Royce Da 59, Spit Game

{Royce Da 5'9"} (intro)

ùh, yéah, uh huh, "Pretty Ugly", "Royce Da 5'9", what, 1-2, we spitt game nigga,w

{Pretty Ugly}

Now take a look at me, how Philly see me ballin' --P.U. yeah you heard wit they call em' Pretty Ugly the Philly cat wit tha chip toof' that wear low shirts, Guess jeans-n-tim boots
I only drink 151 rum passion, no christ ima thug-n-i dont like flashin i can get a bad bitch for somethin' a little cheapa' and my whole bidy smellin like reefa' dro aint babage i gotta bad habbit tryna fight it i aint even took a jab at it why quit? I love ta talk shit i love big hips when im takin' a long hit spit game all nite and my mine been right ya'll dudes aint that tight and i'll put it in black& white im tigherd of rappa's tryna make offa's i aint here ta see ya'll i came ta talk ta ya bosses

(Chorus)

{Royce}

I said here's a peace of me and im gonna take it(nigga) here's a peace of my heat that i wont take he's been sold a dream'a he had the prevalege to hold the neena hes been exposed ta penis grown niggas speak wit they hand 'causez they know how ta bring it know how ta fold his fing'as slingin the oldest english my co-fee, smokin a roll thats how it be when tha hoe start smokin the co she im me

she prolly sip on tha nutta, she prolly winey chickens still love us but we still slip on the rubba's why is'nt the bitches sensitive lova's we keep these bitches flyyy-we keep em' on the cova's niggas is humble this is our label so snap out niggas try ta cova' tha card table and they crap out in japan like im the man u be lucky ta know that i be fukin these hoes like yo-tochy-u-toes

(chorus)

{Pretty Ugly}

I spit game this is real shit no riddles girls at the bar mmeet me in the middle back that ass up shake it juss a little come on show me somethin make ya titty's jiggle ya gotta love the way i spit it 'causez my game is tight it's Pretty Ugly im the same dude ya friend like aint nottin change im the shit baby it's my time spt game the boy Pates Royce Da 5'9"

{Royce}

wat' in ya mind ta make u think that my click be trippin(boom) im the bomb 'causez my dicka will be kickin

we can split 50/50 of sticka's, payin fo' bitches my lips is fo sippin strectly and aint fo lickin came fo bitches and now u swalloin go till i holla (ahh) part of tha flow im takin this action but chu' wanna know that im sorry Ms.Jackson but cha' daughter's a hoe

(Chorus)