the loosin' side
Who got bodied?
Nigga, you sick? Then I'm a hot tattie
Coke flow, I spit so much Whitney I got Bobby
I'm a sound off
This nigga's a clown y'all
Fifty niggas with him wearin' jheri curls, hoppin' out of
clown car
Shows over Bozo
No mo', I'm back
Time to face the music, I'ma just straight up abuse him
He choose to, diss
But he know not what he gettin'
While he's spittin' funny shit, I'm gettin' money bitch
Blllaah!
C'mon I'm a product of my environment
He ain't gotta try to bring Malcolm out of retirement
He go at me I hit him asap
Take that
Get shot up like a cap gun at a race track (Boom)
He's probably from the part of the Bay that the gay's at
Where the fags migrate and give each other AIDS at
They told me you ain't the pistol type
So yo, you know to me that means you a Frisco dyke
Get you a whoopin' like Whoopie
You steppin' in another circle
I wear purple label you just wear The Color Purple
Everything about your lame flow represents
Everything hoe in every color in the rainbow
Sayin' Proof's name will get you strangled
Let my nigga rest or I bet you you gon' be sleepin' with

the angels
I'm fly
You a fly fisher
You lie
You die
Goodbye

Zip 'em up [x4]

[Verse 2]

C'mon
You showed you ain't got respect soon as you diss me
so sudden
So when you bow it better look like you toe touchin'
I'm so fuckin' ridiculous with the flow cousin
I pack heat and I will give you the whole oven
Coke, heroin, flower, fuck it the whole cupboard
No publishin' for this fuckin', I'm so stubborn
I threw the bait
You took it, I'm on the boat buzzin'
Reelin' you in, tryin' to eat you before Joe Budden

[Verse 3]

Budden said the battle was embarrassin'
Comparison
This shit here more embarrassin'
So I'ma use his beat to merk you
And maybe he'll see that I'll merk him too
I'm just playin' my nigga Buddens, you cool
I'm just fuckin' with you cause I got +Nuttin To Do+
This Mistah Fag, he's a waste of my time
And my time is money so I'm wastin' money just makin'
this rhyme
It ain't beef
But I would like to shoot your jeweler
Your charm look like some kind of retarded school bus
All you missin' is the "duh" and the drool
The wheelchair, the helmet and the confused look
Niggas get shook when Malcolm speaks
There ain't a way I can hear you on an Alchemist beat
Y'all two doin' an album together
Ooh shit
Okay, I got a sample for you
Loop this:

[circus employee talking]

Step right up! Step right up! Let me guess your weight
I just flew in from San Francisco and boy are my arms
tired!
Step right up and watch me shoot through bullets out of
my sleeve

I'm so fuckin' funny. Let's take it to The Bay baby

[Background]

Mistah F.A.B. I'm funny. I'm a clown, with no money
Every Monday, I get a haircut. To wear a t-shirt and
jeans with airbrush
I'm corny. I'm corny. There goes a real fat ? before me
It's not corny. He's still here too. But I don't care cause,
I'm so funny

[Verse 4]

The streets will teach you
I love for The Bay nigga, Skee my people
The problem is, you think lyrically my equal
But that don't balance out I gotta Keak to Sneak you
You be the bitch
Nigga we be the shit
You never slang like 40
You tryin' to be legit/B-Legit
I will eat your soul
My pieces glow cause they freezin'
These hoes is Keshia Cole
I'll put you in the hospital
You ain't the only one that got riddled
I got two
Check it
One
Flabby, Fabby, fuck you
Fucked yo mammie, we family cause I'm yo daddy, son
Two
Yeah, pussy thought you took me
Want a cookie? Cause nobody seems to care
So what's the fuss 'bout
Turn your girl's mouth to a Yukmouth
Nut, turn her out to a slut house
Who got bodied?

[Sample of Mistah F.A.B.'s diss song]

"Trick hates your guts and Proof ain't never like you"

"I fuck with real Detroit niggas like Chedda Boys"

[Royce whispering throughout]

Ask about me

[Verse 5]

I got A.K.s, A.R.s, aye y'all
This nigga been dead since the eighth bar
But I'm tryin' to overkill him
Standin' over the silly nigga holdin' a shottie
With a spear shootin' at him
Till his body disappears
Look a here

I will put your crew in boxes
I done put whole crew in boxes
And it's best he stops cause I will Freddie Foxxx him
Put him out with the tools or boxing
So think about your next move
I will let you choose your option
Top ten
Dead or alive
And I got soldiers
You cast your little punk ass stones at me, I throw back
boulders!
Oh yeah
It's over, hold that
Nigga this is G's up, I speed up right where you slow at
Lyrically you Borat
Boring
Do anything for a laugh
You know that's....annoying
It's sounds that perhaps you doubt me
Well
If you ever ever make it to my city, ask about me
Your luck over
Cause all you tried to do is be famous
So now you famous nationwide for gettin' fucked over
Boy pay up
I ball, this a fo' sho' lay up
I'm playin' chess with a Connect Four player!

[Chorus]

It's obvious I hear you talkin' loud
I'm clappin' all day like I'm cheerin' in the crowd
I'm bout to catch a body
I'm a bust a mag boy
I'm bout to catch a body
I'm a bust a mag boy
I'll kill y'all!
If you ain't never ran from a nigga
Then you damn sure probably picked a day to start
runnin'
Get runnin'!
If you ain't never ran from a nigga
Then you damn sure probably picked a day to start
runnin'
Get runnin'!

[Outro: Chedda Boy & Trick Trick dissing Mistah F.A.B.]

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