

Sway

"I Wish U Would"

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[Intro]

Sway and King Tech
Bringin it back to basics
Mic skills
You know what I'm sayin
2005
Keepin it live
Can-I-Bus, Chino XL, and Royce Da 5'9"

[Royce Da 5'9"]

The cold shoulder holdin the frozen boulder of ice
Chosen type to the poor polisher
Just let go of my foes shit let go of they mics
Just let go of they souls before the 4-4
At night you wanna send them you higher in the sky
When god meant you to fly 'til Christ blows over
The Farrakhan and the most soldiers the headliner
The show close and the doors close the shows over
The pope spoke and potently the marijuana
The coast to coast coke leaf the dope beats
So close to the pope he can show Moses
No competin is no for the poor closer
My whole M-O-Ps M-O mister simple
M-O-B N-O-T ya N-O
I been on Leno don' diss don' hit the thrown
My head's growin
The crown don't fit (don't fit, don't fit, don't fit)

[Chorus]

I wish you would (Not beef it'll never settle)
I wish you would (You never know who's got the heavy
metal)
I wish you would (Violate minds put holes in your
riddle)
I wish you would (Get the knocked the fuck out)

[Canibus]

I carry niggaz like a brute with a screw face
Carryin a suitcase with his picture in today's newspaper
To pay the cops to make cargo drops
I wish you would talk shit about me on the wrong block

Get a high performance shot on the spot
Soon as you park the drop
Give a fuck if you a star or not
Genital hip hop or that you just stand down nigga
Don't let me hafta beat you up with your fans around
nigga
Fuck who you roll with ya mans a clown nigga
A couple quick snapshots you outta the picture
Put you on the A-list
Ya faceless assassin looks like Ghostface before 36
Chambers
Hang around gorillas ya frigates becomes apists
Behave your modication I slap you when you say shit
Pull ya pipe out we could go there too
You get blasted with a most hair crew
In your head and your jewels
Plus ya back in ya chest to be cruel
If I say don't run and you do I'm dumpin you fool
The moonlight blessed me
The vibes direct me
You might be better than me but not directly
Perfect rap muscles public enemy half a double

Do the math I'm a classic rebel
I wish you would try to dance with the devil
I'll wet you but pet you
Chop ya arms off hand you a shovel
Never stare at you keep it professional
Hit you with a hand full of metal
You be face down when I bury you
After that I wish somebody would try to remember you
I kill you on the mic that's the simplest simple truth
(truth, truth,
Truth)

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]

Imagine a world without Chino XL bein illest
No one raps landlord murderin all my tenants
Hurdling over an image harmonicas by Bruce Willis
Avoidin women like monica them types that try to kill us
I don't write verses, I write controverses
Harder than controllin Anthony Anderson's sexual
urges
You nervous at my foul ability to smile while
Killin off ya family child by child
Mutual respect it's wild cats like KRS in Miami
Music's my apprentice Donald Trump couldn't fire me
Any sticky drama beef physically imma strike back
Vin Diesel was like Chino nigga how'd ya arms get like

that
I sit back simplify the style (monumental)
Cuz niggaz keep missing the point like a broken pencil
Street education I slip it in like white boys who
Think they down
Threw the word nigga inside their conversation
Back of cryogenic hibernation
The lyrical Benicio Del Toro up for ya oscar
consideration
Not a adjulation they show my battle raps on cinemax
To open ya eyes I drive a cadillac through ya cataracts
Some raw like Puerto Rican birth control after sippin
rum
Got 99 problems but a verse ain't one
Since 14 been in the street of my own
Don't cry for me like Evita Peron
Find my mind iller than Nina Simone
Backpedalin like Sly Stallone on a 10 speed
Smokin weed in a world where everybody's against me
See I'm more than famous
The public school system plans class trips to my
Projects to watch me twist the language
I'm dangerous as swarms of locusts wanted with
niggaz that's broke as
Handcuffin soldiers that sold for some dotal emotions
I notice ya cd for 99 cent what
Blank cds a dollar fifty you make more from shut the
fuck up
(The fuck up, the fuck up)

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