

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!