

Royal Flush Freestyle (ft. Canibus & Elzhi)

Royce da 5'9"

[Intro - Royce talking]

Yeah, Bar Exam 2 nigga. It's a motherfuckin' holiday bitches [Verse 1 - Canibus]

Bar Exam 2

I landslide you to lava below

Gotta stance nigga flow

How bars? How far can you go?

Only as far as the mind

Canibus and Royce 5'9"

Bar Exam 2, spit a rhyme

A miniature version of me, told me he wanted to MC

I told him, "Be careful who you be."

He said, "I'ma just be me."

I said, "Yeah, I see. But you don't understand what I really mean."

Look at the manifest list

It got my name down

A bald head for the cool crown

How you like me now?

I terrorize rap music

What manner of creature could do this?

Canibus stupid

Retarded, autistic artists

You click, perfects target

Staff Sargent Canibus talkin'

I would not let off the gas

Traverse it through San Stone's past

The Ripper spills whiskey from a flask [Verse 2 - Elzhi]

I toke green, blowin' out smoke screens

Poke queens, leave them with soaked jeans

You're the definition of what "joke" mean

I'm star status

Like glowin' lights throughout the far stratos-

-phere, it's clear who repertoire that is

Pursue whites and fuck a shoe price

My cheese outgrew mice

I'm too nice, cut through slice, I'm seein' you twice

The lead pacer

Been makin' moves like Speed Racer

Indeed tracin' line that fucks with your mind like a weed lacer

Try and boast, ain't lyin' close, so what I diagnose

I could fry and roast any guy till they applyin' ghost
Pee on peons beyond eons
Till there's neon Klingons
Close encounter of the three kinds
You may fall, I'm AWOL, my heaters will spray y'all
And put you in a hole like Robert Peter to pay Paul
I could give a fuck
Got a flow to leave a river stuck
You hear deep it lines ??[Verse 3 - Royce Da 5'9"]
Osama McCain, you climb in this ring
Rhyming with Obama the king
End up on the bottom of the things
Living inside of ominous springs
I'm in a dream
I spit the only kind of sickness that vomiting brings
That means I'm ill sick
And plus I'm real bitch
I should've played Hancock instead of Will Smith
Cos I'm drunk and flyer
I'm the super hero minus all the chump attire
And I bleed hardly
Tell your idol his times up
And he's barbe-cue
Every rhyme lined up like steve harvey's do
From the pies to the brick man
Niggas couldn't follow in my steps 'less I died in some quick sand
So come and see a nigga burn a show
And give me a hand before I give you the fist like a germaphobe
And you probably too scary to scuffle
If you ain't hit a nigga before you buried your knuckles
I got a hundred round drum
I shoot the first thirty to kill everybody that trash your hook up
Category blast the butcher
Empty the clip just to make that 70 show like ashton kutcher
Nigga you at war with sharks the government team
Will leave you airless/heirless like jordan sparks or a motherless queen
We put it on y'all, tape a niggas phone call
Sell it to the net for a phone card
Then use it to phone y'all mommas
I throw you niggas a bone and then I bury the drama in a bone yard
The flow's in prime
I got more plastic on me than all of hugh heffner's hoes combined
My niggas got GT's and shit, yeah I know mini coopers
While you niggas rolling around in the mini coopers
I'm the shit for real, y'all niggas mini poopers

Drunk, wildin, commitin vodka and henny bloopers
Who could give a nigga the snoop foot
Stretch him out on the floor like the Manut look
You shook, nigga I'm like the crew cook
I put a price on the whip and I'm like the blue book
With an appetite for destruction with the greed stigma
Explains my past and adds to my enigma
If it's digital or analog
Bar Exam 2 is the present, the distributor is Santa Claus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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