

Royce Da 59, Beef

[Royce Da 59"]

Ha ha ha ha ha, check out this bizarre mixture
59", 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, "Yeah he cute, but he sho'll shoot ya!"
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"]

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
[gasp!] 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]