

Hush, Knuckle Up

(Royce Da 5'9')
"What?"
(Hush)
"Knuckle up."
(Royce Da 5'9')
"What'd you say?"
(Hush)
"Hush."
(Royce Da 5'9')
"Uh, uh, Royce Nickel Nine."
(Hush)
"Yeah, we represent Detroit Rock City."
(Royce Da 5'9')
"And we will fuck you up."
(Verse I)
(Hush)

Yo, yo, yo
You're fucking with a straight up menace
That'll run inside ya apartment complex, and start spraying tennants
I stick bastards for a wealthy skeem
Punch thru ya chest and snatching out your self-esteem
Stabbin' ya spleen, precise like a javelin team
Grabbin' the green, quicker than the crack and the fiend
Quick draw, faster then it takes you to blink
I spit thoughts, faster then it takes you to think
You're catching the sink, drowning in whatever you drink
I'm huntin' you down, bustin' at your leather and mink
I'm meltin' ya ice, I'm heated in your average rink
Lockin' it down, and rockin' like I'm trapped in the clinic
Slappin' a freak, cappin' every rat or a fink
Fast with the ink, blast you out your hat or your link
Shatter your teeth, every time you chatter or breathe
Unravel your cream, Detroit its either that or the Bean
Hush I get madder and mean
Matter of fact all of ya'll get splattered in three
Pieces, just your body and arms, your shirt sleeveless
Begging for Jesus, before your heart collapses and seizes
Who needs this? Cross the fine line
I'll be on the phone, calling my boys and 5'9'
Detroit City, cats that are born with nine lives
And I used 8 of yours, you better shoot me 9 times

(Hook - Repeat 2x)

Knuckle up!
If you see us, cop a plea and duck
Knuckle up!
When you see us in the streets, in the truck
Knuckle up!
If you see us dropping B's in the buck
Knuckle up!
When you see us in the D, neato what

(Verse II)
(Royce Da 5'9')

Yo, yo, yo
I done took more bitches off more neatos hands than
Mo' neatos ran from popo's than the van
Stick to my word, so I don't threaten neatos nomore
If I make you a promise, then its safe to say that its honest
My guns, tired from being fired, while yours sit on the shelf
I'm like a song concept in itself
Choking my weapon, burning ya vest in two, G

Rap neatos learn from the best, and hope to be set
Knuckle up! I don't depend on my toast to spark
Wrap my fingers around your neck and let the choking start
I'ma be on top pissing, until I soak the charts
You don't like me, but I'm still here, like Rosa Parks
A flow is a flow so, low and behold the art
I listen to you and go, "eh" at your dopest parts
I don't do these open mics, I tear shows apart
Gordy (?) I'm a hot boy, you get roasted dog
First neato to hit the flo' is smart
Last neato to hit the flo', you about to see him and his folks depart
Bling bling, chain glow in the dark
Mo' flavor with mo' ice, cold-blooded with a frozen heart
Hes not street-smart, he only knows the park
But we can share this rap pile (?) long as he knows his part
If you was even close to smart
You know I roll with sharks, and dogs that bite and only supposed to bark

(Hook - Repeat 3x)

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