

# Royce Da 59, Lights Out

Rock city nigga

Yeah

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, lights out...)

You think I call myself King just 'cause I want love

Yo, yo

(Verse 1)

Like it's easy to blow a whole city that once was

It wouldn't even be a midwest without Bone Thugs

Born from broke, I speak in a street for coins

Try to knock me off my square, nigga I won't budge

I keep heat in a jeep, you can't beat Detroit

Try that strong arm shit and you get buried alive

All ya'll niggaz is big, but none ya'll is ready to die

You say it's a art, blame nothin' you say in your heart

It's a freak mind game we play when we smart

It's a sixth sense that real niggaz got

Yo, we know, just know, if you a hoe, or not

If I could filter out the game, I would

I'll speak niggaz name, Imma bet they got the same opinions about me

It's like a two way street, with two cars racin' each other

On the right track and goin' the wrong way on the other

Yeah

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)

(Chorus)

Real niggaz on the prow!

Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs

Still drink if it ain't mines

Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)

Real niggaz on the prow!

Still drink if it ain't mines

Yeah, I robbed a nigga before, but do that make me a thug?

Was stupid and young

(Verse 2)

Things niggaz can do with a gun

You never put fear in my heart

Talkin' all loud and obnoxious

What most of you do when you pop shit

I'm payin' the price now, 'cause it cost to shine

Look into the eyes of this nigga before you judge him

And whoever thought that I lost it done lost his mind, nigga

You better be prepared to die for this nigga before you love him

My shit is real, 'cause I'm the realest

See how many real niggaz feel it

So f\*\*k ill, you can be the illest

I don't ever plan to go back to the streets, it's cold

Back to work with a mother f\*\*kin' week in a hole

Lost with blind motivation, I ain't a thug

I'd rather be Royce five-apostrophe, nine-quotation

So how you love that nigga, the game done changed

You got a problem on your hands and this a nigga with brains

Yeah

(Chorus)

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)

Real niggaz on the prow!

Still drink if it ain't mines

Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs

Mic's up, lights out (Lights out, light out)

Real niggaz on the prow!

Still drink if it ain't mines  
Real niggaz throw up drinks like gang signs

{\*DJ scratching\*}