

# Writers Block (feat. Eminem) [Remix]

## Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, yeah  
I don't know what else to say  
I can't, I can't think of nothin'  
I'm stumped Here we go  
On your feet  
Stand up  
Everybody hands up Uh, man, I dunno, man  
Every time I go to think of something played out to say  
You already said it, Royce I ain't calling names 'cause all of y'all the same, plus  
I'm the king, all my past pain all done changed up  
All these plains, all these lames since the Slaughter's came up  
'Cause they know they hands tied, feet ball and chained up Niggas be quick to call me the new 50 Cent  
Because of my relationship  
With Marshall, used to make me a little partial But here's the brain fuck  
We the same 'cause I'm probably about to fall out  
With a Young Buck  
While I attempt to fuck the fuckin' Game up Bitch, splat, only thing I fear in here is chit-chat  
You are hearing bars like your ear against a Kit-Kat  
Shady guys like the Navy, drive, wavy bye bye  
Maybe my glock can turn your top to baby's Maybach My shit is powerful, literally sick, trust me, nigga  
It's ugly to kill a thing if the bigger I get  
The more disgusting and fuckin' disfigured it gets  
Niggas expect me to go pop, oh, stop  
Y'all about the champagne, I'm about the toast I only fuck with mailmen, with heroin from Boca  
Niggas that'll smoke you while you staring in your postbox  
Only incense he enlightens when he's thinkin'  
While that sinks in, I got a Brinks ink pen I'm back, motherfucker  
Notice the flyness on the cover of the XXL  
I'm back from the dead like Tobey Maguire from the Brothers  
How y'all realer? If I said it, I did it  
If I didn't, I seen it first-hand like a car dealer Give up the throne, your lease up, I am the Mona Lisa  
That decoded Da Vinci Code, you throwin' your piece up  
Is a waste of fake like a phony B-cup  
Nigga, the mistake was like my only teacher  
Wait 'til they get a load of me 'cause I've got Gucci's on my feet, diamonds on my neck  
Diamonds on my wrist, bitches on my dick  
But y'all already said that Choppers in the trunk, models in the front  
Bottles in the club but I don't give a fuck  
But y'all already said that 'Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard

For me to come up with shit and just say, "Aye"  
I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all  
I think I'm runnin' out of cliches, I'm gettin' writer's block  
(Psyche)When I stand up in this booth, niggas notice it  
Sittin' on the same boat that Noah built  
Floatin' on the same water Moses split  
Poetry in motion but we sittin' on your grave site, overkillAren't you tired, why are you so loud? Quiet  
Real dudes move in silence, like a mute drivin' a new hybrid  
You dudes is too excited  
You a dude that'd try to sue a dude that's suicidalYou will just be another victim  
I am like a nickel of weed rolled in a doobie  
I'm a little twisted, I roll like the end credits in movies  
Y'all just got scriptedGot y'all niggas' bitches bobbin' to this one when she wit' ya  
When she wit' me, she bobbin', not vibin'  
Tryin' to put her mind into the inside of my zipperI'm a serpent with a purpose, havin' problems  
Not a problem I've encountered  
I have found elephants, lions, clowns  
Will jump through hoops like they workin' for the circus  
At the fire round the circle's right in front of them, fire roundsPun intended, gun extended, what are you mark's  
askin'?  
Car's Aston, started as a hard-top and I saw past it  
Since I decided to start class diss  
All black, all glass, panoramic roof been gettin' marked absentI authorize my own all-access  
Your bitch a whore, I'm a catch, she ball-catchin'  
Her jaw's been broadcasted all across the globe from the store to Japan  
Her pussy need to be blocked and reported as spamBong, Interscope up in this dope and I sell it  
My voicemail is full, got bitches screamin' inside of envelopes  
And they tryin' to mail 'em to me, tryin' to reach my phone  
I don't know which one is harder  
Tryin' to not to take your bitch or tryin' to get rid of my ownI've got Gucci's on my feet, diamonds on my neck  
Diamonds on my wrist, bitches on my dick  
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But y'all already said that'Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard  
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I think I'm runnin' out of cliches, I'm gettin' writer's block  
(Psyche)Man, get the bozak  
We need to start bringin' that shit back  
(Mad flavor)  
Man, fuck it, I'm 'bout to go catch some wreck  
(We in effect, money, hahaha)Mad props to Royce for keepin' it real  
On the strength, no diggity  
I'm 'bout to go pull some hoes, get my mack on  
Haters get the gas face, hahahah

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