

Let The Beat Build (freestyle)

Royce Da 5'9"

Mob affiliated baby, like I'm a Gotti
Llama by me, I rhyme like I'm some kind of kamikaze
I'm the head of this rap shit
I got a lot of back like Buffie
Trust me, plus, I'm The Body
I'm the God
You Superman than I'm the czar
I don't rap, I commit lyrical homicide
Make niggas feel like they on the set of Amistad
I got it locked
You at a funeral if I'm a cry
You wanna see some real shit?
Look at me around the eyes
I'll turn your previous status into a now demise
Whoever sleepin' on Nickle
I spit formaldehyde
Write your whole album high
Or drunk, it's what I advertise
They say I ain't blew up
Because of sabotage
And that I put too much time into eatin' rapper guys
I'm still hungry
These niggas ain't even appetizers
After I'm finished eatin' them, I have an after artist
I have to call you retarded
You think you half the artist
I am
I ain't
Lyin'
Tryin'
Buy him?

C'mon my nigga
He's the seller
If he gets any flier he's gonna need propellers
This rap shit is his house
In fact he's the cellar
The underground is his sanctum boy
He's a dweller

He only go up them stairs when it's time to eat
Niggas go mute whenever it's his time to speak
You wanna locate my mind
Look in the lost and found
And happy Bar Exam 2, it's the thought that counts
I call these rap niggas crunk cause they talk and bounce
That money stay on my mind, like my thoughts can count
Ill, he's ill, he's still sick
Me and Shady patched it up we about to rebuild bitch
Detroit about to rebuild bitch
Proof, Dilla, Blade
Aye
C'mon man I does this
Toss dirt on the mud slingers
Sleep in a dug ditch
I'm a motherfuckerin' walkin' Christmas
The evidence is Royce
You don't bet against The Presence/present in Detroit
But you can't put me in a box
Cause you gonna need a bigger bow
I'm a huge gift
I got the game in a figure four
I'm made so I shoot ya
Cause money beat cases
Detroit stand up, let's make way for the future

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