

# Royce Da 59, Meeting Of The Bosses

[Verse 1]

The soldiers, the hitch men, fightin for the dough  
Allow me to give it to you, right from the door  
Walkin through the steps of the rise and the fall hall  
Of an empire, coming to the floor  
Through the wire like eight on a string  
Where they gon' sting ya when it comes to that cold  
Soldiers, hoes in, vultures lurkin  
Lookin for that work in  
Hopin, they could make a couple dollars  
Off another mothafuckin bloody murder  
It's the problem but no hoe, it's the quality of knowin  
that the part of gettin dough, is you can't be out of control  
If you gets in the way of my paper, by my skyscraper  
We can chunk it, long as you ain't crossed that line  
You can put me on the phone with your boss, we could squash it

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

It's the meeting of the bosses, meeting of the bosses  
Why don't you tell them lil' niggaz, beat it we talkin  
Meeting of the bosses, meeting of the bosses  
Tell them lil mothafuckers, shut up, we talkin

[Verse 2]

Huh, over weed, over yay, over not bein paid  
When he say he gon' see you  
Pethy ass niggaz, them pathetic ass bitches  
YYou could let 'em grab dick, they'll never have shit  
In this world, when you niggaz gon' learn it  
That some of these wars, at the point of no returnin  
Some of these boys, at the point of no concernin  
Some of these courts, at the point of no ajournin  
How many cars can you run up on before  
somebody wanna war, ain't nobody wanna talk  
Hit you in the die hard, niggaz mom's calling  
Involvin the law hard  
Cross taped up to the chest  
Enemies fuckin with them boys for protection  
If it's only one boss in your squadron  
Then me and him need to be the only once talking

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Huh, all you have in this world is your word  
Your gat and your guts, that and your nuts  
Aint no backin you up, ain't no after you gone  
The pastor of the church nigga, that's when it's on  
The path that you own nigga, that's where you goin  
Clap if you want homes, and your ass gone  
Now you finally gotta kill  
But the snowball is rollin down that hill  
Accumulatin size, by the time it arrives  
At the bottom of the hill, it be count as homicides  
And avalanches for the ambiance outside you  
Countless mamas cryin, sisters goin Boo Boo  
Niggaz killin 'cause of what they true to  
Who's the villian here nigga, tell me what would you do  
Huh, keep it goin, talk shit, squash it  
You gon' have to talk to the bosses