

Royce Da 59, King Of Detroit

Shoot wit us..

(Chorus 2X: Royce Da 5'9")

You gon' need a lot more guns to shoot wit us
It's gon' take a lot more power to f**k wit us
A lot more jewels to floss wit us
And a lot more niggaz to buck wit us

I'm the King of Detroit, I'm the King of the Kings

(Royce Da 5'9")

The King of the ring, cause y'all niggaz be swingin the sting
Imagine a thought of that

I'm doin my thing, you only worth TWO of my rings

It's you and my team, at war for tryin to ruin my reign

It's Motown, it's where this black music shit started at

All I did was brought it back

Get it right, I'm over your block and I must succeed

These niggaz rippin and robbin with the fifth in the closet

I don't know how much you need, but it's more than you got

Cause y'all niggaz ignorant logic got you slippin and dodgin

We bring to a violent halt whatever beef we have

I hate losin, so you'll probably never see me mad

It's the size of the gun, the trigger and the nigga behind it

Just here to rewind it back to where time had begun

I'm the King of the throne, I stood up to sing you a song

to get the platinum plaques back to the city, bring it home

(Chorus)

(Royce Da 5'9")

Yo, yo, yo, yo

You welcome to floss and receive a consecutive loss

All I need's a second to talk to get my message across

Out-of-townners come to Detroit with all they mens

and that's a gamble, you know the house always wins

I'm the savior of rap, y'all wanna be like the third verse missed

Street this, thug that rhyming my life in first-person

You could never rise, no matter how high it seems

I'm the man with a eye, in the land of the blind of Kings

Trust this, no one could touch this - the difference is

the average nigga brings it to jail, that's why I bring it to justice

My shit be well-thought out, y'all niggaz just writin a rhyme

That's why most of the time you bitin a rhyme

I'm simple and plain, quick to speak a nigga in vain

Cause niggaz done changed, it's very few niggaz with brain

Speak from your heart, and I aim for your chest, I'm done wit it

(Chorus)

Y'all rap niggaz want your respect? Then come get it

(Royce Da 5'9")

Yo, yo, yo.. we must, represent for us

Cause where we from, we eat, sleep and shit Detroit and that's us

Y'all slide by, side by the real niggaz

ain't nothin but stand by to get killed niggaz what!

Tryna make the most of this time, we ain't inside forever

This is life, nobody makes it out alive - NEVER

I'm the King of the throne, I stood up to sing you a song

to get the platinum plaques back to Detroit, bring it home

(Chorus) 2X