

# Royce Da 59, Take His Life

What...what...yo...

(Take his life) all these niggaz wana do is talk  
(Nigga take his life) fuck around and run into some real niggaz  
(Take his life) don't these niggaz know it's not a game  
(Nigga take his life) don't make me put this bullet in your frame

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We detroit niggaz  
The illest breed of niggaz to breathe  
Detroit niggaz Kill on the street  
Kill an mc  
Kill on the beat  
Kill on the creep  
Kill in my sleep  
Kill with my peeps  
Kill a nigga  
Ha! kill with my heat  
Got them not moving their lips like ventriloquists  
Issue the hit empty the clip until his ten becomes six  
Trampoline you off your feet in the form of flips  
Fill him with lead got him writing his name with his dick  
I got niggaz like it's a walk to school worth my goods  
I got niggaz pumping for blood in the heart of your hood  
The fact remains you're better off praising our name  
Beef with us that'd cost about your life in change  
Fuck that all y'all strange niggaz to me  
Fuck that my niggaz'll hang niggaz for me  
You living or dying? nigga you know I'm gripping the iron  
For the drama your man is a bitch and I'm itching to try him

Chorus x 2

I promise to live on the side of the tracks  
Where witnesses is frequently trading shoes for ? tags  
We want war so we coming to get it in blood  
And we ain't leaving without something to put in the mud  
Pleading for your life with more one-liners than rhyme fights  
Backfire on niggaz who don't handle their mind right  
Shine bright and we straight thug niggaz with problems  
Just making it known long as we got them then y'all got them  
Got it listen that's your brain talking to you  
You did what i said you'd do look what I led you to  
I'm above your hood so i can dead you too  
You living in the belly of the beast that I fed you to  
I know it's cold go to the light they calling for you  
Be a man set an example what a baller would do  
Him and all his crew can fall in to  
The wrath of the 17 shot exposure I told you!

Chorus x 2

Size you up six feet couple inches  
Sneak attack a cat who naps with slow senses  
Red dot gun cocked picture me missing  
Aim precise steady hand and start spitting  
I'm hard hitting and ready to disregard living  
I call life hell I call bars prison  
You all off rhythm trying to ball wit' him  
Worse off, trying to brawl wit' him all fall victim  
Slow down guy before your brakes fall off

And you crash into something that ain't that soft  
You ain't that raw gun in your face what's up now?  
Pleading to make it right you need to say goodnight

Chorus to fade...

Royce 5'9  
? wise guy  
What nigga