

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 tenants

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, neat 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)

Knuckle up!
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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!
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