

# Royce Da 59, Nickel Nine Is...

(Intro: Royce)

Uhh-uhh uhh uhh, yeah homeboy  
Two gangstas, whattup Smut Peddlers?  
My man Milo, yeah yeah yeah  
Whattup Ruckus? We gangstas, yeah  
Niggaz don't know me, call me heat  
That's all you know is these verses, these names  
Nigga nigga nigga

(Chorus)

Nickel Nine is - me, not, them  
This is - him, not, they  
Royce, Reef, double, R  
Beef is close but trouble's, far  
Nickel Nine is what the rhyme is  
I put my time in, nigga Nickel Nine is  
Uhh uhh - me, not, them  
This is - him, not, they  
Yo, he is.

(Royce Da 5'9")

The reason why the funds is dizzy  
Money continuously spendin, round and around like a frisbee  
My runs is sticky from, the second-hand smoke

from outta the guns they busy, EHH-EHH-EHH-EHH come get me  
He is - quick on the draw, same nine  
that I used when he thought I copped it and popped it at the same time  
Shit, carry tools, you gotta  
The streets is over-populated with niggaz who cheap, like Andrew Goulatta  
Royce and Reef, double R  
When the gutterest beefs meet with the troubled bar it's nothin but heat  
Niggaz I'm in and outta this booth, like Clark Kent for the youth  
Flyin with the NARC proof tint for the Coupe  
Niggaz be trippin a lot, so I keep the longest clip in a lock  
Hit you while you loadin the clip in the glock  
like BLAOW! No life, no breath  
The only games I play is "Umi Says" like Mos Def (nigga)

(Chorus)

(Royce Da 5'9")

Over-protected, heed the poet's connections  
When it goes in effect the only thing froze is the necklace  
That's it, keep the gat by me, I'm that rowdy  
So none of you's can see me like Jack Ponty  
None of you niggaz bad as me, I got a Mo