

Gun Harmonizing

Royce Da 5'9"

"Somebody lift me up, yeah
And give me a hannnnnd
Give me a ride, I'm sliding off the highway
There's a curve in the road
I don't know when I'm going, crazy"

Verbalizin my fiend murder
Communicatin while you debatin usin machine squirters
Brrap, that trigger's my tongue, I let you lick it
Nigga that, fo'-fifth'll, lift a nigga, whole clique up
The Lord call for your soul, it's time to go pick up
Answer the horn, it's blowin at you, you cold stiff up
My heat, heatin my whole hip up, all we do is court strippers
Your metal freezin like it's a morgue zipper
I (I) ride around with Preme
Not the Preme from Queens, but the Preme from {?}
'Bout to change the game, 'bout to fly the desert, eagle
For y'all people like the wing's the clip, and the barrel's the beak
My perilous fleece, I'ma throw on them diamonds
I'm a Pharaoh deceased, like a spawn was rhymin
And, I would advice ya not attempt to
New (Temptations), the gun harmonizin

Every bullet's a note
I write with a firing pen every time the, trigger pull it's a quote
Inside a poof full of smoke
Sniffin lines of that gunpowder I'm hotter than a pair of boots and a coat
And a turtleneck
The best rapper alive could be the best rapper that died, a murderous
If you ain't get it by now I'm suicidal
I'm wild, a nigga better than me is who I ain't heard of yet
So I ain't murdered yet
He ain't even been born, his momma's a virgin, she ain't even fertile yet
Prepare to get back - next time you take a shit
Stand and turn around and look in the toilet then compare me to THAT
Don't compare me to none of these motherfuckin
Wannabe hustlers tough until they standin in front of me duckin
It's off with yo' head nigga 'less you one of them Dodgers
We sound off as one, we gun harmonize!

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