

boom (funky d.l. remix)

Royce da 5'9"

I'm the verbal-spit Smith & Wesson
I unload with sick spit
The quick wit could split a split-second
Bomb with a lit wick expression
You here a tick tick then you testin'
My saliva and spit can split thread into fiber and bits
So trust me, I'm as live as it gets
Everybody claiming they the best and they head the throne
Since B.I.G is gone, if you ask me, they "Dead Wrong"
My flow is hotter than the flash from the click
When the hammer slaps the bullet on the ass from the clip
You wind up in a room full of my dogs
I'll have you feeling like a fire hydrant in a room full of dogs
So come, come now, get pissed on, shitted on
Tough talk turns to, "Can't we all just get along"
You get blazed when the mic's off, shot when it's on
You probably ducked when they laid the gun shot in your song
My gun stutters when it speaks to you
Utter shit to repeat to you
Nothing the clip, then give a speech to you
Me and Premier, we kind of the same in ways
We both speak with our hands in dangerous ways
Rap now is a circus of clowns
A whole lot of lip from cliques I'd probably rap circles around
I'm the next best to reach a peak formerly known
As the best keep secret, I guess that I just leaked it "Tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb"
"Boom..boom, bam, God-damn!"
"Royce 5'9"
"Tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb"
"Boom..boom, bam, God-damn!"
"Royce 5'9" I'm a motherfuckin' star, I don't battle no mo'
I provide the gun clapping a round of applause after your show
We can go toe-to-toe cause they calling you hot
Stepping around all your punches like, "That's all you got?"
Everyday I'm meeting somebody and all of they peeps
Quick to shake a nigga's hand and show me all of they teeth
And these bitches I be patting they asses
They be all dumb and googly-eyed looking at me, batting they lashes
Rappers think Detroit niggas not as down as them

Or since I'm down with Slim that I sound like him
Quick to judge me and tell me that my hook might sell
And say faggot shit to me like I look like L
My advice quit talking it's over
I was knocking niggas out when you was knocking sticks off of their shoulders
I got dirt done in my past, I know y'all sweat
I got regrets older than some of you so called vets
Niggas say I found God with the flow
Bring the police to the studio and bring the bomb squad to the show
Ain't a nigga touching mines
When you listen to my shit - you don't chew, you don't breathe
You'll miss a fucking line
Every time I spit, I tick to show you it's hot
Leave me in the deck too long I blow up your box: boom!

Songwriters

DELE LADIMEJI, PETE MARTIN, GREGORY CHARLES HATWELL
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Peermusic Publishing,
Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>