

**Johannes Stein****"I Promise"**

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah, yeah yeah

There's a void that needs to be filled inside this  
marketplace

You could die in my parkin space

My mom want me to blow up and house them

My father want me to bring product out without Slim

And prove them wrong - they paid my bills

I'm on your heels, I'm for real, my shoes is long

To feed my son - I will leave you

leakin in the street, I will heat you to kingdom come

Uhh, the king will come

Wait 'til you gone in place of a angel appear to take you  
home

The beard on the face is gone

These bullets is straight razors, blazin you, case in  
point

Amaze the rap game, make 'em point

Walk inside of the house of the illest and case the joint

And take whatever I want, out of it

Now that I'm wise, my future rides on it, it's time for  
triumph

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"] + (Ingrid Smalls)

I promise - if you just let me in the game (Prayyyy)

If you should bless me enough to let me reign, I will  
contain you (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will support my family, slash you (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will pray every day, I will ask you

I promise - if you just let me in the game (Prayyyy)

If you should bless me enough to let me reign, I will  
contain you (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will stop the killin, I will change (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will put in this flow, what you put in my soul

[Royce Da 5'9"]

The whole misconception with me

The only thing people think that I'm arrogant when they  
don't know me

That's what it was

If I wasn't a real nigga the shit would not bother me but

it does  
The shit is not fair  
Just picture yourself lookin in the mirror tryna change  
what is not there  
When niggaz stop speakin  
Them phone calls get slow, I'm feelin like Nas before  
he dropped "Ether"  
I appear to be sober  
I'ma really be runnin over whoever said that my career  
was over  
Whoever gave me the cold shoulder  
And turn they backs on me, I'll be blazin you from both  
coasts  
Believe me, I got Lil' Homie and July 6  
So you funny actin ass producers, I don't need you  
You can keep yo' beats, rap for money  
FUCK you and everybody else who acted funny

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]  
Uhh, I'm callin every nigga out in the game  
that tried to go against the fire and douse the flame  
I could shout yo' name  
But nobody stands out more than anybody else, you  
doubt the same  
For every nigga that say I'm hidin  
just because I ain't hangin out at the same places I  
once vibed in  
Everybody at my father's job askin him rumors, shit  
Stop as my dad soon gon' quit  
If I can, maybe thank him for raising me  
to think like a baby gangsta, crazy temper  
I paid my sentence - totaled out the prison  
the game sent me, fame owes my name plus interest  
But once you strapped in to the penmanship  
and the track rumbles, you trapped in this rap jungle  
When you can't come through, sales are numbers  
The one who prevails'll be the one who remain tumbled

[Chorus]

[Royce] What you put in my soul.. {\*echoes\*}

[Ingrid Smalls]  
Prayyyy, prayyyy, prayyyy  
Prayyyy, prayyyy, prayyyy.. {\*fades out\*}

