

# Royce Da 59, Regardless

[Intro - Royce Da 59&quot;]

Yeah, yeah (M-I-C), yeah, yeah

[Verse 1 - Royce Da 59&quot;]

My arms are heavy, knees weak, palms are sweaty

Niggaz wanna see me gone already (uh)

From this song on to song, you bout to be swept away

Yesterday is long gone (uh)

I took some time, to redefine my style

I, kept my cool, summers behind the clouds (uh)

You lames can't put me in the same category as a rookie

Nope, my name ain't new

Rappers can't push me, as high as I can

Push myself, you not inspirin (uh)

The stolen spot is open, I chose to not, listen

And I don't even know what's hot or we dissin

Or who's consistent or who's nice or not

Who's on top, or who's wife is sniffin (oh)

Or who's meltin soon, to be failin

All I know is the way, the streets felt bout &quot;Boom&quot;

[Chorus - Royce Da 59&quot;]

Regardless, nigga pump yo brakes

Ya car is movin fast, we will lump your face (yeah)

Regardless, me and Cash will come

And take yo ass away far, nigga don't play (uh)

Regardless, the M-I-C

We kickin ass and takin names, you can't ID (uh)

Regardless, me and Tre is comin

Out to play wit you today, it's curfew

[Verse 2 - Royce Da 59&quot;]

D-Elite! we comin wit the lightin and thunder

Under the rain, to pump it, you need a jeep! (uh)

You need at least some speakers, while ya glued

To ya seat, from cruisin, while I creep through ya system

I'm gon' be heard, as God is my word

Deliverin the kind of murder, KOCH don't deserve

The real will cop it, every label in the world

Look out for me, I will kill yo roster

(Yeah, yeah) I will shut this shit down!

And on top of that, I could fuck yo bitch now

It's hard to believe, that Columbia couldn't market me

To do numbers like D-12 at least!

I played myself, for radio play

I never dance, but the skill it self, is a second chance (yeah)

I'm BACK wit two's by me, start the beef

I'm bout to part these streets, like &quot;Bruce Almighty&quot; (uh)

[Chorus]