

Something 2 Ride 2

Royce Da 5'9"

[Intro/Break - Royce Da 5'9"]This is a little something to ride to

Kick back and just catch a vibe to

I pop me a pill, I drink me another drink, if I was you

[Verse 1 - Royce Da 5'9"]I got the flyest arsenal

Clip filled to capacity, you can call me the fire marshal

I'm ape with shit, I'm on my gorilla thing, thing

Me and Preme, you can call us the guillotine team

We chop off heads, pop off lead

If it pops off, we spendin that rock star bread

We doin numbers like the box office

Nigga you ain't tryin to box, then stop talkin

I got niggaz from Watts to Boston

From New York to the Chi to Austin

So even if my eyes is off ya, other eyes is on ya

That belongs to them killers that's gon' ride up on ya, bong (bong)

It's gasoline in my tongue, Patron in my kidneys, weed in my lungs

Trigger on my index finger, handle in my palm is ringin my animal alarm

My mind is on Hannibal Lec', demand the respect

I'm takin your life unless you hand me a check

[Chorus - Phonte (Royce Da 5'9")]I've been around, seen some things, sexed a lot of girls

I did my time but in my mind, I'm still thinkin it's my world (woo-ooo)

(I got my finger on the pulse of this music shit, I'm the truest
(woo-ooo))

Now tell me who this sick and you can swallow everything that's comin
through this dick)

[Verse 2 - Royce Da 5'9"]Reignin King of the boom bap

Bomb strapped to my chest askin "where ya goons at?"

I'm old school like a StarTek

On a voyage like Star Trek

Me unemployed is far fetched

I'm hot, I got corduroy flow

You can picture but can't shake it, the Polaroid show

I book niggaz for shows and put niggaz in comas

So I hope that you niggaz is roamers

'Cause my niggaz is Ryders like Winona

But we just tryin to have a "Good Time" like Willona

I'm a zoner, all I do is zone out like a stoner

As far away as Estonia

I'm a sucker for a good suckin
So tell ya bitch that's it's best if she investin with this good luckin
Mami would you rather fly over niggaz heads or keep your ass in the
hood duckin?
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Royce Da 5'9"]Pardon my French, talk English
Steal your job, the discount is the five fingers
That's why Preme is the head not King
My drive's on my toes, I got my Bedrock swing
"Street Hop" is a culture
I rock with the vultures to make bread with the opposite toaster
I'm Py-reckless, I'm kitchen, equip sickenin
And my neckless is glistenin, it's expensive
So don't mention your ice whenever you mention my rhymes (why?)
'Cause my pencil is priceless
So what you runnin for?
Nigga I'm comin for you, if I'm the hyphen, then you the underscore
True and I'm lawless packin
I ain't no designer but I got a flawless jacket, whoa
After (Boom), this afternoon
It's night, night, when me and Preme come back for more
[Chorus][Break]

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