

Today (Original Version)

Royce da 5'9"

[Ingrid Smalls]

Na na na.

Oh, oh, oh, no no no[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah

I done been in this game for years, it made me an animal

I learned that nobody else can be held accountable

But you for your career, not your manager, face it

Even he can fuck up a relationship

I learned it don't matter who's spitting better

While these rappers kill each other, them Jews they stick together

Like glue, and generate more money than Fubu

For something made 'for you by you'

Every hip-hop nigga listen and wishing he had your style

To go against you if you rip him and pass him by (yeah)

A mastermind is somebody who's actually kind

To everybody, and try to see every autograph is signed

The humblest way to look at your career

Is every nigga in here is one hit away

Yeah, whatever goes around in rap

Happens to not come back to me, and I ask you[Chorus: Royce] + (Ingrid Smalls)

(If I was to die today

Would you pick me up because I'm down and out, na na na)

"T" ? represents the 'time' when my hope, fades

"O" ? is just a sign 'on' my mind on my broke, days

(Oh, oh, oh)

"D" ? is for the 'dangerous' way that the flow, stray

"A" ? represents the, 'answer' to the question I'm asking (no no no)

"why" is it today I should (Die!)[Royce Da 5'9"]

Damn, right after one quick summer

Am I Young MC or a one-hit wonder?

Is it a following that supports me

BET, MTV, or "E! True Hollywood Story"?

Can I hold my own

And rap without having to go back to Pharrell or Poke & Tone?

Can a married man still appeal to broads

Knowing everything he's spitting from here on in gon' be raw?

Can a nigga simply spit that real shit

Just for niggas that feel me, or will the system kill me?

If I drop this album and it sells

And the next one don't top it, will it be considered a failure?
If I had to drop outta the limelight for a while
Would you still mob me? Hell naw!
You would not give a fuck about me
If I worked a regular job, I don't even gotta ask y'all[Chorus][Ingrid Smalls]
We just want to see you survive
Anytime you want to talk, maybe either one of y'all
Want to give a holla this way (yeah)
Every lady involved, is rooting for the underdog
You don't let him die today, no!
Oh no ? we ain't trying to see
You go ? I want you here beside me
I don't want it to change, don't die![Royce Da 5'9"]
Now as far as my weaknesses
I have a hard time competing the chart and on SoundScan
The media base, I respect Dre for teaching me that
Money is easy to make, but hard to keep
As far as my nigga 'Los, I love him
He showed me you can do a dope album with no budget
Yeah, with lethal rhymes, they get that
He brought you into the game, he can take you out outta people's minds
Yeah (Die!) Those who feel my career will die
Those who choose to leave me behind
Are confused cause they don't hear me cry, rather ya ears
Is ready or not, I know you can hear me now like Mary J. Blige
I will take the shit
I will burn yo' bridges and I ain't talking 'bout our relationship
What goes around comes around with every person
Rather it's life or rap whatever, "Death Is Certain"[Chorus][Ingrid Smalls]
Oh, oh, oh
No no no

Songwriters

Williams, Elvis / Lilly Jr, Harold Spencer / Hayes, PatrickPublished by

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