

# Uncrownd Royalty, Creep On Us

(Prem) Yea, UC Product, ya boys derty franchise,  
and ya boy Don C up in this bitch man, always  
how im doin it big, how we doin it big. All you creepin  
all you fuckin hatas. I got somethin for you, here we go.

(chorus A) Derty)  
Yall know I roll, high so, I dont,  
fuck wit, yall hoes,  
pray you dont be meetin soldiers today.

(Verse 1 Prem)  
Ima bring the heat make em feel it like a Super Nova,  
I see the future... ridin low up in my chevy nova.  
I want the crown to be icy like a King Pin,  
but the only crown I got the one I got from Burger King.  
Like the sun, im bout to fusion react,  
try an take me out but believe me ima be back.  
If ya got the balls, u prolly forgot the rest,  
runnin and ducKin so quick nigga prolly forgot ya breathe.  
Wanna fuck with the bomb homie, ill blow you up,  
leavin you split in half, down the middle like a prenuP.  
You losin ur shit, shouldnt bother tryna see us,  
you blind so it wouldnt be a good idea to creep son.  
I aint one to front, so my word is my bond,  
perpetual lyricism, connectin me to god.  
UC on the track the mothafuckin squad in the buildin,  
so get ya fuckin hands up to the ceilin yea.

(chorus A and B simultaneously) x2

(chorus A) Derty)  
Yall know I roll, high so, I dont,  
fuck wit, yall hoes,  
pray you dont be meetin soldiers today

(chorus B) Prem)  
creepin on tha royalty ull end up in them boxes homie,  
creepin on tha royalty, you will be meetin soldiers today.

(Verse 2 Dert)  
Late night, peach swisher, hold my drank tight  
thinkin bout who gon get it next..see the brake lights.  
Stop, hop out the whip wit a chain, knife,  
or a bat but dont touch my toys cuz I dont play nice.  
Im crazy, say my mind left...but I think right,  
Get out the game mothafucka if this aint life.  
Fuck the color rap, neither black nor this aint white,  
im in a grey area, get yo tints right.  
And dont step to me, if you cant write,  
it aint right I been a heathen since my birth and I thank christ.  
He forgot about this dick and came back..like a fake dike,  
same night, found my heart...'Port sparked...game tight.  
Fuck lookin cute, I aint got to impress  
I jus needa find ways to keep my cock on ya breasts.  
Listen lil homie, dont get it fucked up,  
Derty and Don C, fo sho yall gettin fucked up.

(chorus A and B simultaneously) x2

(chorus A) Derty)  
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(chorus B) Prem)  
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(chorus A) Derty) solo  
Yall know I roll, high so, I dont,  
fuck wit, yall hoes,  
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(chorus B) Prem) solo  
creepin on tha royalty ull end up in them boxes homie,  
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(chorus A and B simultaneously) x2

(chorus A) Derty)  
Yall know I roll, high so, I dont,  
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