

# No L's

## Royale

### No L's Verse 1

Still paying dues dropped, so I relapsed wit some new shit,

Got your crew sick,

OD on these cruel hits.

Humble nigga, but believe I get rude quick,

Wit the music imma a beast,

Fuck what you think

On these mics baby boy got a full clip,

Double barrel, buck shells when this fool spit.

Got a wife and three kids, so my grinds thick,

So dead prez only cats that I'm cool wit.

Cause the mighty dollar,

Brings the mighty power,

To make some niggaz sour,

Cause your doing what some are proud of.

nay Sayers and doubters,

Homie I ain't worried about em,

I already set the bait, soon enough they will follow.

Yup, Chorus

I ain't stopping homeboy I got shit to do,

I've been rappin for a minute still these niggaz don't get the clue,

Fuck waiting on these niggaz, imma go ahead and make my move,

Keep winnin on these suckers,

Turning blue waiting for me to loose. Verse 2

Go ahead and chase ho's,

Imma run towards the pesos,

Got shit on my credit that I gotta pay off.

Money never sleeps, so I can't take a day off,

Making history is all that came for,

I'm chasing mills, crazy deals to sign my name on

And Bring it back to the city and put my mans on.

I Work hard so the top is where I land on,

Blowing haze, you can call that gettin my cam ooooonnnnn!!!!

So they tellin me to put the rap down,

That's like tellin G's who ride to put their strap down,

That's like tellin An addict shorty put the crack down,

I'm addicted to this shit I can't stop now.

Me quit, how dat sound,

Never in a milli

what I'm dealing,  
I'm fiending to make a killin.  
Keep spittin  
Till they tell me I'm one of the best who ever did it,  
Keep giving flocka flame, playing rap like hunger games.

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