

Happy Bar Exam 2

Royce Da 5'9"

[Intro]Yo, Green Lantern man. You know how we do man. We shittin' on niggas dot com

It's a fuckin' invasion you bastards

We a problem

[Scratches "Invasion" - Nas]Green Lantern

[Marv Won]Aye, aye

I'm back on my bullshit

Come chill with the crook

I'm rejuvenated bitch, I feel as good as I look

That's awesome

Show me who's talkin' and I'll off 'em

From Austin to Boston, make 'em floss in coffins

Shit, if I ain't the man, I'm standin' next to him

Starvin'

Somebody bring me a Dexitrim

To suppress my appetite

I feast on niggas who ain't rappin' right

Learn in the after life

If I ain't the best baller, I'm right after Mike

Cockier than the nigga that make (Flashing Lights)

I'm the king of the jungle

I'll stop all the scoring of your block without bringin' Mutumbo

A 100 round drums is what I bring to the rumble

Brash

I ain't get a thing when I was humble

And why should I be?

Niggas ain't good as me

The best black champ we had in a while like Booker T

One of the best, but overlooked like I'm Pusha T

You little pussies get fucked

Here go the douche for free

There ain't too much that Marv can't do

Make way for royalty

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[Royce Da 5'9"]You welcome

Bubble like Seltzer

Bubble lights do a double life crime what else then?

Gun shots kinda sound like the llama belchin'

Shittin' like I'm rhymin' in the John like Elton

I turn a nigga into stone
Send out a blast like an e-mail to shoot ya
Female Medusa
(It Wasn't Me) like Shaggy
Denaun (da nine) did it
Like a fag was snitchin' on D-12 producer
Give you a buck 50 this evenin'
This is my time of the month
If you ain't fuckin' with me you bleedin'
I can't count how many whips I be stickin' keys in
Bitch, you ain't dissin' me, you just committin' treason
Red wine or Reislin?
Has been, I'm a "he's been..."
Everywhere
I'm Bigger than Cease's friend
Lyrics written down with a G's pen
Hood rats on me cause I'm in a trap
I'm gonna give her cheese then
She with me, she never dick teasin'
Wrist freezin'
She's tellin' me I'm just seizin'
She do whatever I tell her as long as it's with reason
So I'm gonna tell her to blow me till she quits breathin'
She playin' position, but it's me receivin'
The cum comin' through them gums looks like the bitch teethin'
Diss me, get treated like you was just leavin'
After I quit squeezin'
I'm the shit fool
Every year in my past, my shit list grew
Niggas switched up and got ripped up like Rick Rude
Yeah, I don't fuck around with that mic
You try to fuck with me you probably fuck around with that white
What you a cluck?
I psycho spit
Y'all writtin' with lead
I'm writtin' my rhymes with rifle tips
I'm excitin' like highlights of Michael's clips
I run the net like my mics a microchip
Nickle
Happy Bar Exam 2
It's a holiday nigga