

# Royce Da 5'9, Blow Dat

(Royce Da 5'9&quot;)  
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  
&quot;Yes.. the rhythm, the rebel&quot;  
+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 &quot;Surreal Life&quot;  
All of you hoes 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&quot;)  
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&quot;)  
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)