

## Sway And King Tech

### "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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