

Shake This

Royce Da 5'9"

[Intro: Royce] Bein enlightened, is no longer enough
You must apply
Bein willin is no longer acceptable
You must do, make it count
[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"] Na-na-now, now
I, I, I gotta shake this
Na-na-now, na-na-now, now
I gotta, I gotta
I gotta shake this jail shit off me
He ain't gon' never sell, he gon' fail shit off me
I, I, I gotta shake this weak shit off me
Keep shit off me, leave it in the streets like bitch GET OFF ME!
[Royce Da 5'9"] 1977, July 5th
Conceived immaculately was me, my mom's gift
Unwrapped right there in the room like Christmas
My mind has been designed to do light distance
Run whole laps around y'all with my thoughts
You ain't hold back on yours, naw that's my fault
Now picture me fallin, all the way to the bottom
and I'm layin and callin, somebody come help me
find my strength to stop drinkin this poison
'fore I drown my gift, and yeah it's probably unhealthy
Cause I went so hard and woke up sober
I lost my good friend and broke up soldiers
Loco, goin hard as a locomotive
Self-loathin like I ain't chosen
Chose to bless souls, get exposed
Just know that I ain't foldin, huh
I gotta shake this
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"] September 18th, 2-oh-oh-6
I roll up in the court thinkin "This should go quick"
On some couple thousand dollar suit type shit
From behind thousand dollar Cartier scripts
I witness my world tumble down like bricks

Two words she slurred, and it sounded like this (this)
One year (one year) travel through the room like moonlight
through the darkness, ooh it's heartless
How could, I beat two felonies then

turn around and lose like (lose like) like this!
My lawyer sayin stay calm, people sayin pray for him
They lockin my black ass up, like Akon
My wife at the crib goin crazy
Pregnant, yellin "I ain't havin no more babies!"
People sayin Preem ain't fuckin with me no mo'
Niggaz in the pen' lookin homo, NO!
I gotta shake this
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"](Yes!) Fresh outta jail feelin like Christopher Walken
The king of my city, swingin my dick as I'm walkin
Up to the 7-50, I open the door
My cuz and like several bitches make up the decor
I look in, he got a cup an' he pours
I tell him "Nah I'm good, I woulda chugged it before"
I'm a new man but I could fuck with a whore
Nigga my dick's so hard it's probably touchin the floor
Ridin round in the back of a black luxury toy
Gettin sucked, like niggaz cannot FUCK with me boy!
When I look in the mirror, all I see is the real
You niggaz shouldn't be here, R.I.P. if you will
I'm the moment of truth (truth)
I'm the only significant thing roamin the scene soon as I go in the booth
I'ma do it this time, I'm feelin really defined
Unsigned to signed, nigga the city is mines
[Chorus][Outro: Royce]Bitch get off me!
Yeah, get off me!
Bitch get off me!
Now do that make me a liar?
GET OFF ME!
GET OFF ME!
GET OFF ME!

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