

# Airplanes (Freestyle)

## Royce da 5'9"

Since '99 I've been dope in this  
Focusin'  
Unfocusin'  
Sure as the sun floats and sure as the sun smokin'  
I was the gun totingest  
My cuz told me  
Don't get demoted, keep it close to your digits  
You know you get it, you let yourself get too close to them chickens  
I said, "I disagree"  
Then I let Superhead lick on me  
Strokin' the kitten, the cat stacks  
'Bout to turn around and write a book about both of them bitches  
Next stop, to the top  
I done went from A to X,Y  
Almost at Z  
Chillin' at a rest stop  
My new bitch call her my PS3  
You?  
Your bitch pussy call it my X-Box  
Me I'm the rhyme ruler  
Me and Denaun together  
Deadly as Nas in his prime  
You 'bout deadly as a benign tumor  
Since '92 been a highly touted retarded truth  
Prolly 'bout to Eli Porta-potty somebody booth  
Never sellin my soul, I'm sellin' my skills  
I'm on Raps Radar now  
Elliott Wilson  
Painter of the underground canvas  
Even though I can't freelance no more  
The underground's famished  
Before I settle for less then average  
I'll swallow a watermelon  
Follow it with a double down sandwich  
I swear that God told me  
Slaughterhouse would be the second time around for me  
All eyes on me!  
I know I'm not the greatest  
I go hard

Your boom box is now invaded  
Bogart  
Look at me today  
8 years ago, I was popular for being hated  
Solar!  
Nickel Nines the ruler  
God combined with Buddha  
Gifted oblongata, prized medulla  
Each lines like a computer bomb designed by Mcgyver  
That only can be detonated by a MacGruber  
I'm thinking if I ain't binge drinkin' then I ain't livin'  
Somebody told me I'm prolly dyin', but I ain't listen  
By the time it could harm me I'll prolly die by a trigger  
So I'm only goin' cold turkey, right after Thanksgivin'  
I paint pictures between blank scriptures  
Scriptures, now just how contradictory is it that I pray?  
The names Royce and I be poppin' so much pussy  
Dwight Howard look at me sideways  
And while the bitches try to grab all on my dick  
I can't even get my own nigga to rap on my shit  
You form a clique it should be sacred  
I shouldn't say shit  
Cause the Truth Hurts  
Like the bitch that Dre ditched  
Nobody loves my niggas like me  
Sober or wasted, for you there's no replacement  
I swear that god told me  
Slaughterhouse would be the second time around for me  
All eyes on me!

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

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