

# Royce Da 5'9, Malcom X

(Royce talking)

yo, yo, this is a J-dogg exclusive

D-12, worst f\*\*king rap group ever (You ready?)

Royce Da 5'9" would like to apologize to the family of my homeboy Bugz for lettin' that line leak out the radio, it was a long story how it happened D-12 though, y'all better quit actin' like that wasn't my man too Like I was tryna disrespect him or somethin', I was tryna disrespect y'all 'Cause that's what I'm doin' (gun-loading sound) from here on 'n My new name from now on, don't even call me Royce Da 5'9" no mo' Call me Malcolm X, 'cause e'rybody in the city wanna kill me (\*gun shooting sounds\*) I'm Malcolm X now haha, we gon' see who goin, I ain't goin nowhere motherf\*\*ker We gon' see, e'rybody who against me, nigga I'm mad (BITCH) Haha, yeah, there's only one problem Everytime you motherf\*\*kers breathe on the mic It's a motherf\*\*kin' lie nigga, nobody believes you (\*echoes\*)

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN (2x)

Y'all niggaz sound like y'all write y'all rhymes with motherf\*\*kin' crayons, BITCHES

(Royce Da 5'9" )

Yeah, what rap crew I gotta snatch up out the game (bitch)  
Who must I smack for sayin my name?  
Somebody gon' die, it's probably YOU  
You couldn't fit Bizarre's body in my shoes  
Niggaz quick to talk all hood 'til I pop up  
Plus, you just act tough cause Suge got locked up  
I am above y'all, when you droppin your raps to diss me  
I only recognize the top of your hats  
And I don't like Proof punk-ass, he think he tough  
He keep thirty niggaz with him, cause he weak as f\*\*k!  
I ever catch you by yourself, I'ma f\*\*k you up  
Snatch your little cheap-ass chain and piece you up  
You better hope you and the white boy keep in touch  
And be a good little hype man, or your lease is up  
Since Slim signed 50, I don't see your teeth as much  
That's good, cause you got a grill like a f\*\*kin truck!  
DAMN HOMIE, it's history, over, hang it up  
Go somewhere and hang up some 50 posters, PUNK  
You speak you late, y'all prolly gon' go up to them awards  
and get yo' ass whooped by B2K  
I just wish Eminem would stop tellin' everybody he ain't speakin' to me  
Like I'm one of his hoes or somethin'  
How 'bout this, I ain't speakin to you, chump  
And I'ma keep pickin on your weak ass crew  
You, BITCH, Bizarre you a fat stutterin f\*\*k  
You a joke, I choke whoever buttered you up  
I've been ridin by your house, you don't come out too much  
You hidin, when I find you I'ma snatch you out of that front  
and tie your fat stankin ass to your couch and just  
FEED YOU, you already look like you about to bust  
Nigga you can run or hide; I'll be on your porch  
with a cheeseburger tryin to lure you outside!  
'Cause he's in it, Bizarre say G-g-g-g-g-unit  
I bet you throw some extra "g's" in it  
Just like a stutterin' fool can't reach intelligence  
He sweats when he raps, 'cause he got a speach impediment  
You, BITCH, Porky's pig and Porky's tomb  
About to dig his own grave with a fork and spoon  
You, BITCH, Denaun and Swifty please  
Give it a year, both a y'all be rakin' 50's leaves  
What do I know, that other nigga y'all got in your group

I don't even know his name, but he can shovel my snow  
You, BITCH, let's face it I gave it to y'all  
My lil' sister got six puppies that's braver than y'all (barking sounds)  
Niggaz is startin' the beef I'm 'bout to end with the quickness  
I'm 'bout to end this quicker than Bizarre can finish a biscuit  
Quicker than quick shit, y'all ain't felt the half  
Quicker than Eminem can pinch Elton's ass  
Don't call me, I ain't ready to squash it yet, kiss my ASS  
I don't wanna talk to Hex, I am so sick I should be compared to cancer  
Y'all throw up your dukes and don't swing like Fred G.? Sanford  
I be makin' motherf\*\*kers scratch they heads when I rhyme  
Y'all lil' niggaz scratch ya heads then rhyme, go play;  
you lil punk ass niggaz, y'all can scream and yell all you want  
I feel like I'm battlin' Keenan & Kel  
You, BITCH, none o' y'all can put in the card to kenell  
Paul better call me, like he called Benzino  
Matter o' fact, I might even do a song with Ray  
Sign with Murder Inc. and hit you with a song again

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN (4x)

(Royce talking)

I don't even want you lil' punks to think I'm mad  
Y'all lil' niggaz are Ninja Turtles, you're nothing  
Nothin', you not on my level, I will beat yo boss's ass nigga  
Tre Little, bring it on

(Tre Little)

Tre Little, the baby gorilla, I'm just that guy  
I'm 5'6", got stacked lines, shit that high, I'm ridin'  
F\*\*K you and your commercial appeal  
I turn yo' head into blue 'n yellow +Purple Hills+  
I bet you whatever that nobody beats my family  
Eminem, Nelly said that he'll eat you like candy  
What did you do, got on the phone and called him up  
You don't wanna talk to Royce, but you talk to Puff  
You, BITCH, yo' crew some local hoes  
I hit you harder than that white girl that broke your nose  
You and Royce can squash this with one talk  
Step around from your security and talk to that man  
I understand you backin' yo' crew, but this my brother  
Anythin' that happen to him, somethin' gonna happen to you  
And I don't give a f\*\*k for that, nigga, I'll do life  
I advise you to stop; yo' money don't buy you stripes  
Only thing that money brings is fake niggaz and problems  
Followed by niggaz who hate fake niggaz and rob 'em  
But you niggaz is WACK; Denaun I'ma stab you  
So many times, I'ma feel bad when you collapse!  
You niggaz is so BITCH you make me sick to my stomach  
Every beat that you ever made sound like it was missin' somethin'  
Timbaland lookin' ass, nigga, my style is realer  
What producer you ever know only good for album filler

We gon' beat yo' ass DOWN (2x)

(Royce talking)

You!, Yea, punk ass niggaz, yea we in the streets now too, nigga  
Big Homie's out nigga, what up

(Tre Little talking)

Yea you add water and stir ass motherf\*\*kers, what y'all thought  
My brother here ain't have no backbone?  
Nigga, it's on when I see y'all  
Proof what the f\*\*k you thinkin' of nigga, this cash boy  
Need the white boy to get y'all started ass niggaz

F\*\*k y'all hoes, I told Royce I ain't like that motherf\*\*ka  
Faggots, I smack the shit outta any one o' y'all niggaz  
Sell my bill one nigga  
What the f\*\*k y'all thought nigga y'all'll get bought bitch  
Street orientated; y'all motherf\*\*kers hate it  
Learn how to flow stop bein' mad y'all bitches  
Trick, trick, when I catch yo' bitch ass, yea dude  
Asked about cash nigga, you comin' to yo' doom  
You'll end up like click boom, bitch  
Rock City motherf\*\*ker, regardless  
Get the point bitch, or get the hollows motherf\*\*ker  
It's Cash Flow Bitch  
Big Homie

(Royce Talkin)