

# Royce Da 59, Beef

[Royce Da 59&quot;]

Ha ha ha ha ha, check out this bizarre mixture

59&quot;, 6 July, and Asar hits'll

leave the side of your car door with more

Smokin more holes than the Swiss cheese

Bitch please, I'm postponin yo' homie's

older moments, like I stole his future

Hoes know me, I'm no phony

Females'll tell you, &quot;Yeah he cute, but he sho'll shoot ya!&quot;

My heart bleeds the blood of felonies

The blood of Superman, the blood that I've never seen

You seem like the shook type

You ain't a thug so I wanna see what your brains and your blood look like

Fuck is you sick? 'Pac should be pissed

Cause fifty percent of the niggaz suckin his dick is bitch!

I'm against all this name-callin shit

Negro please! Listen to Chris Wallace bitch

[Chorus]

What's beef? Beef is when these rappers be believin they rhymes

And a nigga like me just take it one day at a time

Beef is when you die because of your CD

When I come from your blindside, before you see ME

Beef is when I get jumped by niggaz

And come back to kill 'em, one by one

Beef is the reaper, patiently pacin outside of your pretty house

Today, you figured out, WHAT'S BEEF

[Royce Da 59&quot;]

Yeah.. gangsta, ain't this?

Starvin artists that comes with the guns he paint with

All you sorry street rejects

Y'all about to go up in smoke, seats ejectin

(Boom!) Houses come down

Drastic murders is happenin, make a nigga momma mouth come down

[gasps!] The precinct's heated - the cops is mad

because they know who shot yo' ass and they know who can beat it

Above the law, run up on y'all

so quickly and show you what only you and a slug saw

The silence is screwed in front of the .9 Ruger

Quietly shootin what'll hush y'all

I will leave you lying down in a street

Everything around you will be dyin down but the beef

Please believe - my guns'll take you punks

to your maker from my freezin sleeve

[Chorus - 2X]