

Count For Nothing

Royce Da 5'9"

[Intro: Royce]{"One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight"}

Y'all been frontin

Without a ounce of thuggin

You go against me, you too can count for nothin

[Royce Da 5'9"]I'm the king of the backpackers

This T-bone contact to any wack rapper

It's biometric how I wet ya

My dialect's an entire weapon, it's set to just fire reckless

BLAP! Like {"one-two"} guns swoop

In the same booth the federales tryin to run through

Like, like {"three-four"} we raw

Me and Vishis tradin like a triple beam seesaw

I'm a veteran, the mac-11 the pump

You could name whoever you want

Wayne... Yay... Jay

Hahaha, I'm just playin wit 'em...

I keep the {"four-five"} on my hip

You take me serious then I might trip

About {"seven-eight"} niggaz and die

Feelin some type of way I figure it's pride

I'm the right-on truth

And that's right, I'm even plottin on my own crew

Joey... Crooked... Ortiz

Slaughterhouse!

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]{"One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight"}

Y'all been frontin (uh-huh)

Without a ounce of thuggin

You go against me, you too can count for nothin

Like {"One, two"} like {"three"} like

Ha ha, you {"two"} can - count for nothin

[Royce Da 5'9"](Woo!) I'm what choice is to option

Royce to hip-hop is what, Mike Buffer's voice to boxing
(Let's get ready to rumbllllle!) Yes, it's a couple dope dealers
somewhere that got rich livin the shit that I spit (me!)

I don't re-enact nigga, I illuminate

I know every point what I count like a Q&A

It ain't a arm when it's tucked in my box

Since it's Lindsay Lohan, niggaz call me Fire Crotch

I'm seein clear like a MyBot
I drop my coupe, black shoes, black Noob Saibot
I spit fire like Izod, why not
Cause sho' 'nuff I'm glowin like Thai mock
And y'all cryin like babies over the net
I should call you niggaz Lady Gaga
I call, "You and Em need to get together
Y'all need each other Nickel Shady blah blah!"
If I die I'ma leave heat
I'ma leave the sun behind, I'm tryin to repeat
Don't try to ban the drummer
He's an (Animal) and you can be a random number, uh (ohh!)
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"] (Ahh) I put the gun to lames
Eeny-miny Motown, play the numbers game
Five shots on my block
is like for once I see like my pops is Cyclops
With both eyes I see you got no sides
Bring it to your Chippendale neck with the bowties
... All you stand
Grab a bitch ass like "Aye," call me OJ Da Juiceman
... I get away with murder
That Johnny Rocket in my pocket with my favorite burger
I'm tryin to shake it like a Polaroid
They said I couldn't do it twice, call me Soulja Boy
I said
[Chorus]

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