

# Boom

## 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!

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