

# Royce Da 59, Off Parole

(Royce talking w (Pharrell))

Be quiet (Yeah)

I know what you thinking (Yeah)

Who the hell is that (Yeah)

You in the club minding ya own business (Yeah)

And out of nowhere you here this (Yeah)

How you supposed to act (Yeah)

Neptunes (Yeah)

Royce 5'9 (Yeah)

It's my year baby, uh (Uh)

(Verse 1 - Royce da 5'9 w (Pharrell))

Twelfth grade rode around, started out small (Uh)

My father told me, before you walk, you gotta crawl (Uh)

We was all outlaws wit our fists balled (Uh)

We couldn't even count bars, we was just raw (Uh)

MCer's battlin' at the club, for the plug

Rappin' for the other rappers, strictly for the love

That was cool 'til my life turned, and got tough

I got a girl, got serious, got her knocked up (Uh)

Uh oh, reality check, hold up (Uh)

I gotta figure out a way, to get this dough up (Uh)

I don't want my son to hate me, when he grow up (Yeah)

So I gotta blow up, and leave it to' up (5'9, baby)

I listened to my pops, whenever it got hard (Yeah)

He said look if you gon' be a star, be a star (Yeah)

I got hot, got a deal took rap (Yeah)

Took the whole city wi me, and never looked back, baby (Uh)

(Chorus - Royce da 5'9 w (Pharrell))

We can do it now, nigga I'm off parole (Uh)

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We can do it now, nigga I'm off parole (Uh)

(Verse 2 - Royce da 5'9 w (Pharrell))

Yo, yo, it's all simple, make a million off the intro (Ugh)

Y'all donc12