

Royce Da 59, Something's Wrong With Him

(Royce Da 5'9" (6 July))

Uhh, yeah, my conference calls with 'Los and Kino

consists of - (Nigga tone it down, there's way too much killin)

Of course I ignore 'em, a poor man talk

I don't give a f**k if I throw my poor fans off

Pathetic war done entered my brain and permanently changed me

Now I'm angry so F**K a metaphor

F**K hip-hop, hip-hop sucks!

You got, niggaz on top swingin from 2Pac's NUTS!

It's like, I could go in the lab

and try to write somethin that's nice or bright but I will be holdin back

My scripture's in the dark

Deep-rooted soldier inside my soul, uncontrollable temper like "The Hulk's"

My wife don't like my album, it's way too dark for women

She say it sound like I hold grudges

She rather listen to Joe Budden's, no disrespect aight?

But F**K a party now and everybody like

(Chorus: Royce (6 July))

(What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin)

(Every rhyme you spit is violently put)

Lethal, BUT - I have no problem

with puttin this gun down and beatin yo' ass up

I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you

I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you

(Something's wrong with him)

(Royce Da 5'9" (6 July))

(Just like his pops

He don't give a f**k if you like him or not

He's a major problem) I will slap yo' ass in church

And apologize to Jesus later, punk!

Why am I hot and you not, and why is you rich?

And why I ain't got SHIT in my pocket but lint?

This ain't rap no mo', this not a flow

This is beef, there's a couple street niggaz that got to go (bloaw!)

My name is Nickel (haha) 1c1