

# Royce Da 59, D Elite

[Royce Da 59&quot;]

Once again relax, it's just music.

Niggaz right here, show you how I do

Niggaz right here, show you my crew

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yeah yeah

Fuck a team like you who swing like you

We block shots in the ring lightning

Rock hot rocks kill, get the cream still

Blasphemous mind ill steal rhyme skill

Nas couldn't rhyme for this, Nickel-Nine will

I go through, cool out, blow a whole crew

Cool out bro, out-glow a whole jewel

We bout to blow up, got your nose up

You could catch a blocka-blocka try to stop or hold us

And your block a whole bust, live news

Ride through with one girl and five dudes

Best crew in the D, niggaz best move

All you niggaz gun sleep and your vest used

Niggaz bluffin, bore me, nothin for me

The only overlord me, only glory, you reach!

Wake up and smell the aroma nigga you sleep

The contract is out on The King, nigga you breach

D-Elite - Jah, Cut Throat

Billy Nix, Little, Nickle, Cha, utmost

Respect dawgs, expect your neck cut rope

The barrel of the Swiss, whole tec up close

If the block was any hotter I could start a cult

I was trouble the minute my momma's water broke

You never see the weak destroy me, I'm focused

I was raised by a postal employee, need I say more? *{\*echoes\*}*