

Royce Da 5'9" Blow Dat

[Royce Da 5'9" "]
Nottz, let's take 'em back

Yes.. yes.. yes.

Yes.. the Smith 'n, the Wesson

Extended clip in the vest of whoever testin

Rollin to the party with the shottie with the body

Made the lead put the slugs with the hollows in the heads

with the, with the with the with the Mossberg pump

When it thump make the nigga with the heart turn punk

Would ya, would ya would ya would ya please leave me alone

so I can get my Chuck D on

"Yes.. the rhythm, the rebel"

+Public Enemy+ number one with heavy metal

If I don't got the whistle in my Air Nikes

I don't feel right out there livin in my "Surreal Life"

All of you ho'es should know I will blow that whistle

Blow a hole in your throwback and throw that pistol

Pimps, pussy and power, police, pitchers, hitters

The streets, religion, ballers, all of 'em getcha getcha if you don't

[Chorus]

Blow dat whistle.. blow dat whistle.

Blow dat whistle.. blow dat whistle.

Blow dat whistle.

[Royce Da 5'9" "]

Yes - we brothers of the same kind, un-blind

Yes - same mind duckin one-time, same nine

Yes - I aim fine what I bang gettin lain down

with after I give 'em hang time then it's game time

Yes - same gang nigga, young June, young Vishis

You punks better come wit it 'fore we come visit

Blastin them hammers - I ain't no punk

Wanna +Punk+ me? You better bring Ashton and cameras

Heh.. would you blow that whistle?

At a hoe that dissed you, or that clique crew

that you that'll stiff you, like a Kodak picture

Please don't depend on the short arms of the law

Naw, niggaz be goin crazy waitin for they day

But me I know what time it is like Flava Flav, hey

Pimps, pussy and power, police, pitchers and hitters

The streets, religion, ballers, all of 'em getcha getcha if you don't

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9" "]

Yes, niggaz be lookin awfully hard to the car

Bein coughed out while I be Heimlich-ing off

The kind that'll knock the primer off the side of your car

The kind that'll bang the triangle off your garage

When it sound off, y'all'll be talkin to God

Cause y'all are soft inside, you had to be bossin up

So I had to be bossin you down, talkin hard

'til I blow you across the street like a crossing guard

Ha.. I will blow that whistle

Leave your brains all over the ho that's with you

Leave you layin all over the flo' that's with you

Leave your name all over the flow that fits you

This is for you and whoever you sold that shit to

I'm the soldier with the fo'-fo' that hits you

Pimps, pussy and power, police, pitchers and hitters

The streets, religion, ballers, all of 'em getcha getcha if you don't

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

M. (blow dat whistle)

I. (blow dat whistle)

C. (blow dat whistle)

Young Vishis (blow dat whistle)

Young June (blow dat whistle)

My nigga Cash (blow dat whistle)

Nottz raw (blow dat whistle)

My nigga K (blow dat whistle)

Ha.. to my niggaz out West (blow dat whistle)

To my niggaz out East (blow dat whistle)

To my niggaz in the South (blow dat whistle)

To my niggaz up North (blow dat whistle)

To my niggaz in the middle (blow dat whistle)

Yes, I will blow that whistle

Yes, so don't go there with me

Yes, I will blow that whistle

Yes, so don't go there with me

Yes, I will blow that whistle

Yes, so don't go there with me.. [fades out]