

# Royce Da 5'9, Renegade (Remix)

Royce Da 5'9"

Yo yo, it's several different levels to pickin up shovels  
and dumpin you in ditches under sea level  
Frontin you when I'm wit this  
Let me refreshin you niggaz til you my position in this  
Beef! - Leavin you under Venice, opposition finished!  
There it is, we invaded created a Pyramid -  
of a Haven of names, so blame Dre, and that ear of his  
So {\*Heavy Breathin\*} breath, I'd rather REACH for your neck  
And I never HEAT you for respect, unless you GREET me wit less  
I got a skunk, in my trunk  
I'm lyin, I got a pump in my trunk  
Your dyin, how many lumps niggaz want?  
Who's ready for y'all? We ready for y'all  
We too incredibly raw, for any artist that said he would draw  
I stand firm, and it hurts to live it  
You open that can of worms, I hope you ready for the dirt that's wit it  
Slap a hoe, snatch a mic!  
Bein brought to y'all in Black N White  
(ITS the NEW!) Joe Jackson and Ike, we renegades

(Eminem)

Since I'm in a position to talk to these kids and they listen  
I ain't no politician but I'll kick it with 'em a minute  
Cause see they call me a menace; and if the shoe fits I'll wear it  
But if it don't, then y'all'll swallow the truth grin and bear it  
Now who's these king of these rude ludicrous lucrative lyrics  
Who could inherit the title, put the youth in hysterics  
Usin his music to steer it, sharin his views and his merits  
But there's a huge interference - they're sayin you shouldn't hear it  
Maybe it's hatred I spew, maybe it's food for the spirit  
Maybe it's beautiful music I made for you to just cherish  
But I'm debated disputed hated and viewed in America  
as a motherf\*\*kin drug addict - like you didn't experiment?  
Now now, that's when you start to stare at who's in the mirror  
and see yourself as a kid again, and you get embarrassed  
And I got nothin to do but make you look stupid as parents  
You f\*\*kin do-gooders - too bad you couldn't do good at marriage!  
(Ha ha!) And do you have any clue what I had to do to get here I don't  
think you do so stay tuned and keep your ears glued to the stereo  
Cause here we go - he's Royce, he's the King Of Detroit  
And I'm the sinister, Mr. Kiss-My-Ass it's just the

(Chorus: Eminem + Royce)

(Em) RENEGADE! Never been afraid to say  
what's on my mind at, any given time of day  
Cause I'm a RENEGADE! Never been afraid to talk  
about anything (ANYTHING) anything (ANYTHING), RENEGADE!  
(R9) RENEGADE! Never been afraid to say  
what's on my mind at, any given time of day  
Cause I'm a RENEGADE! Never been afraid to talk  
about anything (ANYTHING) anything (ANYTHING)

(Royce Da 5'9)

I determine what time its on, I call my nigga Proof  
Hand him a pile of money and turn him loose  
I'm tired of you new jacks  
I'm tired of niggaz thats like - "I'm bout to blow!"  
Unless you a bitch, we dont care if you bout do that  
Move back, youngster, the block on speak  
Shoot up your vest, and turn your chest hair to Taco meat!  
The street, continuous to pit, quick to smash ya  
or blast ya clip, or give ya the picture (devolopin)

Click clock, six shots blows through another door  
And it gets hot, Hip Hop portable tug of war  
Who did ya niggaz beats you bitches, who made it work?  
Dat shit was \*phwrt!\*, I got harder 2-Way that lurks  
Just when I thought my dogg couldn't get any meaner  
You talk about his daughter, you probably gettin the heater  
You talk about his momma, he won't even give ya the finger  
(He's crazy!) Deranged!, not media eaters, we renegades

(Eminem)

See I'm a poet to some, a regular modern day Shakespeare  
Jesus Christ the King of these Latter Day Saints here  
To shatter the picture in which of that as they paint me  
as a monger of hate and Satan a scatter-brained atheist  
But that ain't the case, see it's a matter of taste  
We as a people decide if Shady's as bad as they say he is  
Or is he the latter - a gateway to escape?  
Media scapegoat, who they can be mad at today  
See it's easy as cake, simple as whistlin Dixie  
while I'm wavin the pistol at sixty Christians against me  
Go to war with the Mormons, take a bath with the Catholics  
in holy water - no wonder they try to hold me under longer  
I'm a motherf\*\*kin spiteful, DELIGHTFUL eyeful  
The new Ice Cube - motherf\*\*kers HATE to like you  
What did I do? (huh?) I'm just a kid from the gutter  
makin this butter off these bloodsuckers, cause I'm a muh'f\*\*kin

(Chorus) - repeat 2X