

# Royce Da 59, Simon Says (Street Games)

(Intro: Royce)

Hit you until you, hit you until you  
I'ma hit you until you, hit you until you  
I'ma hit you until you, hit you until you  
Hit you until you, hit you until you  
I'ma hit you until you STOP, hit you until you GO!  
Hit you until you DROP, hit you until you ROLL!  
I'ma hit you until you BLEED, hit you until you LEAVE!  
Hit you until you.. yeah, yeah

I put in my dirt I'ma hurt you

(Verse One: Royce Da 59&quot;)

You must be ruthless, or you will die hidin  
Bullets is +Eeny Meeny Miny Moe+; don't put your foot in my circle  
I'm not a hater nigga  
beside a bunch of chicken niggaz that +Duck Duck Goose+  
You punks got a 50/50 chance of livin, you playin +Rock Paper Scissors+  
I got twin glocks from Scotland, I'd rather +Double Dutch+ witcha  
Why the F\*\*K would I knuckle up witcha?  
He played them street games 'til the heat came  
Same nigga that be changin quick when they see brains  
We ride in streets with Mafia ties  
We pop up by surprise like we playin +Hide-And-Go-Seek+  
And I'm about to draw the line nigga, talk to your soldiers  
Cross me, you try to knock a stick off of my shoulder  
I'm the nigga +Simon Says+  
Nigga I will heat you, 59&quot; will have you lyin beside your bed

(Chorus: Royce)

I'ma hit you until you STOP, hit you until you GO!  
Hit you until you DROP, hit you until you ROLL!  
I'ma hit you until you BLEED, hit you until you LEAVE!  
Hit you until you, hit you until you  
I'ma hit you until you STOP, hit you until you GO!  
Hit you until you DROP, hit you until you ROLL!  
Hit you until you BLEED, hit you until you LEAVE!  
Hit you until you.

(Verse Two: Royce Da 59&quot;)

Yeah yeah, I see pain but why

is it these street games is all leadin into the same violences?  
God is it, possible the same niggaz  
that's winnin in +Dodgeball+ will grow up and dodge bullets?  
The funky little, two squares  
in this concrete jungle was shootin the +Monkeys In The Middle+  
If you compare me to anyone in this game  
if it ain't Shyne or Beans then it's +Truth Or Dare+  
I been this hollow inside for years  
Leave peers beside beers that'll +Spin The Bottle+  
Don't think that e'ry night seem right  
Nigga just look beside you, I'm at every +Red Light, Green Light+  
Ready to stop you, fatal-ly  
I'll leave bullets inside your truck the size of +Hot Potatoes+  
A comparison's vital - you ain't nobody

Royce 59&quot; is Simon, the +Americal Idol+

(Chorus)

Yeah, yeah, now he's had the luck as

(Verse Three: Royce Da 59&quot;)

At the pick of the day the hot shot, let's play +Hop Scotch+  
Let's teach all of these punks

the same dumb f\*\*k that took toes to the morgue for +Freeze Tag+  
Miss the clock is tickin away  
that we as venomous as snakes, you can be them +Leap Frogs+ and jump  
I'ma make 'em all drop and say &quot;Ahh&quot;;  
I'm the king of the playground, I make 'em say +Father May I+  
You should say Grace - cause even if you  
bring your own pencil to the game nigga we don't play +Breaks+  
Now you gon' find your fitted  
Finally the dudes be lame  
in the Lost &amp; Found cause you crossed your bound nigga +Hide+ and go get it  
His name booted out of the games, hang by the dooky chains  
then flee the scene while runnin in the latest Ponies  
Erase the phonies - keep his team shooter

(Chorus) - repeat 2X