

Royce Da 59, I Promise

Yeah, yeah yeah

There's a void that needs to be filled inside this marketplace

You could die in my parkin space

My mom want me to blow up and house them

My father want me to bring product out without Slim

And prove them wrong - they paid my bills

I'm right on your heels, I'm for real, my shoes is long

To feed my son - I will leave you

leakin in the street, I will heat you to kingdom come

Uhh, the king will come

Wait 'til you gone in place of a angel appear to take you home

The beard on the face is gone

These bullets is straight razors, blazin you, case in point

Amaze the rap game, make 'em point

Walk inside of the house of the illest and case the joint

And take whatever I want, out of it

Now that I'm wise, my future rides on it, it's time for triumph

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9" + (Ingrid Smalls)]

I promise - if you just let me in the game (Prayyyy)

If you should bless me enough to let me reign, I will contain you (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will support my family, slash you (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will pray every day, I will ask you

I promise - if you just let me in the game (Prayyyy)

If you should bless me enough to let me reign, I will contain you (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will stop the killin, I will change (Prayyyy)

I promise - I will put in this flow, what you put in my soul

[Royce Da 5'9"]

The whole misconception with me

The only thing people think that I'm arrogant when they don't know me

That's what it was

If I wasn't a real nigga the shit would not bother me but it does

The shit is not fair

Just picture yourself lookin in the mirror tryna change what is not there

When niggaz stop speakin

Them phone calls get slow, I'm feelin like Nas before he dropped "Ether"

I appear to be sober

I'ma really be runnin over whoever said that my career was over

Whoever gave me the cold shoulder

And turn they backs on me, I'll be blazin you from both coasts

Believe me, I got Lil' Homie and July 6

So you funny actin ass producers, I don't need you

You can keep yo' beats, rap for money

FUCK you and everybody else who acted funny

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Uhh, I'm callin every nigga out in the game

that tried to go against the fire and douse the flame

I could shout yo' name

But nobody stands out more than anybody else, you doubt the same

For every nigga that say I'm hidin

just because I ain't hangin out at the same places I once vibed in

Everybody at my father's job askin him rumors, shit

Stop as my dad soon gon' quit

If I can, maybe thank him for raising me

to think like a baby gangsta, crazy temper

I paid my sentence - totaled out the prison

the game sent me, fame owes my name plus interest

But once you strapped in to the penmanship

and the track rumbles, you trapped in this rap jungle

When you can't come through, sales are numbers

The one who prevails'll be the one who remain tumbled

[Chorus]

[Royce] What you put in my soul.. [echoes]

[Ingrid Smalls]

Prayyyy, prayyyy, prayyyy

Prayyyy, prayyyy, prayyyy.. [fades out]