

Royce Da 59, No Talent Rappers

Verse 1 (Cutty Mac):

I fell in love with hip hop...
I wanna rap cousin,
That's hen he gave me a brick,
Told me rap something,
Crack something,
Act something,
Pack something,
Stack something,
That's something,
Gats stuntin,
Don't make me clap something,
I tell niggas once...
Then I'm back busting,
Gats dumping,
That's dumping,
Pass me the bag youngin,
I beat niggas bloody,
Weak niggas swear they...
Thugs, till they mugs full of blood,
They say J nutty,
Whenever rock bottom,
I'm on the block wilin',
Flock niggas stock pollens,
Squads out the drop clownin...
On my 7-digit,
Bitch youa never get it,
Spitting like that...
I'm in the kitchen writing raps,
With the cheddar sittin,
By the glocks and the ?drabs?,
And the box of seran,
Where bakin soda vision
With pots and the pans,
Rockin a slab,
Niggas swear they were shittin,
Till they rottin in a bag.

Mid Verse (royce):

You hearin the beat...
niggas here with Juan..
Cutty Mac... Me... 5'9"...
The streets is mine...
Ride out!

Verse 2 (Royce):

I'm in the drop wit the top up wit cash
Mashin the pot wit the glock in the stash
You boxin you possibly got... just shot in yo ass
Dropped in a box in the trash
Chopped into pieces... stabbed
Wit the top of you leaking...
Feet from the opposite half of you reekin,
Cops with they badges, keepin me stocked up fo cheap,
Charges get dropped quick as I could get knocked
And I'm back on my feet,
The untracable track &&"mop and the bleach&&"
It's a check if he gets on it,
Spits on it,
Wreckin the next nigga destined to flip on it,
For that paper with the dead presidents on it,

Best flow nigga put yo neck and ya wrist on it,
A soldier be rollin fo doe and for dollars,
Yo flow to mines is, like a rover to a ?diappallo?.

*mid-verse

Verse 3 (Juan):

In a spot in a lab,
Killin niggas is something that's probly ?bad?
On a block with the mag,
While the track spitting mad,
Killin whole staffs,
Whippin compontents choppin the whole car in half,
I'm a gangsta nigga,
If i can't care nigga,
Shankin nigga,
Make a nigga,
Shakin until he,
Skatin in a,
Ambulance wit the sirens off,
With the benz whippin off,
Let my little youngins take the tires off,
Real hip hop...
Snitches get dropped
Cocain... operation skip/watch
I spit it street cuz it's in me...
I know Death is Certain so i merk a nigga fo he merk me,
Niggas act silly,
Till they catch a chilly,
Put a slug in em,
Till he shittin ?pissarini?
I'mma nut punk
Bust pump
Snatch trunk
Mashed up
Smack chumps
Look at em like &"And What!&"