

Royce Da 59, Shit On You

Yo, this is a J-Dawg exclusive.

(Speaking) Yeah, I'm speaking on behalf of Royce the 5'9, and the rest of Wall Street. Me and my

(Royce Speaking) Yeah yeah, no offence to my true niggas, y'all know who we all are, this is perso

(Royce Rapping) Yo yo, I heard you on DJ Butter, you ain't slick

Somewhere in between a s-st-stutter and punch you diss

I was like "Huh? What the f**k is this?"

"Why the f**k this lame nigga trying to f**k with this?"

You just talking real wreckless, you dissed the King

Get your eyes off my necklace, kiss the ring

Crawl before you walk, don't be caught without your gat

Somebody should have taught you how to talk before you rap

I know about how you gotta get walked through your verse

Niggas trying to teach you how to talk all through your verse

The streets and the magazines still knockin' your verse

On your verse niggas just look at their watch and reverse

I'm about realism, as far as a fat nigga that raps and rapes kids

I don't see the vision (shit on you)

You do front, me you admire

You told the truth once like "I'm a compulsive liar"

Insecure niggas, take offense to the line

All in my shit when I'm mentioning mine

Yo it's on, better tell Vaun "stick to the rhyme"

You better run and get Swift when I get to the nine

It should be Wall Street, y'all and Slum V

But nope, you want to rhyme like Young Z

You was a clown in school, the only nigga on stage in a costume

Now the World is clowning you

Sherriff of the rap, arresting the big fat bear

That got a jump in the character to rap

Nigga, gimme this mic, you ain't doing it right

You called yourself an idiot, I'm just proving yourself right

This is strong over the weak, long career over deceased

And me doing you wrong over your beat

You speak when you see me, but you talk the flow

F**king clown, smile nigga, honk your nose

You probably looking at it like I'm making a big deal

But nigga that's what I do, I make big deals

Take a chunk of the budget, and keep they brow raised

And watch the little people split the pie five ways

Nigga go play, matter fact, catch up

I am six figures bigger, and my book's kept up

Y'all a rap boy band, and you're testing me now?

Y'all a group with one star, like Destiny's Child

F**k that, no nigga, how can I relate

to a group with four dudes, who's easily replaced

I erase niggas when they talk backwards

I call Paul and have him write you off on his taxes

I'm a solo artist, you just one of the crew

Fans coming up to y'all like, "which one is you?"

You're the fat one, tell them that's your name

You'll tell a joke whenever too, that's your game

Who cares if you've been on tour, you don't come off (shit)

Nigga all you do is run on stage and run off

One loose cannon? that's strange

'Cause the only cannon in the crew

Was planted, wherever Proof's standing

I speak to Em and Proof, I'm speaking with love

They're my niggas, y'all is sissy niggas keeping a grudge

I don't give a f**k nigga, you can beat up with gloves

And if you want beef, f**k it you can meet up with Bugz

I shit on you... (fat mother f**ker)

(Royce Speaking) Ayo, cut that shit. F**k that nigga, you diss me you gon' be dissed back, nigga.