

Royce Da 59, Buzzin'

(Royce Da 59")

Yeah!

Welcome to the M.I.C Mixtape niggaz!

We back niggaz!

Volume two!

Oh yeah, by the way, y'all know what my motherf**kin' name is

Uh oh..

(Chorus)

I am (Bzzz)

Buzzin', my name and the streets be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother

Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)

three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)

Buzzin'

"He ain't really from the hood nigga

If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)

(Verse 1)

Buzz him, I ride with them choppas all day

I dare you to pop a

Blocka, I'm off my rocka

I've lost my mind

Silent, you better all findin, Hoffa

Sick man brought my nine

Sixth man off my pine (I'm off!)

Industry heads off my grind

Centipede leg niggaz follow me (Follow me!)

Yeah nigga, off that liquor

Walk back by him, spit lead to the head, niggaz off my mind

Go ahead nigga, talk that crime shh

Talk that, spark that nine shh, walk that fine

Rhymin' to be caught in a chalk outline

Line, in between, talk and sparkin' that nine

Entire teams get bought, like ???

I am, battlin' the scatter that rather by triumph

Breakin' niggaz back, we giants

David gettin' slapped by Goliath

That means that I am, him

But that don't mean ???

In the back chillin', that'll be quiet

The gatling's, ???

You have to be blind, to not see the black and green sign

Peekin' at no matter who's eyein'

I done had it here in babblin'

Readin' he'd be leavin the baddest dude lyin'

I am that dude quietly shootin' that chatter proof iron

In a puddle of some sort of fabulous new science (new science)

Nigga I am (Bzzz)

(Chorus)

Buzzin', my names and the streets be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)

Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother

three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)

Buzzin'

"He ain't really from the hood nigga

If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)

Buzz him

Everything y'all love I'm touchin'

(Verse 2)

'Ready gone die, f**k em
Bonafide hustler, dude in a tank
We will do it til the music ends
Do it when it's noon
Do a clown, undo now who a do a nigga can't
Do it til it's noon again
Do it til it's new again
Do it til he prove to you, who to you, can't
Flow no more, no tool, no shank
No rules, no don't do's in the blanks
Oh no (Oh no!) won't go assumin' who you think, gon' blow
Won't be leavin here sooner than you think
The party ain't over til I'm losin' my drink
Imma couple dollars up from hollerin' "Oo I can't!"
Up and at em', til tomorrow while I choose my fate
There be dudes that I pay while I move wit' my rank (yeah)
Move wit' my weight (yeah)
Do whoever ain't playin' (yeah)
There lonely player, only shoes in the paint
Imma go until there's no more room in the bank
I'm just y'all niggaz, sittin' on tall figures
Til the law, need invisible legit small business
The minute, the hits is out I figured y'all get it
The fickle now admits, just as I spit it
I'm as sick as "Good Lord, just hear him
Get a good load of him. Hits is hittin like hitlaw done did 'em"
The next villian, tap the nigga next to you
Tell him, "I don't like him either. Let's kill him"
Ya'll niggaz sound crazy (Bzzz)

(Chorus)

Buzzin', my names and the streets be (Bzzz)
Buzzin', the speakers and the jeeps be (Bzzz)
Buzzin', til I kill your mother, your brother
three or four of your cousins like it's nothin' (Bzzz)
"He ain't really from the hood nigga
Buzzin'
If I catch him in the hood I'ma" (Bzzz)
Buzz him

Everything y'all love I'm touchin'
'Ready gone die, f**k 'em (f**k em)