

# Politics

## Royce Da 5'9"

[Chorus: Cee-Lo, Royce the 5'9"] Give me a mountain. Give me a sea  
Put your mind on wonderland, be what you want to be. Wooow

It's Politics. Ha my nigga  
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[Royce Da 5'9"] Seven years and countin, I've been accounting

For unaccountable rap problems  
'Cause accountant countin his rap dollars  
The ice watch on the sleeve of the white collar  
Leanin like the Pisa towser, he's in power  
Standing on top of the black bottom  
You should pack up now that the dirty glove is with me  
Take your hat off inside of the mitten when you spittin  
'Cause you can get it for sure  
Your whole rap clapped up out you  
If I don't get you back up  
Got you in a morgue sittin stiff in the drawer  
Niggaz I can't be caught, I can't be bought  
They call me the anti-core, anti-talk  
Anti, when it comes to gettin the kind of hugs  
That come from a fake thug  
That show me a sign of love  
Who am I to judge but you would not out of love  
Walk up if I was washed up like a Tsunami flood  
I ain't trying to bug  
But that's why you got to shove  
Come on..

[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"] Excuse me while I school them on how to pay these dues  
Tell whoever jealous and want to slay me, cool  
The whole game got the old bland of Mercedes blues  
Everybody wanna fill Jay-Z shoes  
I call it the Ferrari sniffs, the Phantom flu  
'Cause y'all sick, what already exists, can't be you

I told y'all niggaz in oh-two that I can't be touched  
Yo bitch call me sugar dick with the candy nuts  
But ain't shit sweet, don't get it twisted  
I'll beat yo ass, I don't need wine, I don't need cash  
I'll stick a sock in any nigga mouth in any market  
If he talkin, he a target, walk in his apartment  
While he drinkin, spark him 'til he leakin, coughin Remy Martin  
'Cause if I flip my lid, you'd have to toss him in the garbage  
Is nothin to toughen you out, fuck is you frontin about  
We cuttin you in, I'm cuttin you out  
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]Royce five nine is a prophet, in every sense of the word  
Superb finisher, administer words like ministers  
The tall tales of the low sales of a poet  
Centuries rolled up in the pen that he holds up  
He holds it to holy grail, when he saw the soul  
he was since told his flows, the Davinci code decoded  
Since chosen, he prays harder  
But everytime he spot a rival revolvers inside  
His bible like, Gregory Heins with the rage of Harlem  
Po-po's harder, team free-on, we so cold  
Red like beam be on sight, we got weed neon green  
We got a one yay, Celine Deion white, green  
Your last breath, you about five heartbeats away from death  
'Cause you the leon type, so muahh  
Make you rest in peace  
No more records bein sold, less is me  
Five nine, unsigned  
[Chorus][Spoken Word - Royce]Yeahh, Royce Da 5'9", my nigga Nottz  
This is a M.I.C and teams with collaboration  
Ladies and gentleman, I would like to introduce to you, Cee-Lo Green. Let's go  
[Royce and Cee-Lo]Give me a mountain. (Dream my nigga). Give me a sea  
(All my niggaz dealin with the politics). Put your mind on wonderland  
(I smell you my nigga). Be what you want to be. (Dream my nigga)  
It's politics my nigga. [repeat 8X]

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