

# Royce Da 59, Let's Grow

(Royce Da 59")  
Real niggaz only.. hah..  
First of all, what's my name? Five-Nine!  
Yeah.. I got somethin for you  
I got somethin for you, yeah

They call me Royce 5-9 or, Mr. Always-Ice-Cold-Wrist-ed  
Or Mr. None-Of-Your-Business  
Mr. Consistant-In-Conflict, for so dope lyrics (harvest)  
The hardest hittin nigga in show bid'ness  
Came in this game with a pissy-ass attitude  
Arrogant like, "Shut up!" Laughin that you a trick  
I wasn't happy before, but I'm happy today  
I'm rappin today, lookin to get a plaque in my day  
So I met this white boy one night  
who turned out to be the illest human being I ever heard in my life  
He took me under his wing, and showed me some things  
and molded me into a pro until the flow was mean  
Taught me not to do it like this, but to do it like that  
Threw me all types of love and I threw it right back  
Though we don't talk as much, we never let the game consume us  
cause we too real, my nigga Slim, let's grow

(Chorus: repeat 2X)  
Let us grow up, now we got here  
We can't stop here, we too far  
All my niggaz, y'all my niggaz  
and you all know who you are (let's grow)

(Royce Da 59")  
Yeah, Royce 5-9 or, twelve men in one  
About as explosive as them shells in your gun  
Mr. Quick-To-Pull-A-Thing-On-You just for your loot  
Mr. Mr. Mr. Quick-To-Swing-On-You before he shoot  
I'm the finest tuned rappin machine rappin a scene  
since, way back when there was only rappin in Queens  
Suck my BALLS if you competin with me homeboy  
I don't dream, I'm the type to just be homeboy  
Sucka free is like a religion I honor and serve  
And more common in words, a song witchu, what's in it?  
Y'all niggaz is all punks and your jewels is rented  
And your diamonds is all dark, like they blue but tinted  
I would never kill none of y'all, I ain't that fool  
But I will stomp the shit out you, I ain't that cool  
You ain't even gotta greet me when you see, matter of fact  
You better give me five feet when you see me, where you at?  
Let's grow

(Chorus)

(Royce)  
Royce 5-9 or, one sick nigga  
Bitches know that with me that the cum gets quicker  
Mr., Always-Got-Some-Cris'-Or-A-Pistol  
Rather diss you than chill witchu and will hitchu  
The insanest monster that came and conquered  
a game that remains to be full of trained imposters  
I will not let you niggaz talk to me (nope) no way  
This is not what I'm here for, give me my money (uh)  
Faggots only attract faggots, and that's that  
You rap rat, you f\*\*kin roaches and black maggots  
Feelin my heat; I talk shit from the moment I wake up  
Turn right around and talk shit in my sleep - let's grow

(Chorus)