

Writer's Block (feat. Eminem)

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, yeah
I don't know what else to say
I can't, I can't think of nothin'
I'm stumped Here we go
On your feet
Stand up
Everybody hands up Uh, man, I dunno, man
Every time I go to think of something played out to say
You already said it, Royce I ain't calling names 'cause all of y'all the same, plus
I'm the king, all my past pain all done changed up
All these plains, all these lames since the Slaughter's came up
'Cause they know they hands tied, feet ball and chained up Niggas be quick to call me the new 50 Cent
Because of my relationship
With Marshall, used to make me a little partial But here's the brain fuck
We the same 'cause I'm probably about to fall out
With a Young Buck
While I attempt to fuck the fuckin' Game up Bitch, splat, only thing I fear in here is chit-chat
You are hearing bars like your ear against a Kit-Kat
Shady guys like the Navy, drive, wavy bye bye
Maybe my glock can turn your top to baby's Maybach My shit is powerful, literally sick, trust me, nigga
It's ugly to kill a thing if the bigger I get
The more disgusting and fuckin' disfigured it gets
Niggas expect me to go pop, oh, stop
Y'all about the champagne, I'm about the toast I only fuck with mailmen, with heroin from Boca
Niggas that'll smoke you while you staring in your postbox
Only incense he enlightens when he's thinkin'
While that sinks in, I got a Brinks ink pen I'm back, motherfucker
Notice the flyness on the cover of the XXL
I'm back from the dead like Tobey Maguire from the Brothers
How y'all realer? If I said it, I did it
If I didn't, I seen it first-hand like a car dealer Give up the throne, your lease up, I am the Mona Lisa
That decoded Da Vinci Code, you throwin' your piece up
Is a waste of fake like a phony B-cup
Nigga, the mistake was like my only teacher
Wait 'til they get a load of me 'cause I've got Gucci's on my feet, diamonds on my neck
Diamonds on my wrist, bitches on my dick
But y'all already said that Choppers in the trunk, models in the front
Bottles in the club but I don't give a fuck
But y'all already said that 'Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard

For me to come up with shit and just say, "Aye"
I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all
I think I'm runnin' out of cliches, I'm gettin' writer's block
(Psyche)When I stand up in this booth, niggas notice it
Sittin' on the same boat that Noah built
Floatin' on the same water Moses split
Poetry in motion but we sittin' on your grave site, overkillAren't you tired, why are you so loud? Quiet
Real dudes move in silence, like a mute drivin' a new hybrid
You dudes is too excited
You a dude that'd try to sue a dude that's suicidalYou will just be another victim
I am like a nickel of weed rolled in a doobie
I'm a little twisted, I roll like the end credits in movies
Y'all just got scriptedGot y'all niggas' bitches bobbin' to this one when she wit' ya
When she wit' me, she bobbin', not vibin'
Tryin' to put her mind into the inside of my zipperI'm a serpent with a purpose, havin' problems
Not a problem I've encountered
I have found elephants, lions, clowns
Will jump through hoops like they workin' for the circus
At the fire round the circle's right in front of them, fire roundsPun intended, gun extended, what are you mark's
askin'?
Car's Aston, started as a hard-top and I saw past it
Since I decided to start class diss
All black, all glass, panoramic roof been gettin' marked absentI authorize my own all-access
Your bitch a whore, I'm a catch, she ball-catchin'
Her jaw's been broadcasted all across the globe from the store to Japan
Her pussy need to be blocked and reported as spamBong, Interscope up in this dope and I sell it
My voicemail is full, got bitches screamin' inside of envelopes
And they tryin' to mail 'em to me, tryin' to reach my phone
I don't know which one is harder
Tryin' to not to take your bitch or tryin' to get rid of my ownI've got Gucci's on my feet, diamonds on my neck
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I think I'm runnin' out of cliches, I'm gettin' writer's block
(Psyche)Man, get the bozak
We need to start bringin' that shit back
(Mad flavor)
Man, fuck it, I'm 'bout to go catch some wreck
(We in effect, money, hahaha)Mad props to Royce for keepin' it real
On the strength, no diggity
I'm 'bout to go pull some hoes, get my mack on
Haters get the gas face, hahahah

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