

# Dumb (feat. Boogie)

## Royce da 5'9"

[Intro]

We don't wanna do anything to scare your children

That's the last thing we wanna do

Dumb, Dumb[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9']

I'm no longer a prospect

I'm what you call a veteran

A legend man, I'm a prophet (huh)

You're not no artist, you're what I call a concept

Made to inspire gossip

Like Shade Room or Bossip

Welcome to the Grammy's where your likeness is used

For promos, hypeness and views

Ok, I hope that you know it

That if you voted, you might as well not voted for no one

They knew when they made that category

Where that trophy was goin'

All this industry shit is (Dumb)

There ain't no middle class

Raise yo glass

Here's to classism

Either you a rich ass nigga or you's a bum

There ain't no in between

Sinners sell their souls, angels sell their halos and they wings

I had dreams of fuckin' the R&B chick

Then I found out that R&B chick already had a dick

Already slept with your favorite rapper, aren't we sick

You start as a artist and turn to alcoholic and quit

This shit is (dumb)

Man I wish I would let a nerd who work at Interscope in a coat by Kenneth Cole

Consult me about my image bro

I'm the best rapper out this bitch

Except, the only catch is that I'm in this hoe

[Chorus: Boogie]

Oh, (dumb), they so dumb (so dumb)

And nothing that they do is so, they so dumb

(So dumb, yeah yeah yeah)

Oh, (dumb), they so dumb (so dumb, so dumb)

Think they foolin' me or you, they so dumb

(They so dumb, so dumb)[Verse 2: Boogie]

So dumb, so dumb, so dumb  
Let's bring the punches back  
You see them fake woke niggas that had ta come to that  
Mm, I love promoting, elevation and a space that  
All my brothers at  
And why I lying, I be turned up to these mumble raps  
Watch who you coming at don't be (dumb)  
Swag confusion started ducking at (ah)  
This Metro Boomin mixed with Thundercat (uh)  
That's where my niggas gain muscle at (uh)  
Somebody eating of your plate  
How you gon' stomach that  
Cuz of that all my niggas is (dumb)  
How we get this here?  
I turn basic into intricate  
I kill you with my simple shit  
No tweeting when we kicking it  
Don't tell me what u finna get  
Silly you could drown without a membership  
Watch who you swimming with  
It's ten of us riding up on the city bus  
Sittin' here tryin' live for the scripture like it's Leviticus  
Tackling reality, praying that it don't Injure us  
I love my niggas but its really us  
When we gon' notice that we so  
[Outro: Boogie]  
Yeah, look at what you've done  
Messin' with my faith, yes  
You must think that I'm so dumb, oh  
I won't be the one, no  
Bullets from your tongue  
Shooting round my way  
Tryna kill me now for fun, no  
I won't be the one  
Look at what you've done  
Messin' with my faith, yes  
You must think that I'm so dumb, no  
I won't be the one  
Bullets from your tongue  
Shooting round my way  
Tryna kill me off for fun, no  
I won't be the one (dumb)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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