

# Royce Da 59, Death Day

{\*to the IN DA CLUB beat\*}

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

This is so exclusive, it's your death day  
We gonna party like it's your death day  
Now we bringin' the noise again the boy should win  
The story is told over and over again  
What the f\*\*k is you doped up my whole team toys with tools  
I got a combustable notebook and a poison pen  
Upon game the boy can scrap flows LeBron James  
Like a young man among boys of rap, and he's back  
To clean house ( yeah ) so shut the f\*\*k up  
Steve Stoute said I was wack he bout to shut the f\*\*k up ( yeah )  
How riviting am I? I'm living inside my cynical mind  
Spillin' my nine a clumsy killer that's comfy with criminal ties  
Really the city is mine  
Me, Eminem like Diddy and Shyne ( So )  
We 'bout to put the game in a chicken wang  
Regardless your artists are surrounded like a picture frame ( and I )  
Can look in the future and see better days  
I'm a gangsta twenty-four hours and seven days  
And YES is my mentality you want beef (with us)  
YES is our mentality YES  
It's your death day  
We gonna party like it's your death day  
You want beef with 5'9" it's your death day  
You wanna get slapped right now it's your death day  
I want to slap you I'll shot you after  
Who's the sickest rapper?  
It's your death day ( yeah )  
Exclusive  
Only for my niggaz  
Holla Back!