Royce Da 59, Duck Down

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah, yeah

I'm on ya phone, ya friends and killas ya compone

Til I comb ya home from the village to california

Runnin up on ya dozen, holmes

You wasn't be gone, I'll send ya mother a dozen roses

I'll make ya boss wish that he had

Somethin thats more viscous and killin everything that he had

Past you, I aint only lyrically killin you bad

Killin you with a passion, and then im stealin ya casket

Too many problems following me sayin that & amp; amp; quot; I am the king & amp; amp; quot;

I am a dream, I helps my gang

Not to offend or hurt the work you put it, my street niggas feel it

It's self proclaimed

So, who wanna creep, what weaklig wanna beef

Ben Franklin run the streets, he came in a hundred deep!

You niggas can keep ya thirty murkers

I offer em all extra money man them niggas is workers

Where was them niggas when you had dreds you lyin'

You Mehki-Phifer lay on ya side like a hyphen

Nigga I aint built for +Whoo Bitch+ what now?

Tell them niggas when I seem em its on they betta DUCK!

[Chorus x2]

A truce is impossible, fuck you

Its over you was responsible, for the drunk you

We punk you, when I see you you better DUCK!

vmmm!!, one of them guns'll go boom

[Royce Da 5'9"]

The problems, that,

all of you did somethin that you cant take back

Yall all know what it is, compete on wax

Is what we could did,

What you think that ya man is so hard just cause he dont rap?

What is a street nigga relatin a combat

If he had put you in the grave then maybe I'm that

Type of nigga like you I call you a cheapskate

Cause you cheap and when its beef in the streets you skate

Nigga you cant deny the force

3500 in the streets?, aww just so you can die on my porch

Punk, I will bust my guns til the rounds are finished

You gone kill who? I be stickin around for a minute

Plus, & amp; amp; quot; I'll be on my way & amp; amp; quot;

You sound like somebody who sound like somebody,

I dont believe nothin you say

I will make youre group feel like shit pussy

Hang where I hang nigga I will take yo booth

[Chorus x2]

A truce is impossible, fuck you

Its over you was responsible, for the drunk you

We punk you, when I see you you better DUCK!

vmmmmm!, one of them guns'll go boom

boom boom ...