

# Trust the Shooter (feat. Smoke DZA)

## Royce da 5'9"

[Intro]

Trust the fucking shooter

(DJ Pain 1)[Refrain: Royce Da 5'9"]

Long live the one who got the gun in his hand with his own plan

Long live the grown man with no gun but still he knows the land

Long live the one truest

Death to the one foolish

Long live the one who ain't gon' say shit, he'll come [?] to you

Death to the man who loves himself more than he loves his jury

Long live the man who gon' be the street judge and the fucking jury

Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' [?]

I don't give a fuck who he is, trust the fucking shooter[Hook: Royce Da 5'9"]

So many flows, so many flows, so many flows

Niggas close so many souls, so many souls, so many doors

Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' Ruger

The rabbit got the gun now, nigga

Trust the fucking shooter[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]

Nigga I'm focussed like a motherfucker

Niggas with me lookin' like a motherfucker

Pencil barrels smoking like a motherfucker

When we a rouge shit we chip and dale your whole clique

We put you where you folks is

Nigga shoutout to [?]

And chiraq, I rock with the [?]

On the car lot like keys please

And anywhere you hope to be is hopeless

Cause we in the posted like a motherfucker

Shoot the funeral up, to the pull pit, podium

Obituary, smokin' like a motherfucker

Y'all emotional gangsters, 2016 Emo G's

Millinials, from the means streets of beefing through mean tweets, and emojis

And Blogs

Sleep on me, I'mma see it that you see more Z's

When there's beef I don't call niggas

Niggas call me and when they call, call the police

If he ain't grow up with us, we a John Dome

We [?] John Door a nigga quick

Leave his frame tore up, shit

Even John [?] even with [?] nigga

But I ain't aim for it though  
Gun powder and coke [?]  
I Came into your home  
Aimin' 4-4's  
Even came I came in full clothes  
Death in the air got me laying mo-low  
You could play for protection  
Whoever you with disrespecting payin' for it, though  
The lord is my sheaperd  
All the people are my sheep  
Call me the anchor  
I came from the bottom  
I'm deep when I speak on the fathers reporting the evil I see  
I know what you thinking  
Here we go, another song about a nigga with a gun but it's not  
It's a song about a nigga who don't got a gun getting shot[Hook: Royce Da 5'9"]  
So many flows, so many flows, so many flows  
Niggas close so many souls, so many souls, so many doughs  
Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' [?]  
The rabbit got the gun now, nigga  
Trust the fucking shooter[Verse 2: Smoke DZA]  
Trust the fucking shooter  
For you back out make the moves  
Shit I've seen this happen a million  
Uh, right, long live all the hustlers that come and cop with straight cash  
Long live the plugs that show love, but still got class  
Death to the ones on the getting on their arm and still get the cash  
Long all the goons who get half just to find their ass  
Line your fast, you could never [?] rapidly  
Long nose, think sneeze at you  
You know a nigga sinus bad  
Ten nine, you never mind to rag  
I sit and wonder how much mind you had  
Long flight, had the time to lag  
I came from cross the road, to cross the globe  
To off the load, to get all types of bags  
Proceed  
You know when I go I OD  
Me and my Codeine  
Like [?] and AC  
Roll a Fonto  
Got the Bronco lit  
Uhh, four-fifth  
One four-fifth  
Seatbelt strap

Eyes focussed[Refrain: Royce Da 5'9"]  
Long live the one who got the gun in his hand with his own plan  
Long live the grown man with no gun but still he knows the land  
Long live the one truest  
Death to the one foolish  
Long live the one who ain't come say shit, he'll come [?] to you  
Death to the man who loves himself more than he loves his jury  
Long live the man who gon' be the street judge and the fucking jury  
Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' [?]  
I don't give a fuck who he is, trust the fucking shooter[Hook: Royce Da 5'9"]  
So many flows, so many flows, so many flows  
Niggas close so many souls, so many souls, so many doughs  
Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' [?]  
The rabbit got the gun now, nigga

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