

Random Bars

Royce da 5'9"

[Background Voice]

Arms, Arms, Arms, Arms

You're Now Listening To MusicRandom Bars

That's What We Gona' Call This[Background Voice]

I Pray For YouThis Is Like A Thank You

Thank YouNow Rhymes With Is Electric Like Appliances

Now Let The Flying Fist Wreck It I Insist

I'm Here To Tap Some Drawers Tap Some Jaws

Ball And S' Fo' Y'all

I'm Here To Palm The Fucking Blow Like A Basketball

They Told Me I Was Gold I Ain't Reacted All

I'm Staying Hungry Like M Body's Halls Acting All

Fuck Money But Tell The Government Give Me Some Since They Print It

I'm A Schizophrenic Mental Clinic Pencil Panic

Pimp Lieutenant Living A Fight Which If You Flinch You End It

Quit Your Pretending You're Here To Be Saved I'm Simple Be

Your Mind Is On Quitting Your Vibes On Pillage

Check My File My Resume Is Verified On Twitter

Your Jeans Got Pussy Under It

I'll Hang Up A Sign That Says Your Place With An Arrow Pointing Down And Put You Under It

You Rap It All Eyes Niggers, Misery Love, Company Ass, Groupie Ass, Basketball, White Niggers

I've Been The Vet Rapper Since Eminem's Test Record

Which Was Better Than Any Of Our Enemy's Best Effort

And It Was Just Us Than We've Been The Best Than

We've Been On Top Of Our Dream Like Vinaigrette Dressing

You Should Regroup From The Fire

If Your Killers Resemble Keisha From New Jack City

A Snoop From The WireThe Only Beefing I'm Doing With Pussy Is Screwing Your Cruise In Ruins

We Eating And All You Doing Is Chewing Swallowing And Being Done Is By Your Girl

Couldn't Digest That You're Probably Trying Earl

I Got A Right Hand As Debo Cole

Run Into It Playing And You End Up With Steve O's Nose

I Will Leave You Where You're Griffin At

Yelling Take That While I Tick For Tack Two Guns That Nick Name This And That

I Play The Tune Of Violence For Hours

But The Same Gun That I Now Use Till I Gave You Power Rewinding Listen Back

My Shit's A Mansion Your Shit's A Shack Now Check Your Guns

We Can Go Tick For Tack Is A Fact Like A Wreck

Answers The Leave You In The Can Which Samsun

Hand Foot In Your Mouth Without A Dam Tongue
You Plus One Now A In The Club Wit' Yo' Boy
Don't Give Right To Challenge A Pro You Ain't One
Nigger I Don't Got No Story
All I Know Is I Quit The Popping That Put That Boy In A Hole Turn His Body To The Suppository
Why Yo'll Hard I'm Rolling Alone
I Get Your Browed Pregnant Than I Pay To A Boy In A Car Over The Phone
If People Could Endure Royce More I'm Sawing His Own
Speak With Your Indoor Voice Lower Your Tone
So Now The Sky's The Limit
My Shades Cover Eyes That Are Windows To A Soul This Private Hole, Mind Your Business
Contract's On The Table Looking Like A Tarnished Napkin
My Contract's On The Table Looking Like A Dino's Taxes
Yeah Yo'll Niggers Acting Like Real Light Skins
Stick A Knife In Your Right Hand
Tell You Sit Your Five Dollar Ass Down Before I Make Change At Your Ass
What You Say Nigger I Didn't
Now I'm A Pimp Perc Executive I Call You Up
Draw The Line Electric Insert The ..
Nickel

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

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