

# 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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