

Gun Harmonizing (feat. Crooked I)

Royce da 5'9"

"Somebody lift me up, yeahhh

And give me a hannnnnd

Give me a ride, I'm slidin off the highway

There's a curve in the road

I don't know when I'm going, crazy"[vocal gun sounds and scatting for next 22 seconds][Royce Da 5'9"]

Verbalizin my fiend murder

Communicatin while you debatin usin machine squirters

Brrap, that trigger's my tongue, I let you lick it

Nigga that, fo'-fifth'll, lift a nigga, whole clique up

The Lord call for your soul, it's time to go pick up

Answer the horn, it's blowin at you, you cold stiff up

My heat, heatin my whole hip up, all we do is court strippers

Your metal freezin like it's a morgue zipper

I (I) ride around with Preme

Not the Preme from Queens, but the Preme from {?}

'Bout to change the game, 'bout to fly the desert, eagle

for y'all people like the wing's the clip, and the barrel's the beak

My perilous fleece, I'ma throw on them diamonds

I'm a pharaoh deceased, like a spawn was rhymin

And, I would advice ya not attempt to

New (Temptations), the gun harmonizin[vocal gun sounds and scatting for next 22 seconds][Royce Da 5'9"]

Every bullet's a note

I write with a firing pen every time the, trigger pull it's a quote

Inside a poof full of smoke

Sniffin lines of that gunpowder I'm hotter than a pair of boots and a coat

And a turtleneck

The best rapper alive could be the best rapper that died, a murderous

If you ain't get it by now I'm suicidal

I'm wild, a nigga better than me is who I ain't heard of yet

So I ain't murdered yet

He ain't even been born, his momma's a virgin, she ain't even fertile yet

Prepare to get back - next time you take a shit

Stand and turn around and look in the toilet then compare me to THAT

Don't compare me to none of these motherfuckin

wannabe hustlers tough until they standin in front of me duckin

It's off with yo' head nigga 'less you one of them Dodgers

We sound off as one, we gun harmonize![vocal gun sounds and scatting for next 22 seconds][Crooked I]

This shit is musical, my spit is beautiful

And if the best rapper died we'd be sittin at Nickel's funeral

But we ain't dyin cause our trigger finger nail you
as quick as you clip a cuticle, hollows'll hit your follicles
I split your wig from far away like a long arm barber
Then lift your weight like a strong arm robber
Put that on Moses, I rely on my ride
As sure as Satan's tongue lyin to God, everybody dyin
It's like you standin in a circular firing squad
Singers for hire I find him a job
You see the gauge baritone, the revolver's a tenor
Way the shots spin your body I'ma call 'em "The Spinners"
Call 'em "Earth, Wind & Fire", put you beneath the earth, wind and fire
Feel the fire that burnt Richard Pryor
I'm keepin two guns, I named 'em Romeo and Juliet
Make you take five like you and your homies on the movie set
BLAOW![vocal gun sounds and scatting for next 22 seconds]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>