

Writer's Block (Prod. by StreetRunner, Soram)

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, yeah
I don't know what else to say
I can't, I can't think of nothin'
I'm stumped
Here we go (Here we go) On your feet (On your feet)
Stand up (Stand up)
Everybody hands up (Hands up)
Uh, man, I dunno, man
Every time I go to think of something played out to say
You already said it I ain't calling names cause all of y'all the same, plus
I'm the king, all my past pain all done changed up
All these plains, all these lames, since the Slaughter's came up
Cause they know they hands tied, feet ball and chained up
Niggas be quick to call me the new Fifty Cent
Because of my relationship with Marshall
Used to make me a little partial, but here's the brain fuck
We the same 'cause
I'm probably about to fall out with a young buck
While I attempt to fuck the fucking game up
Bitch, splat, only thing I fear in here is chit-chat
You are hearing bars like your ear against a Kit Kat
Shady guys like the Navy, drive, wavy bye-bye
Maybe my Glock can turn your top to baby's Maybach
My shit is powerful, literally sick, trust me nigga
It's ugly to kill a thing if the bigger I get
The more disgusting and fuckin' disfigured it gets
Niggas expect me to go pop, oh, stop
Y'all about the champagne, I'm about the toast
I, only fuck with mailmen with heroin from Boca
Niggas that'll smoke you while you staring in your postbox
Only incense he enlightens when he's thinkin'
While that sinks in, I got a Brinks ink pen
I'm back, muthafucker
Notice the flyness on the cover of the XXL
I'm back from the dead like Tobey Maguire from the Brothers
How y'all realer? (How y'all realer?) If I said it, I did it
If I didn't, I seen it first-hand like a car dealer
Give up the throne, your lease up, I am the Mona Lisa
That decoded Da Vinci Code, you throwin' your piece up

Is a waste of fake like a phony B-cup
Nigga, the mistake was like my only teacher
Wait 'til they get a load of me 'cause I've got Gucci's on my feet
Diamonds on my neck
Diamonds on my wrist
Bitches on my dick
But y'all already said that Choppers in the trunk
Models in the front
Bottles in the club
But I don't give a fuck
But y'all already said that Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard
For me to come up with shit to say (Ay)
I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all
I think I'm runnin' out of cliches
I'm gettin' writer's block
Psyche! When I stand up in this booth, niggas notice it
Sittin' on the same boat that Noah built
Floatin' on the same water Moses split
Poetry in motion, but we sittin' on your grave site, overkill
Aren't you tired? Why are you so loud? Quiet!
Real dudes move in silence like a mute drivin' a new hybrid
You dudes is too excited
You a dude that'd try to sue a dude that's suicidal
You will just be another victim
I am like a nickel of weed rolled in a doobie, I'm a little twisted
I roll like the end credits in movies, y'all just got scripted
Got y'all niggas' bitches bobbin' to this one when she witcha
When she wit' me, she bobbin', not vibin'
Tryna put her mind into the inside of my zipper
I'm a sperate with a purpose, havin' problems?
Not a problem I've encountered
I have found elephants, lions, clowns
Will jump through hoops like they workin' for the circus
At the fire round the circle's right in front of them, fire rounds
Pun intended, gun extended, what are you mark's askin'?
Car's Aston, started as a hard-top and I saw past it
Since I decided to start Class diss
All black, all glass, panoramic roof been gettin' marked absent
I authorize my own all-access
Your bitch a whore, I'm a catch, she ball-catchin'
Her jaw's been broadcasted all across the globe from the store to Japan
Her pussy need to be blocked and reported as spam
Bong! Interscope up in this dope and I sell it
My voicemail is full, got bitches screamin' inside of envelopes
And they tryna mail 'em to me, tryna reach my phone

I don't know which one is harder
Tryna not to take your bitch or tryna get rid of my own
I got Gucci's on my feet
Diamonds on my neck
Diamonds on my wrist
Bitches on my dick
But y'all already said that
Choppers in the trunk
Models in the front
Bottles in the club
But I don't give a fuck
But y'all already said that
Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard
For me to come up with shit to say (ay)
I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all
I think I'm runnin' out of cliches
I'm gettin' writer's block
Psyche! Man, get the bozac
We need to start bringin' that shit back (Mad flava)
Man, fuck it, I'm 'bout to catch some wreck (We in effect, money!)
Mad props to Royce for keepin' it real
On the strength, no diggity
I'm 'bout to go pull some hoes, get my mack on
Haters get the gas face!

Songwriters

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