

# Royce Da 5'9, Let's Go

(Royce Da 5'9")

Huh?

We the best, Twist' you at nigga c'mere

Sift ya lye...c'mere

Extremely hard to be the king of a city it's dis

A nigga that could twist like this

A nigga that could rip any shit that he get

Never balk and come with a metaphor like this

Flow like dis, never broke but flow for the dough like this

Never been a nigga that you know like dis

Cold like dis, but ah, it's just me and D-Mo like dis

Respect is a must, got every nigga in every hood checkin' for us

Never catch us catchin' the bus

Niggaz got whips, niggaz got loot,

Niggaz got troops, got guns, got clips (what)

Next big thing, iced watch to go with the necklace ring

Iced out to go with the rest it seems

More or less the more of the best you seen

Big buzz, only rollin' with big thugs

We get in clubs you know you gettin' ya shit bust

Not too many ducks is goin' against us

If ya don't know now, you'll know when ya lift up

Rhyme 'til I can't rhyme no more, ball 'til I can't ball no more

'Til I'm 5'9" no more, 'til the ice can't shine no more

Which ever comes first, let's go nigga

(Hook)

Who the f\*\*k want what?!

Who the f\*\*k want what, want what?!

(Twista) Playa tell me why you hatin', 'cause you the one take that from a nigga that'll open you up

(Twista) You gotta send the deck up when we holla

\*Repeat\*

(Royce Da 5'9")

One of a hundred niggaz'll hate my shit

Eighty-nine'll bite, the other ten'll think of comin' alike

'cause my shit when it come to the mic, 99 outta 100'll like

Never disrespect a nigga grippin' the tec, it's my shit

Put the flow in affect with my clique

Go to the death, flow the best, my spit - I'm sick, it's my shit

Try to get slick and niggaz is gettin' hit

You don't want that do you? It comes back to you

And I ain't even tryna rap to you, so suck my dick, it's my shit

Too many willin' to pin ya in rap

Put a endin' to that, do the math with me

Straight to the lab, we're sendin' you back

Keep goin', you know that no one can last wit me

Stay armed with the biggest of arms, got bitch-niggaz hittin' alarms

Every rhyme is strictly written to harm

This my shit, keep every word of every verse in position to launch

Never gone fail, never got plans of catchin' a L

I'ma forever prevail, whatever you yell

It's my world, everything else, c'mon nigga

(Hook)

Who the f\*\*k want what?!

Who the f\*\*k want what, want what?!

(Twista) Playa tell me why you hatin', 'cause you the one take that from a nigga that'll open you up

(Twista) You gotta send the deck up when we holla

\*Repeat\*

(\*pause\*)

(Royce talkin' \*beat slowly returnin'\*)  
Motown, uhh...  
Chi-town...5'9...  
Twista, let's go nigga uhh

(Twista)  
Tell me who the f\*\*k want what  
Whatchu murderous niggaz is ready to make the deck go up?  
I could cause a scene to make you throw up  
Put a bullet in yo gut, bat em down and leave the sto' cut  
'cause homie you ain't got no choice ta,  
Dat why you runnin' to a real rida like Twista, or Roysta  
Let the thirty caliber annoint ya  
Whodie won't even know he hit 'til he feel his shirt suckin' the moisture  
Voice ya opinion it ya want to  
Kick-ass winner, kick up dust in the middle of the arena  
Subpeona muthaf\*\*kaz like the courts do  
We'll blast shortly ya nuts bust and it won't be a misdemeanor  
We them niggaz that'll come approach ya  
Shockin' ya body our Bacardi keeps all ya nerves from bleedin'  
Until we heard no breathin' - two undercover,  
We comin' we get the dirty even; they know it's servin' season  
Shit is good as gone, 'cause I gotta bring the goodies home  
The petty packin' penny brushin' with the pretty pearl handle  
Pistol, Pelle Pelle pants and the hoodie on  
And you comin' with the Midwest shit?  
Remember how we took you, you trippin' off how we did that shit  
Somebody tell me where the weed at  
Some niggaz knew I was about to snap so he hid that shit  
I was gone get buck - come hard - get crunk  
Go into a thing and let the rhyme ride,  
And hit them niggaz from the blindside  
And take the whole opposition down with my dog 5'9  
Ceremony for the killaz, bustin' em off,  
And comin' off so you can bust yo nut  
Though I'm bout to bust yo guts  
But if yo operation is hatin', who the f\*\*k want what?

(Hook)  
Who the f\*\*k want what?!  
Who the f\*\*k want what, want what?!  
(Twista) Playa tell me why you hatin', 'cause you the one take that from a nigga that'll open you up  
(Twista) You gotta send the deck up when we holla  
\*Repeat x4\*

\*beat continues then fades out\*