

Royce Da 59, What Would You Do?

Why? Die!

(Royce Da 59")

As the clock ticks, we knock off the block quick
Chip off the ol' block of the sixty Steve's{?} our pops
We will stick you for your cheese to receive our props (yeah)
Believe it or not, we not evil, we fiendin to stop
We we cryin out to the dire amounts of survival
We not desired to beef, just inspired the spiral
beneath the dirt for every stem in the grass
Memories pass, I keep 'em workin, a vile stem in the hash
He will kill a killer feelin like he's killin himself (uhh)
He's feelin himself but not that killer but he's that killer himself (yeah)
He's spendin his last, fiendin lookin to turn this cash raw
It's like, Felix Trinidad turnin a glass jaw
No, please! You're not that broke thief
I used to approach you like you would've approached me (why?)
cause you was just like me.

(Chorus)

What would you do if you knew what he knew?

If you went through, what he been through
If you get him will he come back to get you?
Would you lose, would he lose?
What would you do if he as real as me and you now?
As me and you now, now see it through
Deep in your heart you like to snake and probably fool
But, we in the streets so no no no

(Royce Da 59")

Yo, panic and both of us stiff as mannequins, we speak
We both got rules to the streets we keep if you cross and we creep
We we even cold in the coffin with sheets
We was taught in the streets what we FOUGHT, our thoughts and beliefs
We front on we actors; we love the next nigga
'bout as much as we love our guns and we'll DITCH our guns if we hafta
Our religion is we niggaz that's livin
We believe in the Lord, while we unsure 'bout the way it was written
We focus